LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Modern Screen

DEC 16 1934

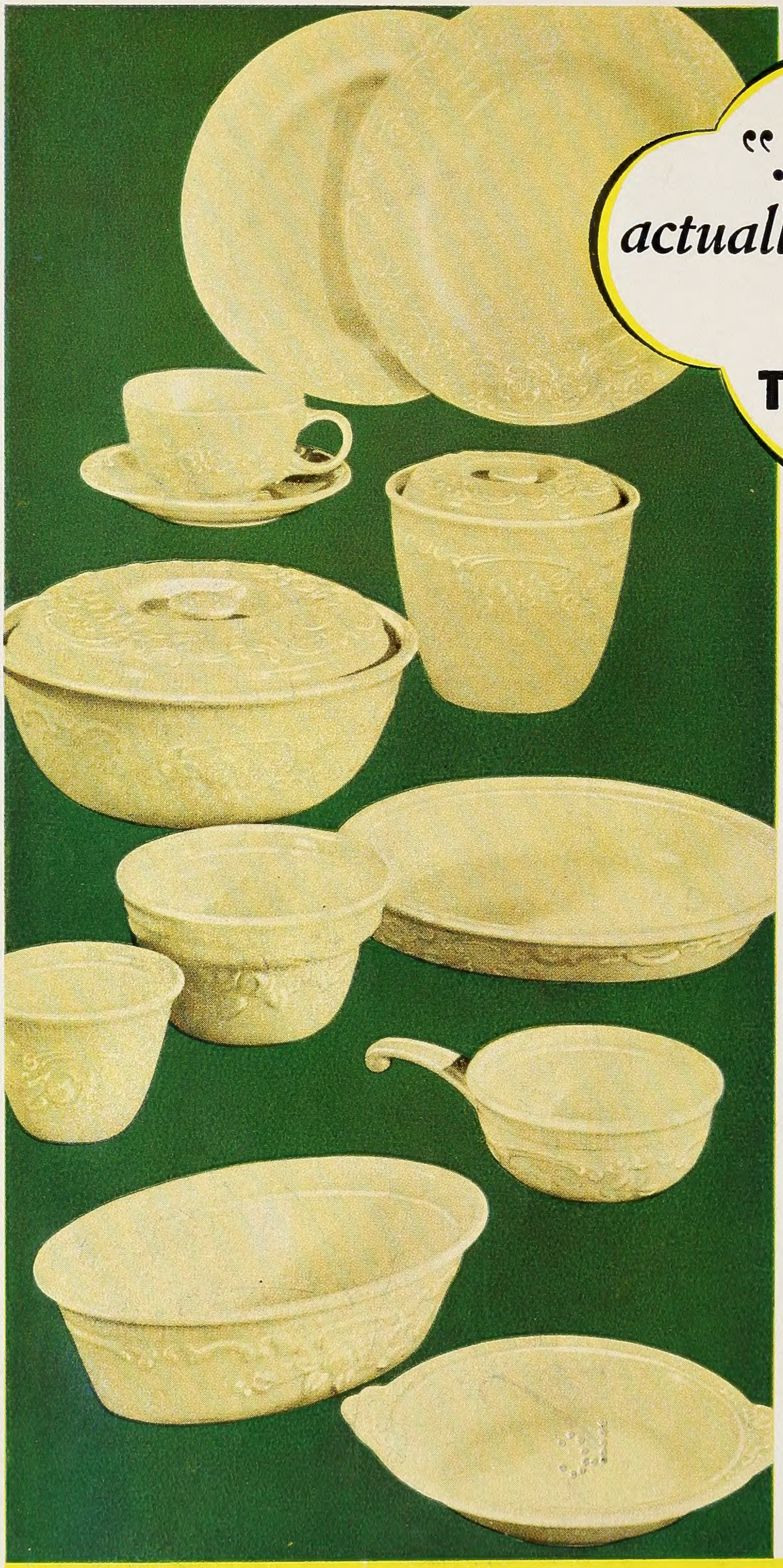
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NE STAR
States
OMEN

Jean Harlow



"...and you can actually **OVENBAKE** *in these pretty* **TABLE DISHES!"**

THAT'S the marvel of these OvenServe table dishes. Every single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking. The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look either. They don't "craze." The bright sunny yellow color remains fresh and new looking.

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables, or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes. Simplifies serving enormously . . . not to mention the way it cuts down on the dishwashing.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping; no scouring; just hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware. Buy them by the piece.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

POPOVERS! Ummm!

One cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
⅞ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, thin batter. Beat eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Fill buttered OvenServe custard cups two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375°F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes six popovers.

OVENSERVE

Sold at Kresge
5c & 10c stores and other
5c, 10c and $1.00 stores

PN1993
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CARL LAEMMLE *Presents*

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS



For the Love *of* Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stamping the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

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OCT 31 1934

MODERN SCREEN

WHY I HATE WOMEN Bette Davis 26
A heart-breaking chapter from Bette's early life will tell you the reason

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GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

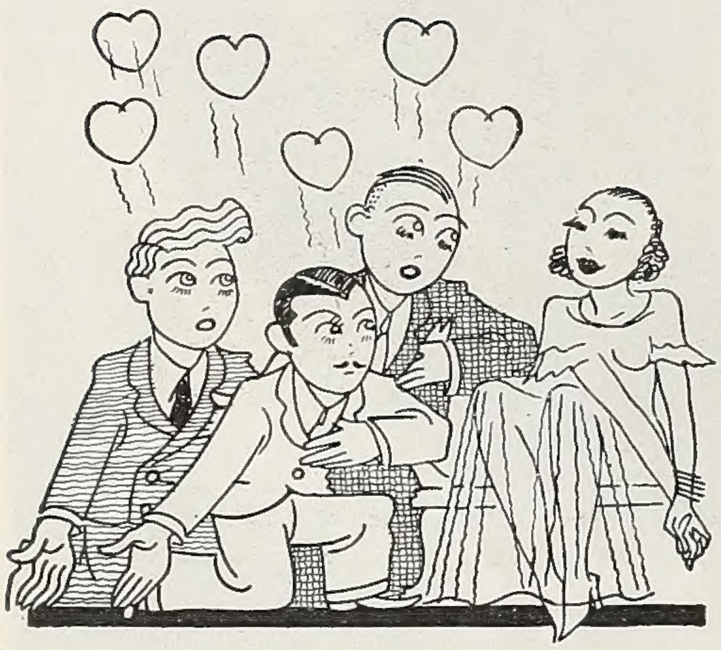


This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! *This* is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smoul-dering love, of high adventure, of ten-derness that yields tears. *This* is *your* Garbo, the Star of exquisite mys-tery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Between you + me

• Come join our "open forum" and let us know what is on your mind, cinematically speaking



The movies need more great lovers, say some of the folks.

Moody Lady

Every once in a while a benevolent mood descends upon me and I want to express my appreciation of the film personalities who intrigue me. This is one of the times and this time I yield to the mood.

I consider Garbo the most fascinating screen personality of all time, Novarro the most romantic male figure, Helen Mack the most interesting of the younger actresses, and Drue Leighton the most charming new blonde. The old-timer I miss most is elfin Betty Bronson. I've never understood why she vanished from the screen.

Sorry I can't mention more men, but honestly, I think most of the present screen men are a total loss. We need more great lovers, and not so many wise-cracking smart-alecks. See?—Mrs. R. L. Price, Midlothian, Ill.

(*Just wait till the GableToneMcCrea-CrosbyBolesMarchetceteraetceterafans read your last paragraph! We're just a little bit glad we're not you.*)

Fans Want the Truth

Congratulations on your very interesting and rather daring July issue. This is the first time in ten years that I have been able to read a story in a fan magazine without laughing at the apparent lies it told. Your stories are human and believable. It took courage to be the first to drop the milk and honey type that is usually offered to the gullible moving picture public. Keep up the good work.—Molly Kaplan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Some More About Censorship

I am a woman fifty-five years old with strict views about right and wrong, and it is my belief that this war against the movies is most unfair. Moving pictures are the greatest thing in the form of entertainment that the world has ever had. Why crush them? Other arts are left alone but there is the everlasting "pickiness" at the movies. Of course, a vulgar picture is not desirable and occasionally one is "not so good," but why destroy such brilliant and enlightening entertainment



Criticism of censorship goes on and on and on.

for—well, for some reason or other.

Our young folks are better off, too, in any theatre than in beer gardens and road houses. So, here is one so-called old-fashioned woman who says, don't take our movies from us. In my girlhood young folks, or any folks, were not so fortunate in seeing such splendid shows for so little money. We either had to pay two dollars to see John Drew or Viola Allen or be satisfied with Kitty Rhodes.—Mrs. H. L. F., Harrisburg, Pa.

I'm firmly in favor of movies that depict life—life in the raw or life in the sanest and most refined manner—and as long as the story is typical—though not necessarily symbolic—I'm stronger than ever. Let me add that I've never seen a movie that caused me any mental agony or blushes. When movies become so nasty that they're embarrassing then I, like numerous other fans, will cease going.

If only the nation realized that the average person goes to the movies for an escape—not to absorb vile, filthy ideas on sex or gangstering. They go to escape into a dream world where they are more entranced in the star of the story than symbolically self-identified with a certain character or background.

The movies didn't start Chicago gangstering, neither did they cause Lizzie Tish to run away with the last carnival show that hit town. The movies didn't turn John Dillinger into the underworld man he was. The newspapers did that for him. —Otis Cooper, Russellville, Ky.

Are we reverting to the Victorian era? In 1930 came the revival of the church-going custom and now comes another attempt to better our morals and lead us back to the straight and narrow path—the path which is strewn with ignorance, misery and superstition.

In the past few years motion pictures, knowingly or unknowingly, have been combating our greatest evil—ignorance. The pictures, while entertaining us, have depicted many pitfalls which face young people. By doing this, they have taught us to avoid the (*Continued on page 115*)



The Parker gal almost swept one reader off his feet.

Their Studio Addresses

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Twentieth Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Warner Bros.—First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

AHERNE, BRIAN: RKO-Radio.
ALBERTSON, FRANK: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
ALEXANDER, KATHERINE: Free lance. Write her at M-G-M.
ALEXANDER, TAD: M-G-M.
ALLAN, ELIZABETH: M-G-M.
ALLEN, GRACIE: Paramount.
ALLEN, JUDITH: Paramount.
ALLWYN, ASTRID: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
AMES, ADRIENNE: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
AMES, ROSEMARY: Fox.
ANGEL, HEATHER: Universal.
ARLEN, RICHARD: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE: 20th Century.
ARMETTA, HENRY: Universal.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: Monogram.
ARTHUR, JEAN: Columbia.
ASTAIRE, FRED: RKO-Radio.
ASTHER, NILS: RKO-Radio.
ASTOR, MARY: Warner Bros.
ATES, ROSCOE: Free lance. Write him at Warners.
ATWILL, LIONEL: Monogram.
AYRES, LEW: Fox.
BAER, MAX: Paramount.
BANCROFT, GEORGE: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BARBIER, GEORGE: Paramount.
BARNES, BINNIE: Universal.
BARNETT, VINCE: Universal.
BARRAT, ROBERT: Warner Bros.
BARRIE, MONA: Fox.
BARRYMORE, JOHN: M-G-M.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL: M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: Warner Bros.
BAXTER, JANE: United Artists.
BAXTER, WARNER: Fox.
BEAL, JOHN: RKO-Radio.
BEECHER, JANET: 20th Century.
BEERY, WALLACE: M-G-M.
BELLAMY, MADGE: Fox.
BELLAMY, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Columbia.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE: 20th Century.
BENNETT, JOAN: Free lance. Write her at Paramount.
BERGNER, ELIZABETH: United Artists.
BEST, EDNA: Free lance. Write her at Warners.
BICKFORD, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
BIRELL, TALA: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
BLACKMER, SIDNEY: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
BLANE, SALLY: Columbia.
BLONDELL, JOAN: Warner Bros.
BLUE, MONTE: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
BOLAND, MARY: Paramount.
BOLES, GLEN: Warner Bros.
BOLES, JOHN: Fox.
BOURNE, WHITNEY: Paramount.
BOW, CLARA: Fox.
BOYER, CHARLES: Fox.

(Continued on page 108)



Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

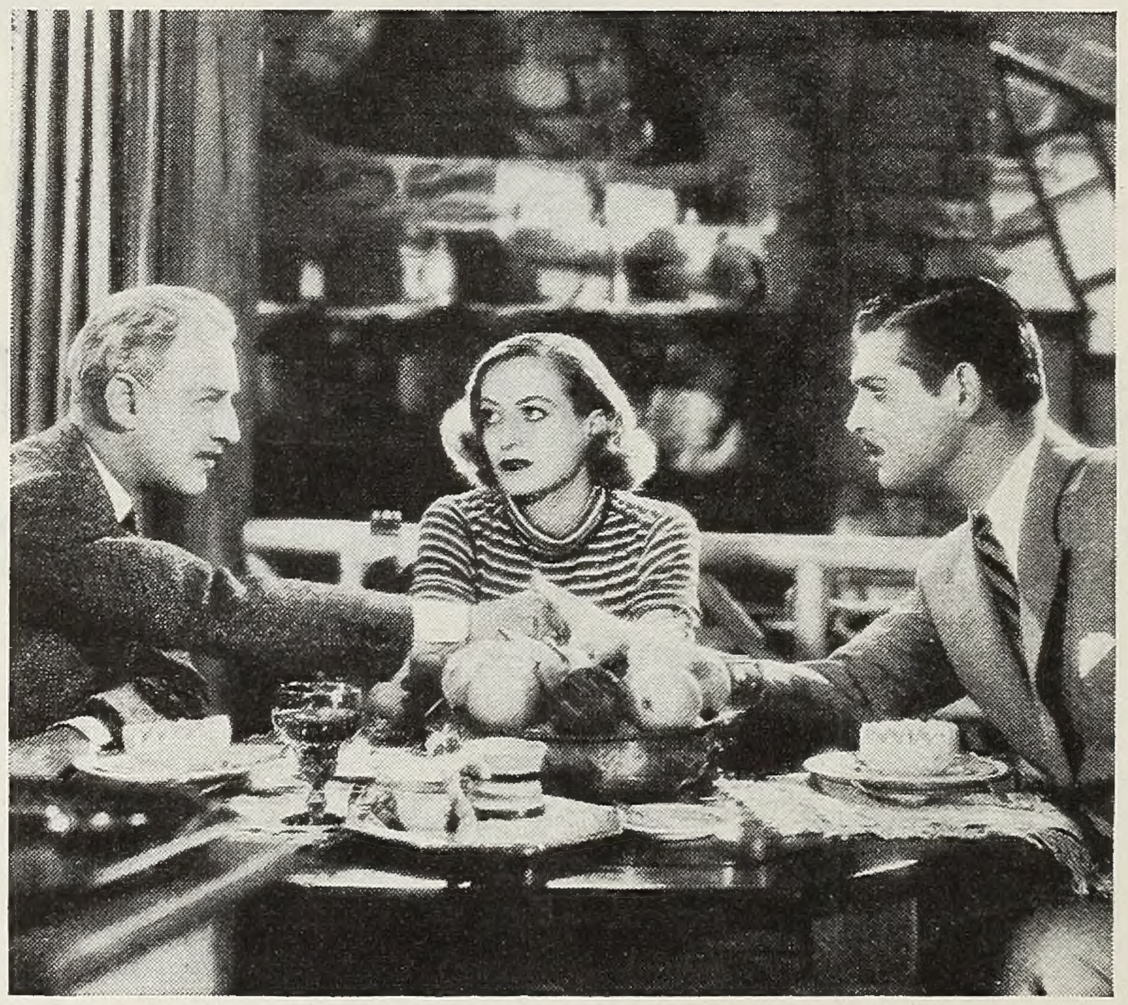
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE MODERN HOSTESS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Packaged foods have a definite place on the well-planned menu. You'll agree when you learn why





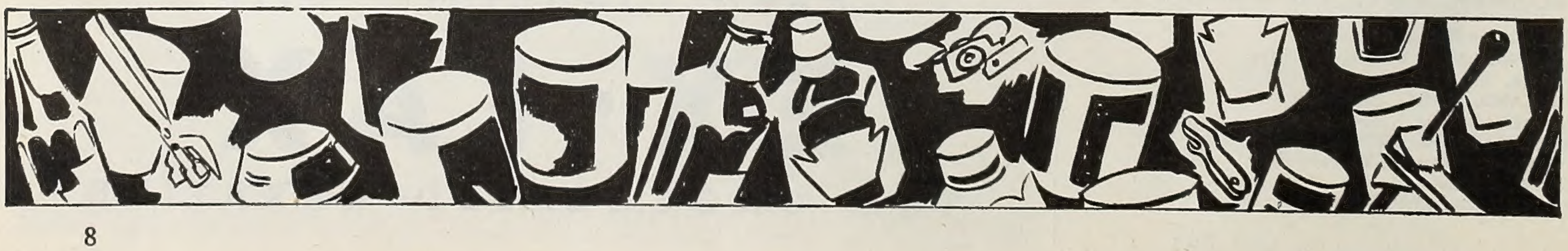
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Otto Kruger dine together in a scene from "Chained."

A SUCCESSFUL scene in a movie and a delicious dinner served at home, at first glance seem to have little in common, yet both depend largely for their success upon the selfsame thing—the correct execution of a well laid plan. This was brought home to me forcibly, the other day, when I observed how Director Clarence Brown went about planning a scene in which Joan, Clark and Otto Kruger are shown eating a simple meal in their forthcoming picture, "Chained."

First, Director Brown told the assistant director what he wanted. The assistant in turn went into a huddle with the head of the property department, upon whom there now rested the responsibility of providing the necessary food, silver, linens and china, and a lovely informal basket of fresh fruit for the centerpiece. Once the table was set it became the duty of the script girl to list the items that appeared on it as well as the details of the costumes worn by the principals so that no error would creep in during the retakes. So you see, at the time Director Brown was ready to "shoot," the table was ready, and everybody was able to proceed with the making of the picture.

Now you, as a housewife, probably have no assistant—unless you are one of the favored few who has a maid in these parlous times—and you certainly have no script girl! But, just as certainly, you are director of your meals and as such you are personally responsible for the actions and expressions of those who partake of them. You would do well, therefore, to emulate some of the steps in meal preparation which make a well directed scene in a picture move with ease and a complete freedom from *apparent* effort.

The first thing then, as director in your home, is to make a plan. Naturally this plan will have to be sufficiently elastic to allow for (*Continued on page 74*)



The GIBSON FAMILY



MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

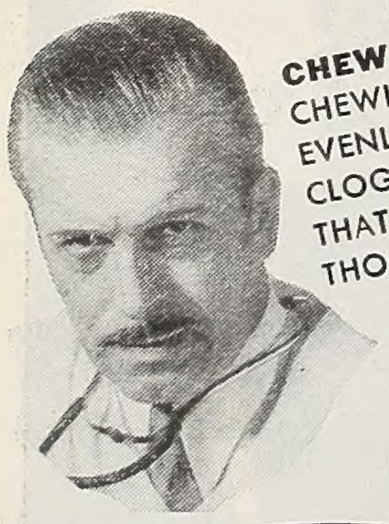
SICK HEADACHES were driving me CRAZY!



• I suffered intensely from sick headaches for years—until I wished my head would open to relieve the pain. Nothing seemed to help the constipation that caused them. When I was visiting my sister-in-law in Tacoma she gave me her favorite medicine, FEEN-A-MINT. I feel duty bound to let you know what a help FEEN-A-MINT has been. It cleansed out my system wonderfully—all the poisons went. And it keeps me so regular that I am a new woman. It doesn't cramp or gripe a person either. I've told all my friends about it.

The easy, pleasant way to combat constipation

Typical of hundreds of unsolicited letters in our files! Over 15,000,000 men and women have found that FEEN-A-MINT is the easy, pleasant way to combat constipation and all its attendant ills. It is *thorough* and at the same time *gentle*. Pleasant to take—children think it's just nice chewing gum. Because you *chew* it, it works more thoroughly than ordinary laxatives. Try it and see—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... CHEWING DISTRIBUTES IT EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED INTESTINES SO THAT IT DOES A MORE THOROUGH JOB WITHOUT HARMFUL VIOLENCE. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** IS ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BABY TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Shirley Temple and Jimmy Dunn.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Something you don't want to miss. Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and Fredric March score.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES (Paramount).
Mae West, peppy as ever, in spite of the censorship wave. With John Mack Brown, Roger Pryor and Katherine DeMille.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
A mystery with laughs. Ronald Colman, Loretta Young and Charlie Butterworth (who, incidentally, is dee-vinely funny).

CHAINED (M-G-M).
While the story isn't tops, Gable, Crawford and Otto Kruger make it worth seeing. Crawford, in her lovely new gowns and tricky coiffures, looks more beautiful than ever.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
A DeMille special. With Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon.

DAMES (Warners).
The musical of musicals, featuring Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell and ZaSu Pitts.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
In which Harlow crashes society. With Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Patsy Kelly in supporting roles.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
A triumph for Elissa Landi. Adolphe Menjou and David Manners are fine, too.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
Will Rogers at his best.

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National).
Dick Powell's best work to date. With John Halliday, Frank McHugh and Josephine Hutchinson in supporting roles.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
George Arliss is superb as Baron Rothschild. Loretta Young and Robert Young do well in smaller roles.

THE HUMAN SIDE (Universal).
Adolphe Menjou as a theatrical producer. With Doris Kenyon, Reginald Owen, Dickie Moore and Charlotte Henry.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Don't fail to see this Colbert-Gable opus.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
The Bronte novel brought to the screen, with Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in leading roles.

JUDGE PRIEST (Fox).
Will Rogers does a great piece of work. Berton Churchill, Stepin Fetchit and Henry B. Walthall come in for their share of acting honors. Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise and Tom Brown are among the younger folks.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding and John Boles in a stirring drama.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
The story of a young couple, Doug Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan, and their struggle for existence.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
Shirley Temple proves what a grand little actress she is.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
Very spectacular. With Dolores Del Rio and Victor Jory.

THE MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M).
Lavish production. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald are delightful.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Entertainment plus. With Connie Bennett, Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
Carl Brisson and Kitty Carlisle will keep you entertained in this musical-murder comedy.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten and a large cast.

ONE MORE RIVER (Universal).
Stirring drama that will hold your interest all the way through. Polished performances by Colin Clive, Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
Thrilling in every sense of the word. Grace Moore's singing is dee-vine.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
Marion Davies and Gary Cooper in a spy story.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount).
Charming story about the Revolutionary days. Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Sophisticated drama. With Norma Shearer, Bob Montgomery and Herbert Marshall.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN (Universal).
Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Victor Moore and Esther Ralston in a fine comedy.

SADIE McKEE (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone, Gene Raymond and Edward Arnold.

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
A rollicking comedy with Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins, Kitty Carlisle. Some wow tunes, too.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Don't miss this delightful comedy. Nancy Carroll and Otto Kruger have the leads.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
A mystery superb. With Myrna Loy and Bill Powell.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
The sort of thing the kids will eat up. Jackie Cooper, Wally Beery, Lewis Stone, Otto Kruger and Lionel Barrymore.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore and Carole Lombard in a tale about stagefolk. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Behind-the-scenes of Radio Row with Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers. Don't miss Allen Jenkins' "Uncle Pete."

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Wally Beery as Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit. Katherine DeMille and Stu Erwin in supporting roles.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
Paul Lukas in an exciting mystery. Leila Hyams, Lillian Bond, Onslow Stevens and Dorothy Burgess.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE (RKO).
John Boles, Irene Dunne and Helen Westley in the screen version of Edith Wharton's novel. Nicely done.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin runs a matrimonial agency. Pert Kelton Skeets Gallagher and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast.

BEYOND THE LAW (Columbia).
Plenty of action and suspense here. With Tim McCoy and Shirley Grey.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT (Warners).
Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon and Patricia Ellis in a comedy de luxe.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful drama. Paul Lukas, Elissa Landi and Nils Asther deserve much praise.

CARAVAN (Fox).
While there isn't much plot here, its delightful music carries it along nicely. In it are Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes.

THE CAT'S PAW (Fox).
Another Harold Lloyd comedy at last. With Una Merkel, George Barbier and Nat Pendleton.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
A Gaynor-Farrell opus that should please their fans.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
Wheeler and Woolsey, Thelma Todd, Noah Beery and, of course, Dorothy Lee.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (United Artists).
The Dumas classic brought to the screen with Elissa Landi, Robert Donat (you'll like him), Louis Calhern and Sidney Blackmer.

DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO-Radio).
Unusual story and a fine cast including Virginia Bruce, Conrad Nagel, Melvyn Douglas, Ian Keith and Erin O'Brien Moore.

DESIRABLE (Warners).
A story that will hold your interest, nicely handled by George Brent, Verree Teasdale and Jean Muir.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
Mary Morris, Sir Guy Standing and Evelyn Venable.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Chester Morris and Marian Nixon in a gay little comedy.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
A Buck Jones thriller.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
A mystery, featuring Bette Davis, Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
Berton Churchill is outstanding. Joel McCrea and Sally Blane here, too.

HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram).
Ray Walker, Bill Farnum and Noah Beery.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
Stirring drama, with fine performances by Ric Cortez, Barbara Robbins, John Beal and Dorothy Burgess.

HAVE A HEART (M-G-M).
Touching story about a cripple, beautifully enacted by Jean Parker, Jimmy Dunn, Una Merkel and Stu Erwin in the supporting cast.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
A comedy, with Jack Haley and Mary Boland.

HIDE-OUT (M-G-M).
Nice love story. With Bob Montgomery and Maureen O'Sullivan.

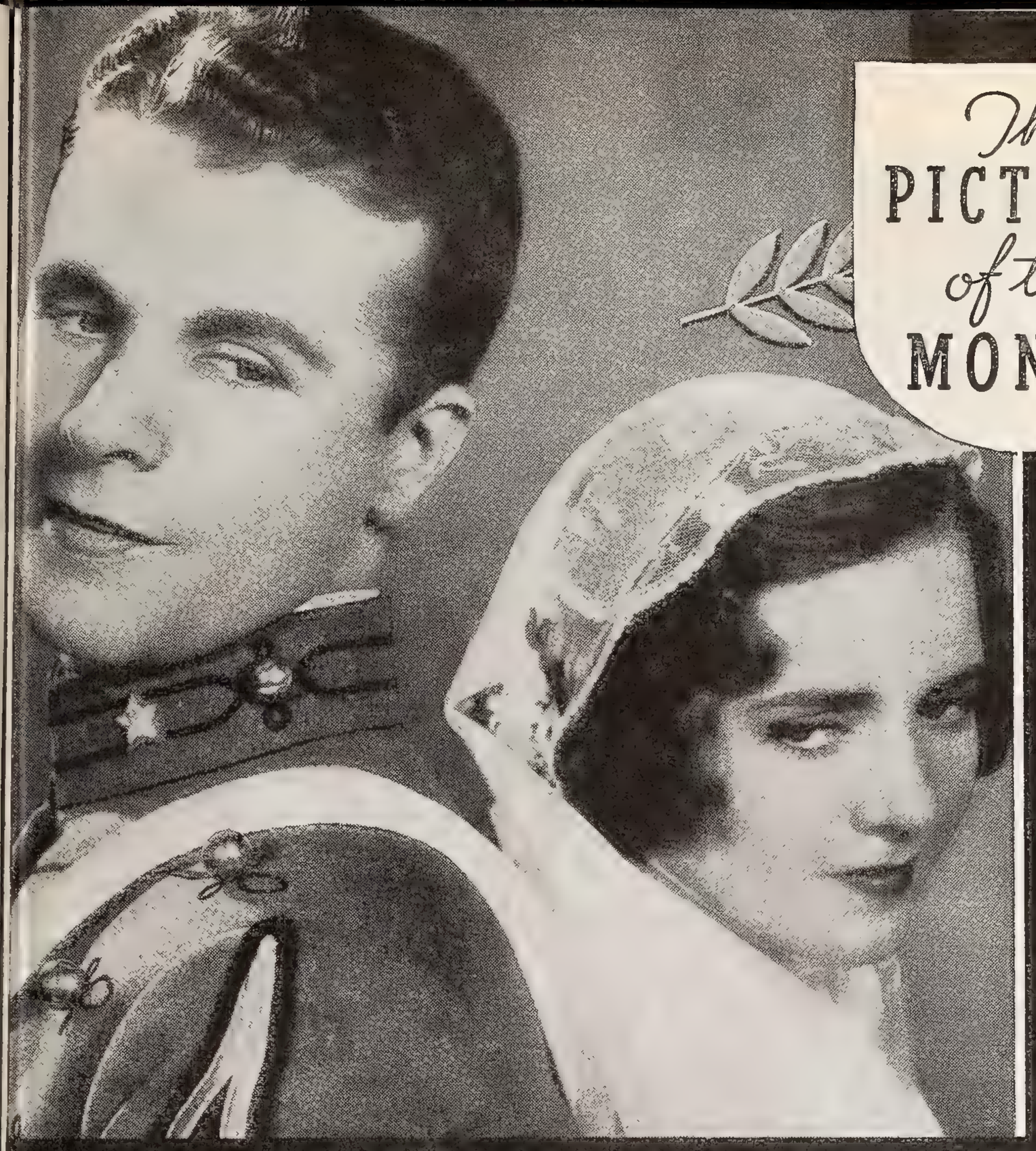
I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as a newspaperman.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount).
A burlesque on beauty parlors. Cary Grant, Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

(Continued on page 96)

The PICTURE of the MONTH



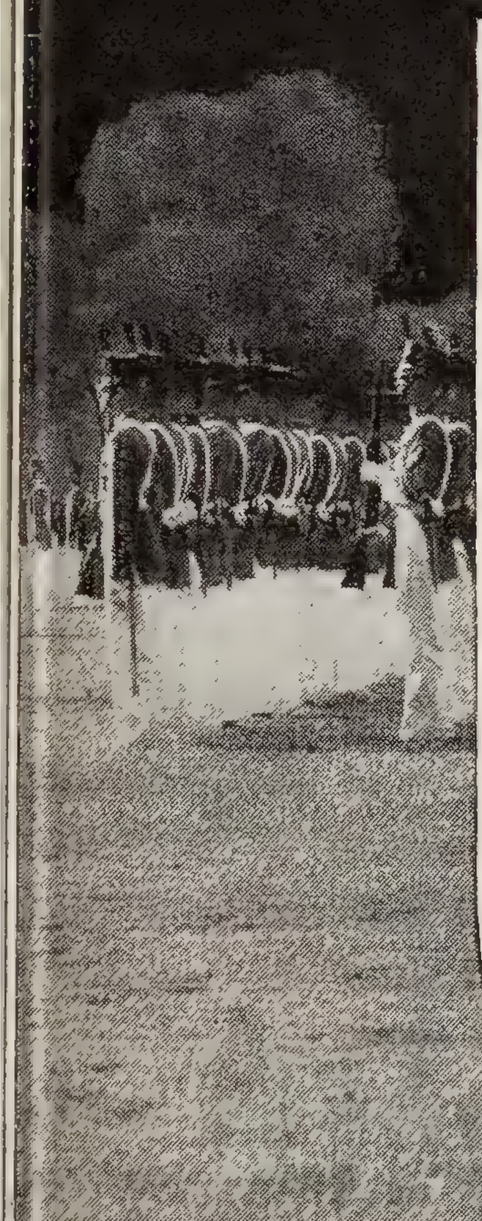
WE SALUTE

DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER

America's best-loved lovers in the screen's first great military musical!



Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!



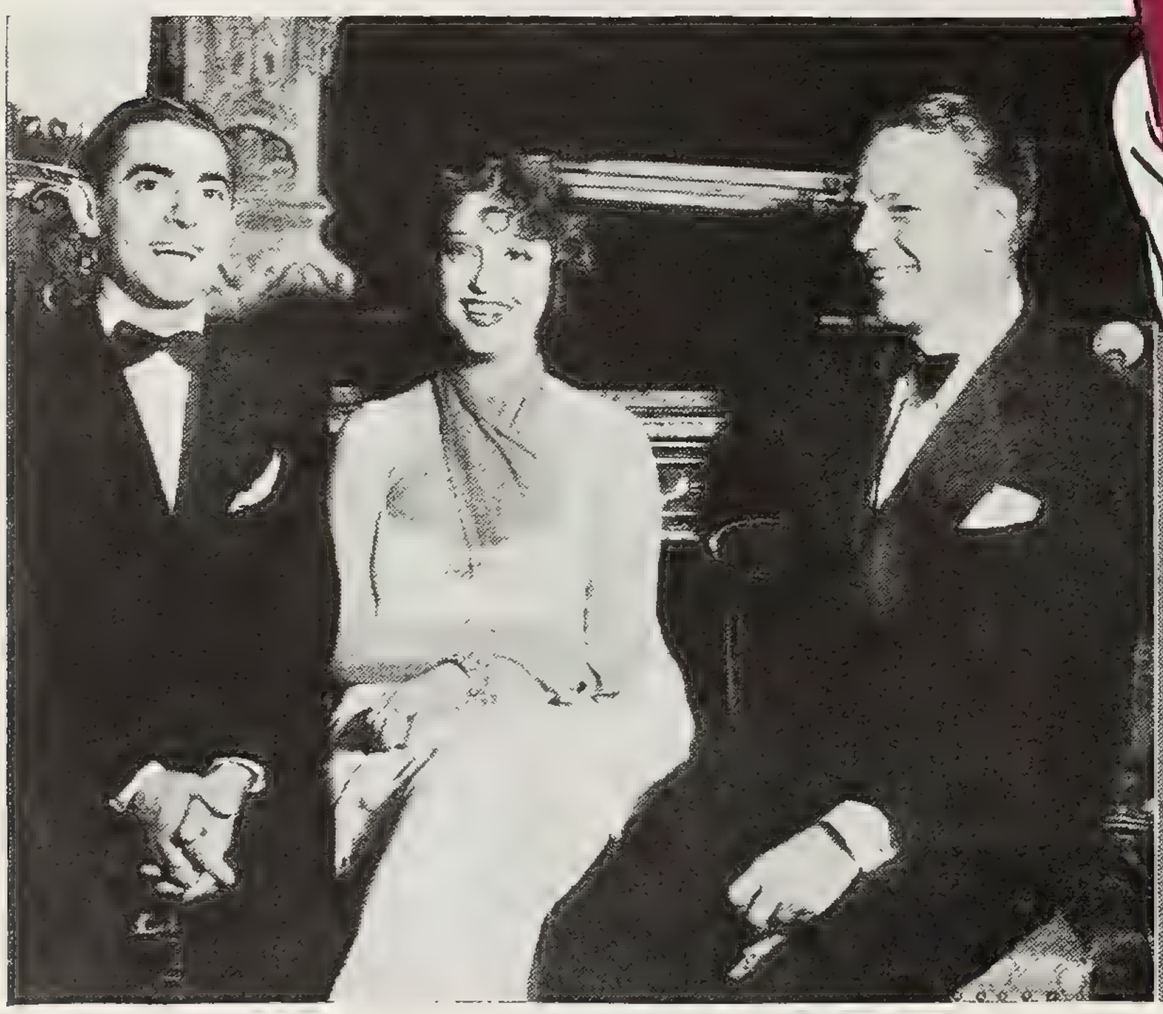
"Flirtation Walk"

heaps new honors on

DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER

—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for his best production; on Bobby Connolly of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular dance numbers; and on Warner Bros. for a grand all-round show.





Bill Powell and La Harlow at Reinhardt's presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl. (Below) Eddie Cantor, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie also took a box.



THE OLD M-G-M INFLUENCE

THE funniest story of the month concerns a magazine interviewer's session with Max Baer, who at the present moment is making a Paramount picture, "Kids On The Cuffs."

The interviewer asked Max: "Whom do you consider the most colorful personalities on the screen?"

"Well," drawled Max, "there's Jean Harlow for sex appeal, Norma Shearer for charm, Greta Garbo for glamor, Joan Crawford for physical beauty, Marion Davies for comedy . . ."

The director of publicity at Paramount couldn't stand it any longer and shouted, "And Marlene Dietrich for everything!"

At a recent Hollywood preview the professional part of the audience was amazed when the non-professionals in the unreserved seats gave a newsreel shot of Douglas Fairbanks,

Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the stars and their



Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson, the inseparables, contemplate the elaborate program and, below, we see the Gary Coopers and Virginia Bruce at the Trocadero opening.



Max Reinhardt, the impresario himself, poses with two of the film's most famous, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. (Below) Katie Hepburn saw the camera boys coming. So-o-o.





Sr., the well known Bronx cheer.

Believe it or not, two or three people actually hissed when Doug came over the sound-track saying, "It is so nice to be back *heah* in this country again!"

It looks as though Mr. Fairbanks is going to have to court the American public, along with America's Sweetheart, all over again.

VERY few celebrated visitors to Hollywood have the opportunity of meeting Greta Garbo. But even the illusive Swede was impressed by the idea of meeting Max Reinhardt and accepted a dinner invitation to the home of the Viertels, friends of hers, where a party was being given for the great man.

They say Greta arrived very late, talked with Reinhardt for ten or fifteen minutes and left almost immediately thereafter.

In her divorce suit against George Brent, Ruth Chatterton accused her actor-husband of being moody and sulky. For hours, and sometimes days at a time, she charged, Brent refused to talk to her or to the guests she invited to dine with them.

THERE are two new little boys in Hollywood. One is Joel McCrea, Jr., born to Frances Dee and Joel McCrea in September. The other is Harry Joe Brown, Jr., and his mother is none other than Sally Eilers. And Mrs. George Barnes (Joan Blondell to you) is "expecting," at this writing.

CROSBY CONTRACT NOTE

Bing Crosby has signed a secret four-year-without-options contract with Paramount. The secret is his salary which is said to be enormous.

satellites! Draw up your chairs and listen!

Mary Brian and Dick Powell took the Joe Penners (mitout duck) to the première of Dick's "Dames." (Right) The Thalbergs (she's Norma Shearer to us) aboard Joe Schenck's yacht for a cruise. Wotta life!

THE Sylvia Sidney-B. P. Schulberg romance rumors appear to be at an end. At least these two are no longer seen together at the popular spots but each one is seen with other people!

At the Clover Club the other dawning, Mr. Schulberg seemed very much taken up with Gertrude Michael, the Paramount charmer.

The tennis matches, which brought such internationally famous net stars as Fred Perry, Betty Nuthall, Elizabeth Ryan, George Lott, Frank Shields and dozens of others to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, was another favorite gathering place of the movie celebs lately.

William Powell and Richard Barthelmess shared a box. Connie Talmadge was there every day. Ditto for Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Gene Raymond.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE CIRCUS

AND then the circus came to town! Peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade. Did the Hollywooders have fun!

Even Marlene Dietrich seemed to be having a glorious time with her young daughter and her husband. Strangely enough, no one seemed to recognize Dietrich the evening

Anna Sten, in modern clothes for a change, sees "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Bowl.



Mary Pickford, landing at the airport for the Cleveland air races. Roscoe Turner's with her.







(Left) Irene Dunne and Lionel Barrymore with Joseph Breen, (Purifier de Luxe) broadcast their views on clean pictures. The handsome Mr. Gable, Harry Cohen, Virginia Pine and Eddie Robinson, snapped at the train after out-of-town preview.

we saw her there. Maybe that's the reason she had so much fun.

Norma Shearer brought Irving Thalberg, Jr., and her husband's father to her circus party. While the three were doing the sideshows, they suddenly discovered that they had lost their tickets. Norma was in a perfect dither until she happened to remember that one of the midgets had once worked in the M-G-M picture, "Freaks." Norma frantically sought out her "influential" friend and explained her predicament.

While they waited for the ticket situation to be fixed up, the little midget insisted that Norma meet the Fat Woman, the Glass Eater, the Strong Man and the Pin Heads. Little Irving Thalberg was almost beside himself with joy at actually shaking hands with so many "celebrities."

IT was more fun the night Katharine Hepburn attended. She tried her best to avoid the news-picture snappers. But the camera-boys spotted Katie immediately, and in her attempt to dodge them, La Hepburn did everything from climbing over seats to landing in one of the rings, much to the amusement of everyone present. She finally had to crawl under the outer (Continued on page 70)

Diamond Mae West visited the Hollywood Bowl to take a peak at the Reinhardt production.



Here are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, said to be wed, at the tennis matches.





BY REGINA CANNON



Chevalier departs for a European vacation.

OF course, there's a limit to everything, so Eddie Cantor cannot be a male Elsie Dinsmore or a Pollyanna in pants. *But*—he must be about the guh-randest guy you're apt to meet on a stroll among the Hollywood hills. Everyone who works with him says so, and everyone can't be wrong. First, we listened to Block and Sully sing his praises and this month Ethel Merman, just returned from the Coast and an important role in "Kid Millions," went into her song about Eddie.

It seems the gentleman not only doesn't hog the picture, but positively insists upon giving his co-workers a little better than a good break. His disposition is as sweet as a fudge sundae and his off-stage comedy as excellent as the type of stuff he pulls when the camera is grinding.

But, after all, this item should be about Ethel's visit home—which is New York, and so— When you meet the Merman cinematically, you're gonna say, "Aha, sex appeal. Wotta vamp! I'll bet she's the cut-up of the party. She likes the boys all righty, all right. She's interested in collecting male scalps."

And there's where you're all wrong. Ethel has worked like the traditional Turk. She's been lucky in landing good jobs with long-run shows. She's saved her money. And, as far as the unfair sex is concerned, she claims that if some day she meets someone, all well and good. If not, all well and almost as good.

We told her we knew of five men who'd like to marry her, what with her beauty, talent, fame and shekels. And she up and topped us by saying she knew of fifteen. So, what are you gonna do with a girl like that?

If you know your Broadway musical comedy stage, Miss Merman



Ethel Merman at home in her New York apartment.

needs no introduction to you. She's the young woman who's "spotted" to tear off a torchy tune when and if the audience gets restless. She's the lady who stops the show and the gal who is what the bald-headed row knows as an "eyeful." In short, she's hot—red hot, about 112 Fahrenheit.

And, as we've implied, she's the perfect paradox. She looks like what she "ain't." She's a home-lover and slightly nut-sy on the subject of dogs. She falls for them completely, and the more disreputable the purp, the greater her devotion. We have sort of an Australian mousehound about the house that she'd go craz-zy for.

On the outcome of Ethel's appearance in "Kid Millions," her cinematic future may be determined. So here's hoping you appreciate her as much as we on Broadway do.

WYNNE GIBSON's been in town, the pourquoi of her visit being to make a picture at the Long Island studio and do a little shopping and sight-seeing on the side. It turned out that there was very little "on the side," for things were kept humming over the bridge so that there was plenty of night work for the players.

The film in question is "Gambling" and you're going to see George M. Cohan, who made the stage version, in the character he created for Broadway consumption.

Wynne, you may or may not know, is a native New Yorker, but she hasn't been in our town for nearly five years and it all looked like front page news to her. New buildings had shot up and others had been torn down. She had become noise-conscious and taxi-shy and had a great hankering for "them thar

Louise Lattimer, new Universal player, arrives in Gotham.



hills." Just a turn-coater, we'll say.

Miss Gibson, it seems, is what's known in the vernacular of the theatre as a trouper. She does whatever she's given to do excellent well. She gives a lot of thought to her work and goes in for visualizing character in a big way. She's intelligent and a hard-worker. So-o she should rate better, bigger and more serious breaks. At least that's the not-too-humble opinion of this department.

We have a notion, however, that this little lady is prone to speak her piece, which isn't conducive to gwate big strides in Hollywood. In New York, maybe. However, after the shooting was over (and we mean "Gambling," of course) Wynne gave herself a few days to see the town before leaving for the camera coast.

THE day it rained luck, Louise Latimer was there with a great big bucket and so, she caught an awful lot of it. Luck, we mean. Louise is very young and very, very well-to-do and very, very, very pretty. She has theatrical aspirations and talent to back 'em up. And, she's in town, having completed "There's Always Tomorrow," her first for Universal.

Miss Latimer is going places cinematically. She's a little smoothie who knows what she wants and, what's better, knows how to go after it and get it. She began life—she's at that ripe old age of twenty-one now—by landing herself a job in a stock company. A movie scout saw her and the usual test ensued. Fox took the test, but Uncle Carl Laemmle signed the gal and Uncle Carl isn't noted for making mistakes.

The Hollywood males like Louise. She has 'em all, from artists to polo players, on her string, but at the moment she's too busy to give them more than passing interest.

If we were the Wampas, we'd elect Miss Latimer a starlet for, in the language of Broadway, she's got what it takes.

Before Chevalier sailed, he put his John Hancock to a lucrative M-G-M contract, for Maurice is as much the business man as he is the artist. He's also the frugal Frenchman in person. All of which comes under the head of praise. There are too many spendthrifts already in the camera city, so it isn't Monsieur's intention to swell their number.

Just what his next pictorial assignment is to be was not determined as the star parked his trunks on the *Ile de France,* preparatory to a long vacation in his native Paree. Kay Francis, at this writing, is over there too, which they do be a-saying spells (*Continued on page 114*)

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET!
I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF
"TATTLE-TALE GRAY"





1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, *'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.'* Well . . ."



2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively *golden soap* and *naptha.* The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a *whiter* shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

YES INDEED! If you want to keep *"tattle-tale gray"* out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one!* Richer *golden soap* working hand-in-hand with *lots of naptha.* A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

Banish
"Tattle-Tale Gray"
with
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

. . . but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

and

JOHN BOLES • DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN

AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May









A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.

FOX

Gloria SWANSON

"Music in the Air" for Fox will bring Gloria back to the screen. Oddly enough, she plays opposite John Boles, whose entrance into the movies was as La Swanson's leading man in the silent picture days. This actress looks younger and more glamorous than ever, doesn't she, really?





Maurice CHEVALIER

He plans to spend the holidays in France, where he has been making two pictures and, during her stay there, seeing Kay Francis. Maurice is a very serious-minded gentleman, whose pet diversion is boxing. You'll be seeing him as the handsome prince in "The Merry Widow," an M-G-M special.

Jeanette MacDONALD

Miss MacDonald is, of course, "The Merry Widow" herself, which gives her plenty of opportunity to act and warble a bit, both of which she does right well. She is taking up tennis these days and plays with Bob Ritchie. You know, he's the man whom Jeanette calls her fiancé, but whom her friends feel sure is her husband.

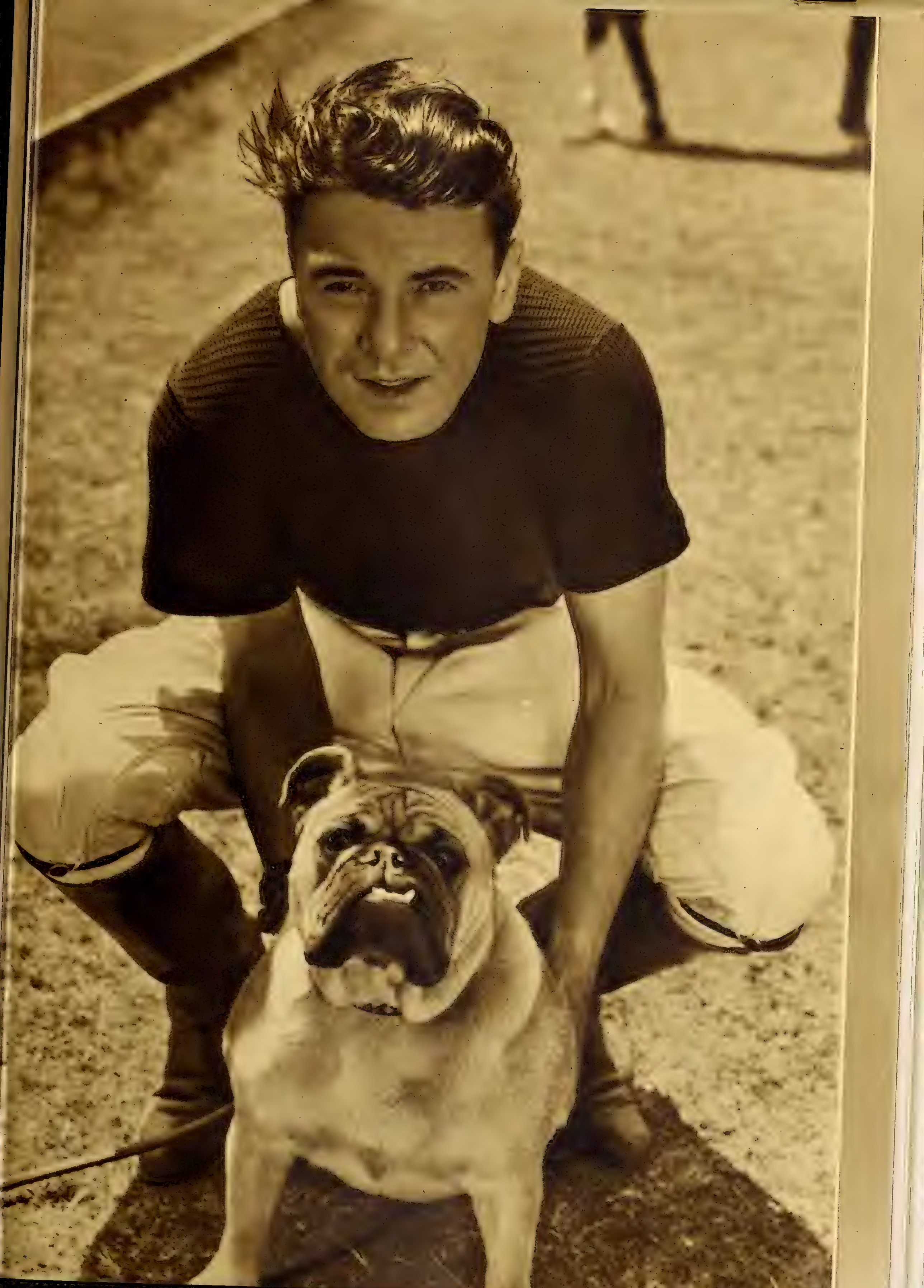
June KNIGHT

Well, it looks like wedding bells for June and Paul Ames, they do be a' saying. Anyway, the young man is building a beautiful home, which makes it seem as if something serious is brewing. "Wake Up and Dream" for Universal is June's latest. However, she's a freelance now, so it will be up to her to pick some nice fat roles.

George BRENT

George Brent got himself a real break when he landed the part opposite Garbo in "The Painted Veil." If that doesn't bring him back with a bang, well, we'll give up. He's having fun these days with a sport model speed plane he's named Desert Breeze, for George is a dyed-in-the-wool thrill-seeker. In love? Never even mention it!









Miriam HOPKINS

She's in New York now looking for a suitable play to do on Broadway for, before Miriam begins her Goldwyn contract, she has decided to have another legitimate attraction to her credit. Her big love is her adopted son Michael. As for a romance; well, she just hasn't time for one. Her latest film for RKO is "The Richest Girl in the World."

Charles BUTTERWORTH

He's as funny off the screen as on and had the cast of "Student Tour" in so-called stitches during production. Charlie and his bride spend their leisure hours playing around on a new boat he purchased recently. He was one of the theatre's cleverest comedians before the movies got him and plans one day to take another fling at the footlights.

If you saw "Of Human Bondage," you saw Bette at her adept best—playing a meanie. The above are the picture's dramatic highlights, with Leslie Howard as a long-suffering sentimentalist, dividing acting honors, and Reginald Denny, as a favored suitor, sharing their taxi.

Bette Davis learned about women from—women! And so, she can't hand the sometimes fair sex a thing



Bette and Paul Muni in a scene from "Bordertown," in which the actress again plays a Bad One, and (right) Miss Davis sniffs a brandy with George Brent, which of course they're doing in the interest of art—Warners' "Housewife" to be explicit.

Why I HATE WOMEN

BY BETTE DAVIS as told to WALTER RAMSEY

AT a cocktail party the other afternoon, an actress I know paid me one of those back-handed compliments.

"Do you know," she drawled, "your work on the screen has always interested me a great deal because you seem to portray women as though you hated them. Take your role of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage,' or that half-crazed debutante of 'Fog Over Frisco.' Tell me," she went on, "do you like women?"

I presume the polite, if hypocritical, thing to have said was, "Oh, of course I do. It just happens that I've fallen heir to a number of shrew roles lately and I try to play them honestly. Why, some of my dearest friends are women. Naturally, I like them."

But that isn't true. I don't like women as a sex.

Certainly there are exceptions, rare individuals whose friendship I value and whose honesty I treasure. But my instinctive inclination is to distrust women. In my lifetime, I have had little reason to do otherwise.

Perhaps my experience with my own sex has been an unfortunate one. Perhaps it has given me a distorted slant. But after all, one has to learn and be guided by one's own experiences and not by those of others. Thus, my only defense for my attitude is that my personal experience with the feminine *(Continued on page 77)*

THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

MOTION PICTURES belong to you!

You, the public, made them what they are today. Your will is law with producers. From the very earliest days, when poor men invested their little money in badly made movie equipment and ran jerky films in back rooms and run-down stores, until now, when Hollywood teems with life and activity and big business, you have been the dictator.

In 1900 everyone laughed at the movies, every "sensible" person, that is. Bankers could not be induced to finance such a wildcat proposition. When little men put their life's savings into the "novelty," their friends called them crazy. But your father and mother came to the back rooms and the run-down stores and marvelled that pictures moved, that trains seemed to be coming right toward them, that a girl with golden curls, a girl who was later to be known throughout the world as Mary Pickford, could make them laugh or cry. Your father and mother looked at the cheap, jumpy films and found them entertaining. In this way your father and mother actually dictated to Wall Street financiers. Ever since then the movies have belonged to you.

In about 1923 Sam Goldwyn gathered together the cleverest and most profound newspaper and magazine critics in the United States and, in all sincerity, paid them good salaries to tell him what was wrong with his pictures, to criticize them *before* the public saw them as they did afterwards. The experiment failed, because you were not pleased with the result. No experts can tell you what you like and what you don't like.

A producer spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to launch a new star. You see the star. If you like her and tell your friends you like her, the money has not been spent in vain. If you turn thumbs down, there is nothing that can save the star—or the producer's money.

Box office receipts are Hollywood's only guide. And you, who spend your money for tickets, raise or lower box office returns.

I should think that you would feel proud to be so important to a great industry. You're not that important to the steel business, the cotton industry, the silk mills. There, others dictate to you. But the movies are your very own. And because they are your own, it occurred to me that you might like to know more about them, that it would interest you to learn how they started, how they grew, what men and women were vital forces to them, what changes have been brought about in them during the last thirty years. You won't regret knowing these things, for the story of the movies is the most glamorous and romantic story ever told. It is vivid with life and personality, rife with success and failure, bitter



It's the story of the movies! The thrilling biography of the infant industry itself!

PART 1

with heartaches and disappointment, bright with joy.

We can now look back and see what has happened and weave stories about it all. The pioneers of the film business could not look forward.

Years ago in a claptrap studio in New York, an ex-vaudeville actor named Larry Griffith was turning out films at the rate of one a week. In New Jersey he was making "wild west movies." And because he was always short of money with which to pay extras, he used the same people twice and three *(Continued on page 91)*



Give me



Straight from the

for rest and a tiny

(Left) A snapshot of Helen and her daughter, Mary MacArthur, with a small friend, taken last summer in Nyack, New York. Since that time, Helen has had only the briefest visits with little Mary. (Left, below) With Brian Aherne in "What Every Woman Knows", for M-G-M.



HELEN HAYES is doing now just what she does every time she finishes a picture. She is suffering the tortures of the damned. Telling herself that she is through with pictures. That she wants to live her own life. In her own way. That she is going back home and take life easy, in the manner of other women. That she doesn't care if she never sees another motion picture studio or theatre or anything else that can drag her away from her home, her husband and her baby.

A few days before she left for New York, I visited her at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she lived while she was making "What Every Woman Knows."

She had a comfortable, but unpretentious, suite of rooms on the third floor of the hotel, from which she could look out upon the palm-lined boulevards and, on warm afternoons, could throw open the many windows of the living-room and bask in the sun.

Only, the day that I visited with her was a gray, dismal day. I found Helen, correspondingly gray and dismal.

She lay back against the upholstered chaise longue and hugged her misery to her heart. It was useless to try to console her, for she was in the throes of one of those let-down moods that come to all artists after the finish of a really good piece of work, into which they have flung their whole soul—and she wanted her baby. Two griefs combined in one.

"My words have caught up with me at last," she told me in all wretchedness. "I have always said that a woman can successfully combine marriage and a career. I have just learned that I was wrong. I want my baby today more than anything in the world. I haven't seen her for such a long time. I call her on the phone almost every day, but she is usually too shy to talk to me. Last night, when I called, her nurse told me that she has learned to swim. Then she let little Mary tell me in her own words and she said, 'Please, mama, come home quick before summer is gone. I want you to see me swim.'"

Helen sighed and turned out her hands in a way that told me despair and need more than words could have done. Her gesture made me remember the scene in "White Sister," where she held out her hands towards her lover who was going away to war. There was that same, poignant emptiness in them.

"I can't tell you how I felt when she begged me to come home. Anyway, it decided me. I am going. A hundred movie contracts and stage offers cannot

ONE *Year* . . .

heart, Helen Hayes pleads daughter's companionship

BY

MARY

SHARON

keep me away from my baby any longer.

"Think what it means to any woman to be away when her little girl is learning to take her first, little, wobbly steps. Learning to lisp her first words. When somebody else must teach her all those little first things. Sing lullabies to her and put her to sleep. I feel terribly about it, now. As if I've been cheated out of something that was a part of my birthright. Money, success, fame—nothing can repay for lost loveliness like that.

"I'm homesick and tired. I've worked so hard this year, have gone through sixty-two weeks without a rest of any kind. I came straight to Hollywood from the long run in 'Mary of Scotland.' But I'm through."

She held up her chin belligerently.

"I have made up my mind and I am going to stick to my decision.

"I am not going to do anything for one whole year. I am going to go home and live normally for twelve, long, happy months with my husband and my baby. I am going to take care of my roses, putter around the garden, arrange furniture, fix drapes, wash dishes and do all the things that every woman instinctively loves to do. I am going to really live for one year. Do you know how grand it seems just to be saying it?"

Silence lay like a pool, then. She was deep in thought and a tiny furrow (*Continued on page 79*)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!



This is Miss Penelope March, the famous Freddie's adopted daughter. Cute?

Barbara Bebe Lyon was three years young and wotta party! Ice cream, Mickey Mouse puppets n'everything

Charlie Ruggles raised the deuce all afternoon. He finally had himself a good weep and his mother, Arline Judge, let him go to it.





Gary Evans Crosby brought his attractive mother, Dixie Lee.



And here is young Dick Arlen with Gary, who seems sorta set to cry.

And here's the party watching the Mickey Mouse puppets, with the hostess wearing a hair ribbon and considering the ice cream problem.





Frank Woody, Jr. came with his favorite lady, Ma Helen Twelvetrees.



(Above) Lansing Brown, true friend of Columbo. The two men were examining a gun, which exploded, killing Russ, and leaving Brown devastated at the cruel fate which chose him as the agent. (Center) Russ at the age of thirteen and (above, right) in his first picture, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." (Right) With June Knight in the picture previewed before his death, "Wake Up and Dream."

BY WILLIAM FRENCH

SON OF TRAGEDY

Deep regret is in our hearts for the passing of Russ Columbo

"LIFE really began today," laughed Russ Columbo, as he watched the satisfied hundreds at the preview of "Wake Up and Dream," in which his caressing voice had won their instant approval.

"Just write 'Friday, the 31st' in red," he continued, "because it starts Chapter Three in the story of Columbo. And put it down that today Old Man Hard Luck lost my address. Everything good happened today. I made the first of my new broadcasts, I saw my first starring picture and I made four recordings on my new phonograph contract. What a lucky day this was!

"And that isn't all. I found the piece of property where I'm going to build the new home for my folks. I'm going to design the house myself—and put in all the little nooks and gadgets my mother wants.

"So, I'm forgetting the bumps and disappointments in Chapters One and Two, and starting Chapter Three today. And don't think I don't know I'm the lucky guy."

Less than forty-eight hours later, Grim Tragedy snipped that string—and wrote "Cut!" across the picture of Columbo's success.

For a tragic misadventure and (*Continued on page 83*)



A rare picture—Anna and her husband, Dr. Frenke. Taken at Rouben Mamoulian's party to welcome Max Reinhardt to Hollywood.

ON TRIAL

With the popular Fredric March in "We Live Again." This picture, everyone feels, will be the real test of Anna's popularity.



Do you really like Anna Sten? Her fate rests with you

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

ANNA STEN is this month's movie question mark, the question being *where does she go from here?*

Samuel Goldwyn's Passionate Peasant, also known as the Soviet Star and Sammy's Greatest Gamble, is facing the most critical span of her Hollywood career. She is on trial for her professional life.

The final crank has been turned on her second American picture, "We Live Again," the former "Resurrection." On the strength of this colorful story, and with the co-partnership of popular Fredric March, the Sten future will be decided. For, in spite of the glowing hosannas to her beauty and personal charm, her first picture, "Nana," came out on the wrong side of the financial ledger to the tune of about $200,000! It was obvious, as the box office reports kept coming in over a period of months, that Anna, or rather, "Nana" had not captured the same great burst of enthusiasm that had greeted Garbo, or Dietrich in their first American-made films.

In fairness, it should be explained that seldom was a picture made under more trying conditions than those besetting the story of the Parisian coquette who loved two brothers, one wisely, and the other, too well.

IN the first place, almost a year elapsed between Sten's arrival in Hollywood and the starting date of her first production. It was a difficult and confusing year for the Russian girl. There was a new language to be conquered, not to mention the trials of a diet expected to remove from ten to fifteen pounds from her sturdy physique. Coupled with this she was the storm center of an exhaustive publicity campaign.

Her pictures flooded newspapers and magazines. Her life story was a syndicated feature of many newspapers. It told the story of the Russian girl who was born Anjuschka Sten in the town of Kiev, in 1910. "It is doubtful if Anna Sten's entire life story will ever be told," the feature began. "She has looked upon too much stark tragedy, too many raw emotions revealed."

With unusual frankness (in prying into the past of a movie star) it took the peasant girl through her days as a waitress in a cheap café, where it was discovered that she could dance, on to her meeting with the famous Stanislavsky of the Moscow Art Theatre. Through the many trials and tribulations of a Cinderella career, it detailed successive steps through the Soviet Theatre and the Film Academy; her marriage to the prosperous lawyer, Dr. Frenke; and her subsequent success in the German-made film that was to bring her to the attention of Samuel Goldwyn, "The Brothers Karamazov." Goldwyn, who has never been noted for conservative publicity methods when his enthusiasm is aroused, immediately went on record as holding the contract of "the most captivating, compelling, alluring personality on the screen today!"

And Sten hadn't yet made an (*Continued on page 98*)



"Feydie, darling, after all these years! How good it is to see you!" exclaimed Marion. But Kurt couldn't raise much enthusiasm.

Marion Forsyth.....ANN HARDING
Richard Kurt.....ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Feydak.....EDWARD ARNOLD
Leander Nolan.....EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
Kinnicott.....CHARLES RICHMAN
Slade Kinnicott.....UNA MERKEL

—*Adapted from the* METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *picture. Directed by* E. H. GRIFFITH *and produced by* IRVING THALBERG. *From the stage play by* S. N. BEHRMAN *and screen play by* ANITA LOOS. *Fictionized by* REGINA CANNON.

MARION FORSYTH was returning from Europe and so, it was men's day out. For Marion had a way with men. She knew the unfair sex as a little kindergartener knows his ABC's and, when she was ready to say good-by to an amour, she somehow had a manner of making it sound merely like an au revoir, a promise held out for a future meeting and perhaps, even, a chance to play a return engagement at love.

And so, when Marion landed at Quarantine, the boys all came down—right to the big steamer from the little, chugging cutter. They came with propositions—big business ones for, while the young woman had a reputation—in fact, several of 'em—as a beauty, a wit, an artist,

BIOGRAPHY OF A



"Don't forget to put in the high points of that gay Leander's love-making," prompted Kurt. Marion hesitated.



"Young man, keep out of this. I don't like you anyway," snapped Nolan. "Well, isn't that just too bad now?" Kurt returned.

and a sex appealist par excellence, she was minus cash. And a girl without the coin of the realm is fair game for men who are ready to supply that little material deficiency for her.

It at first seemed difficult for the onrush of males to locate her, for on the third day out the kindly captain had seen to it that Miss Forsyth was moved from her half-dark semi-private cabin to a luxurious suite. Somehow things like that happened to Marion. And it was that that made it necessary for the boys to wander up and down the decks in search of her.

Richard Kurt was the only one who became impatient at the delay, except, of course, a process server who was there with a summons representing a debt that the young woman, in her hasty departure, had somehow overlooked.

"Here," said Kurt, finally, as the group of reporters followed, "it is."

The door to her suite was opened by faithful Minnie, who knew human nature and her mistress well and warned the latter against the former. The scene the boys' startled eyes fell upon was Marion wrapped in the fond embrace of Melchior Feydak, the Austrian composer—not the more famous of the Feydaks, for he had died, but a man who had gone through the estate his brother had left him.

"Marion," he was saying, "when Vicki passed on, he left you half his money, and I have spent that, too."

"Of course, darling," she returned, "and you should have."

Her published story would ruin two men, but help the man she loved! What was she to do about it?

And it was then that the impatient young man, heading the newcomers, spoke. "I've been waiting out in that damn dark hallway long enough. I don't want a drink, I don't want a cigarette, I'm not a reporter, and I'd like to talk business with you."

"Well," returned Marion, amused, "perhaps I'd better go into this. Boys, do you mind? I'll see you on deck later. Now, Mr. Kurt, you're a violent young man, aren't you?"

If Mr. Kurt weren't a violent young man, he was a mighty serious one, and the most serious problem in his life was himself.

"Yes," he stormed, "and you're one of those tolerant people who see the best in (*Continued on page 113*)





(Above) Eddie and Ida Cantor, and Rubinoff attend "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Sweet, comfortable and motherly, Eddie's Ida doesn't care a whoop about Hollywood's preoccupation with fuss and fashion. (Right) Eddie with his eldest daughter, Marjorie, who now acts as his secretary. (Far right) With Ethel Merman in "Kid Millions."

CANTOR'S RECIPE

BY HILARY

EDDIE CANTOR, off duty, exhibits a trait which is common to many great clowns: he's a very serious man, almost solemn at times.

Not long ago, I wandered, feeling a little sheepish, over to Eddie's bungalow on the United Artists lot—it was the one he had inherited from Mary Pickford—to ask him for an autographed photo. He was the only star I'd ever approached with this request, and I was frankly embarrassed. Imagine—a fan writer turned fan!

Surrounded by half-packed trunks, unread scripts, golf clubs, make-up boxes, and a general air of cheerful disorder, Eddie was hopping about, seeing to this, that, everything. Answering telephone calls and telegrams; talking out of one side of his mouth to Sam Goldwyn; explaining, out of the other side, something or other about his new picture, "Kid Millions," to somebody else; and from somewhere in between, issuing instructions to his secretary about personal messages, and to his valet about where to pack what.

Was he flustered? Not in the least. For America's most beloved clown, despite his strung-on-wire appearance, his ceaseless activity, always has plenty of time for a thousand interruptions.

That day, in the midst of this apparent madhouse, he seemed unusually composed and at leisure. In fact, Eddie was in one of his philosophic moods. Before I knew it, we were lounging comfortably in his sitting room, and discussing—of all things—marriage.

Eddie Cantor, with his customary zeal and energy, has put his whole heart and soul into making





The ingredients may be old-fashioned but Eddie and Ida swear by them

FOR HAPPINESS

LYNN

a success of his marriage—making it a permanent, steadfast edifice, a kind of monument to worth while ideals.

With his big, solemn eyes fastened upon me, he was saying, "If I tell you why I consider our marriage successful, you'll probably laugh at me, and think to yourself, 'That fellow, Eddie, is terribly old-fashioned.' Okay. I'll take the chance.

"The chief ingredient in my recipe for happiness and a successful marriage—the ingredient that binds the two partners more firmly than anything—is a *mutual helping hand through early years of struggle*. If they've grown up together under difficulties and shared each other's worries and joys throughout the years, it's a ten-to-one chance they'll stick.

"Passion? Romance? Love? Certainly, those are necessary ingredients, too. In the beginning, if there isn't a measure of these, the union hasn't such a good chance. But only an inexperienced infant would expect them to continue as the years go on.

"But in their place comes a growing need of husband for wife, and wife for husband, and out of this mutual need grows a deep affection. She helps him, he helps her. If they're the right kind of people, they're tenderly grateful to one another.

"Maybe that doesn't fit in with the highfalutin theories modern young people have about marriage. Maybe it sounds too stodgy. But I know from personal experience that it works. There's another thing I know. And even if all the emancipated (*Continued on page 99*)



Seven years ago, an unpretentious violet. Today, a gracious, lovely person. How did Fay Wray do it?



(Small picture) That's about how Fay looked when she made "The Wedding March."

(Above) Fay admits the Great Change took place because of a man.

HOW TO BECOME AN *orchid*

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

SEVEN years ago, Fay Wray was a mouse-like, shy, dowdy youngster with enormous violet-blue eyes, an overwhelming gratitude to everyone who bestowed a kind glance upon her, and a desire to become a great actress. The latter three characteristics still remain, but the former have disappeared like mist.

For six years married to the scenarist-novelist, John Monk Saunders, Fay Wray now occupies a comfortable niche as one of the more charming matrons of Hollywood. She entertains with the smoothness of a duchess, dresses with the distinction of a Park Avenue matron, and talks about world topics from Hitlerism to hedonism with rare knowledge and considerable authority.

In short, she has gained the qualities of a cosmopolite and she has never set foot off her native North America, even though travel is presumed to be a prime requisite of culture.

How did she do it, you ask?

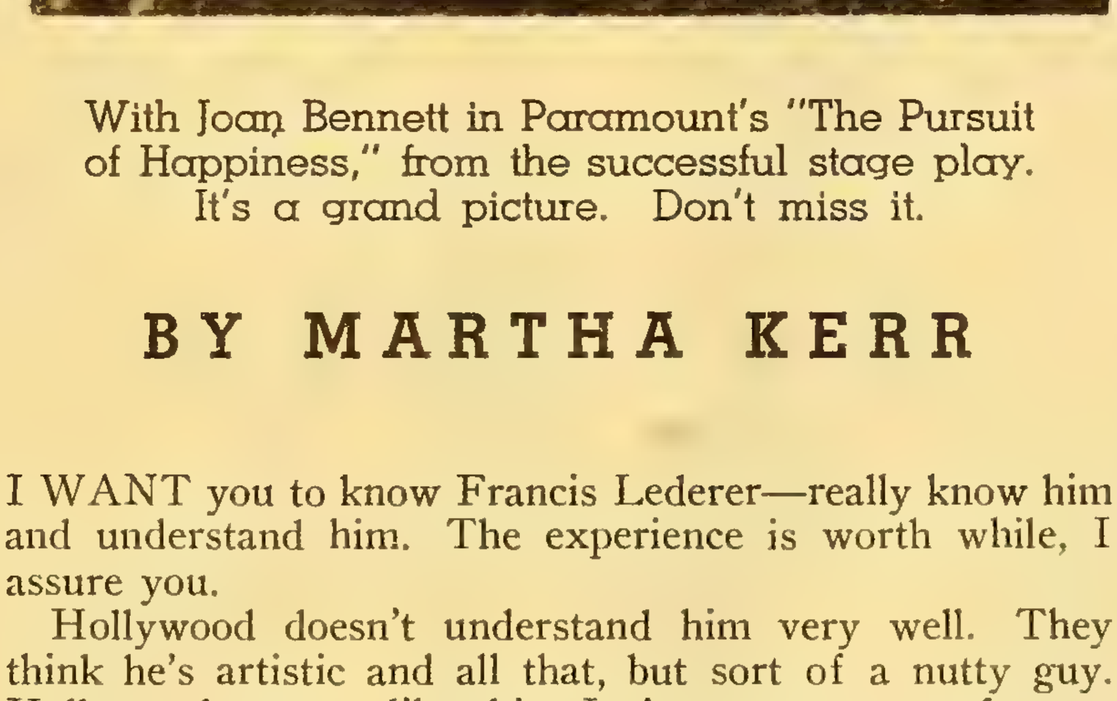
"It's easy," said Fay. "Anyone can do it. Don't set out desperately to achieve results in a specified length of time. It is a matter of slow growth. Surround yourself with the better things of life and let their lessons sink in. You can't help being moved by an inspired piece of writing, the biography of an honest, successful man or woman, or a fine piece of music.

"You tell me that you think (*Continued on page 93*)

HOLLYWOOD *thinks*

HE'S NUTTY

Francis Lederer has 'em all baffled. What do you think about him?



With Joan Bennett in Paramount's "The Pursuit of Happiness," from the successful stage play. It's a grand picture. Don't miss it.



BY MARTHA KERR

I WANT you to know Francis Lederer—really know him and understand him. The experience is worth while, I assure you.

Hollywood doesn't understand him very well. They think he's artistic and all that, but sort of a nutty guy. Hollywood reasons like this: Isn't any guy sort of nutty who'll walk out on a grand party, where there's plenty of liquor, to go and gaze at the stars for an hour?

Well, that's what Francis Lederer did at the first Hollywood party he attended. After he had looked at the stars long enough, he returned and took up the conversation where it had been left off.

Hollywood reasons, again, like this: Isn't any guy nutty who, the first two times he is asked to Joan Crawford's home for dinner, (1) forgets the date completely and (2) shows up a week late?

And that, too, Francis Lederer actually did.

And—Hollywood reasoning again—any guy who, instead of giving each member of the hard-boiled working crew on his picture a bottle of Scotch, gives them copies of Elbert Hubbard's "American Bible"—well, he must be completely mad!

But that's just what Lederer did, in spite of the fact that friends told him he would be kidded within an inch of his life. He went ahead and did exactly as he pleased.

Yes, Hollywood (*Continued on page 88*)

Lederer goes right ahead doing what he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks.



I HAVE BEEN KEPT BY A MOVIE STAR

I have been kept by a movie star—literally kept, supplied with everything from shoes to yachts. What is more, the star is one of the most glamorous women of our day. She is Gloria Gay, my wife.

We met in a southern town where she and her mother ran a dry goods shop, and where I was a member of my uncle's law firm. There I married her, against the wishes of my family.

She was a sensation in New York, where we went on our honeymoon, especially at the party where she met Nat Armheimer, who offered her a motion picture contract almost on being introduced. We were in Hollywood before I knew it, and the rest of my savings had gone to provide Gloria with the things necessary to putting on a "front."

The night of the gala opening of her first picture, Nat Armheimer gave a huge party for her. I was bursting with pride at her success—and mine, for I felt that we had accomplished it together. Then I heard something which made me realize that, in the eyes of everyone else, I was a mere parasite—living on her earnings.

The next morning I told Armheimer that if he couldn't place me in the studio, I must go to some other city and find work. Armheimer was aghast. That would mean a separation which might prove fatal to Gloria's career. He told me that I would be a supervisor.

I told Gloria of what had transpired. She was telling me how proud she was, when her secretary entered, saying that Mr. Armheimer wanted to see her for lunch to discuss business—alone. I felt my heart turning to lead. I think I have never hated anyone as I hated that secretary.

PART TWO

THE next day I went to my nice, shiny, new office. Sure enough, on the door was a plate, bearing my name and the title, "Supervisor," in gold letters. I went in and sat down at the wide mahogany desk. I opened and closed drawers and gazed at the empty shelves which lined the walls. There were typewriters and paper and pencils, everything to work with. But what was I supposed to *do?* In one corner there was a little bar with rows of glasses and a compartment for ice. I thought that supervising must sometimes be rather gay.

Presently there was a knock at the door and a plump, red-haired young person peered in at me. "I am supposed to act as your secretary when you need me," she announced. "Just press the second button on your desk and I'll come." She was gone. Oh, so I had buttons to press. And a desk telephone. Well, surely I should receive some instructions soon about my duties.

I began to feel better. This was, I told myself, a rare opportunity. It was up to me now to contribute something of value to studio activities. What if I could write an original story? They might allow me to supervise my own production. I might some day produce all of Gloria's pictures. I twiddled my thumbs and thought, trying to devise a plot. I smoked a great many cigarettes and presently I went to lunch. Gloria was lunching with Armheimer somewhere off the lot.

A man who had been assistant director on Gloria's second picture invited me to sit at a large round table in the commissary where directors and writers gathered for luncheon. People were cordial enough to me and I listened to the shop talk with interest. Now and then some courteous person asked my opinion upon some problem of production. But when I expressed even a small conviction, no one listened. I lapsed into embarrassed silence and I never lunched at that table again.

At three-thirty that afternoon,

Can a man keep his self-respect and be supported by a woman?

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK FLOHERTY, JR.



I hit Armheimer neatly on the chin. He had it coming to him.

Gloria called me. "Please try to be home early, darling," she urged. "We are invited to such a lovely dinner party."

Home early. There was no reason that I could see why I should not have been at home all day. I grew lonelier with every passing minute in that shiny office.

WHILE we were dressing for dinner Gloria said, "Mr. Armheimer has the most divine story for my next picture. And he has promised me that you may sit in on the conferences. Isn't that lovely? And, darling, y'know, I want you to play polo. A lot of the big swells in pictures go in for it and the publicity is simply grand. You get your pictures in all the papers—and I'll have mine in, too. I know you play well and you do look so handsome on a horse."

"But, honey, I can't afford it," I protested. "A string of polo ponies comes high—and you have to have grooms and belong to a club or two."

She pouted. "It's a little thing to do for me," she pointed out. "Whether you care about it yourself or not, the publicity would be awfully good for me. And I intend to pay for it. I *want* you to."

It developed that Mr. Armheimer had told her where she could buy a good string of ponies at a bargain and that she had already called to order them, much as another woman might order a dozen eggs. She had also arranged for a club membership.

I refused to accept them and there was a scene, with tears. Gloria's make-up was ruined and had to be replaced and she decided to change to a different costume, so we were an hour and a half late for the dinner party. But by that time I had agreed, wearily, to play polo and had begun to hope that I should be killed doing it. I told myself that I was behaving badly (*Continued on page 105*)

MY BIG SISTER Ruby



Marjorie and, right, her famous sister.



BY MARJORIE KEELER

Mrs. Jolson's a heroine to her family, too

RUBY has been calling me "Kickie" or variations of "Kick-In-The-Pants" ever since I was four years old. Now that I'm sixteen and planning a career of my own, I've been trying to talk her out of it, but if you're one of a large family, you know how it is yourself. There are six of us—Ruby, Bill, Gertrude, Helen, Anna and me. Since I'm the baby, the best my family can do for me is to call me "Margie." I think if any of them got around to Marjorie, I'd faint! But then we've been brought up on kidding and tap dancing so, in the bosom of the Keelers, I guess I'm doomed to stay "Kick-In-The-Pants."

I'm proud of the way I got my nickname. N.T.G. (Nils Granlund) gave it to me and it ties up with my first memory of Ruby as a professional dancer. There are nine years between Ruby and me, but we Keelers go in "steps" (I didn't mean to make a pun, honest!) and as soon as Ruby began to study tap dancing with Jack Blue, which was when she was about eleven, she had all of us lined up learning it. I think I learned to tap as soon as I learned to walk—at least I can't remember the time I didn't know how.

Well, when Ruby was thirteen she was appearing in an act with N. T. G. for the first time. She took a box at the theatre for Mother and Dad and us kids, and I was all dolled up in a stiff white (*Continued on page 106*)

Dolores DEL RIO

Dolores and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, recently flew to Mexico, where they rented a house for their temporary visit. It's the first time the Del Rio has visited her native land in nine years. Incidentally, she's been hearing some grand things about her performance in "Du Barry," which pleases the young woman no end.

Elizabeth Allen would rate Hollywood as well nigh perfect if her handsome hubby could be there. As it is, she phones him in London every day and he has crossed the ocean seven times within two years to visit his famous wife. You'll see her soon in "David Copperfield" for M-G-M. Frank Morgan goes in for the social life in a big way and has the setting with which to do it—a Brentwood estate, a yacht; well, you know, all the trimmings. However, he works hard, too, "The Good Fairy" for Universal being his next. Joan Blondell is a disarmingly frank gal. She ups and tells 'em, and yet has lots of friends. As we go to press, she is very anxiously awaiting the Barnes heir. Her latest film is "Kansas City Princess" for Warners. Gary Cooper has just finished "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" for Paramount and there was one time when the experience in riding, roping and shooting came in handy, for he won't use a double.



Elizabeth ALLEN

Frank MORGAN


Joan
BLONDELL


Gary
COOPER

Pat O'Brien, Conchita Montenegro, Mary Astor, Frank Lawton





Listen to the line-up of Pat O'Brien's friends—Cagney, McHugh and Tracy. Sounds sorta Irish, eh, wot? He's in "Flirtation Walk" with Ruby and Dick. After spending a lot of time and money on perfecting her English, Conchita Montenegro is required to speak French in "Hell in the Heavens." What luck!

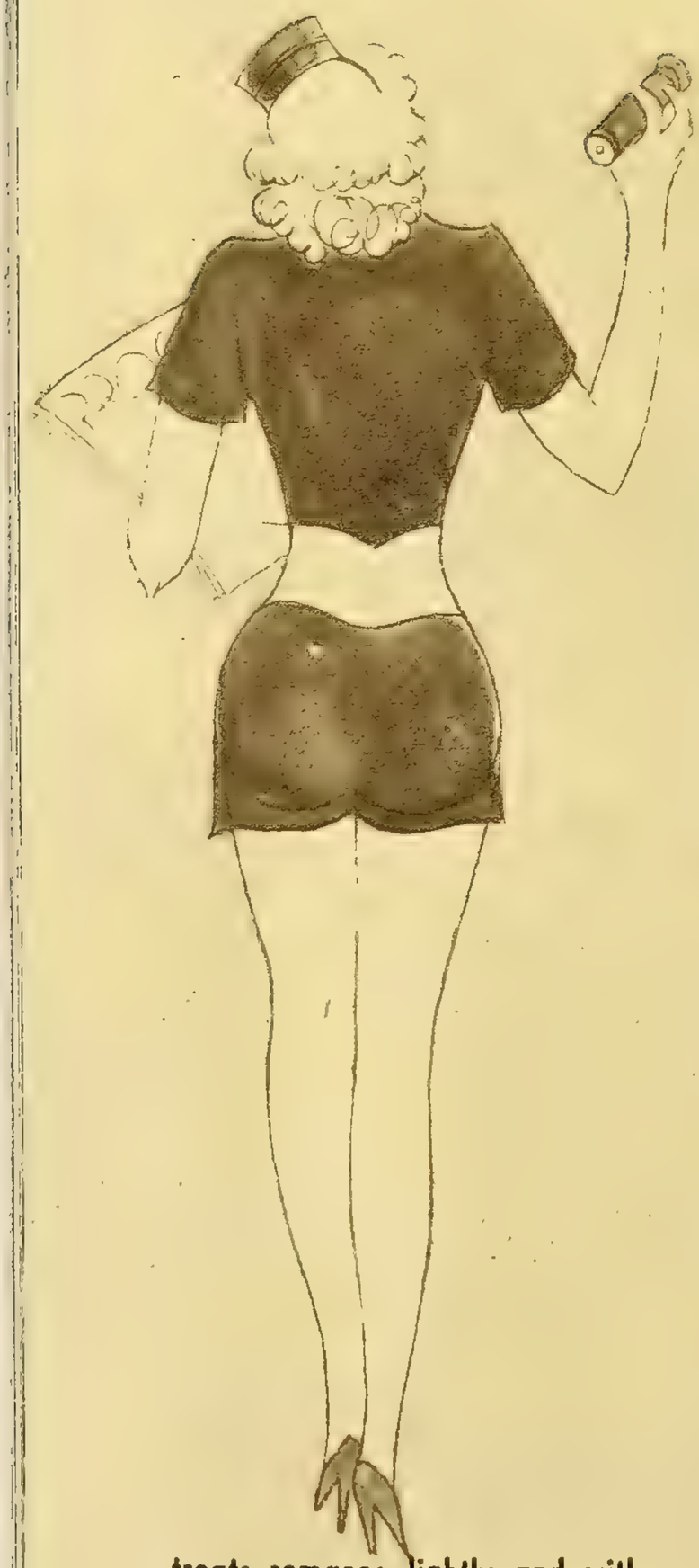
Mary Astor is one of the most dignified girls in Hollywood—or any place else. She lives quietly with her husband and never permits their child to be photographed. She's just finished "I Am a Thief." Frank Lawton is in "David Copperfield," and we predict the fans over here are going to be cuh-razy about him. He's English, you know, and said to be secretly married to Evelyn Laye.

REVIEWS . . . A TOUR

Read about the highlights in current pictures and choose your movie fare accordingly



1. Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson in "Happiness Ahead." 2. Thomas Meighan and Jackie Cooper together in "Peck's Bad Boy." 3. "The Merry Widow," with Jeanette MacDonald and Chevalier.



A: HAPPINESS AHEAD (First National)

Really swell entertainment. When analyzed, the story here is just the old, reliable "poor boy falls for rich girl," but it is so well done and so thoroughly delightful that one doesn't really care how old the plot is. Dick Powell, the old smoothie, must have been hiding his light under a bushel for he proves how versatile he is and gives one of the most charming performances of the season. Second honors go to John Halliday whose characterization of the father is exceptional. A newcomer, Josephine Hutchinson, though not a beauty, can act. Dick sings some grand songs and we have a hunch "Pop Goes Your Heart" will be a sensation. "Happiness Ahead" and "Beauty Must Be Loved" are also good tunes. The whole family will enjoy this, so you had better see it.

A: MERRY WIDOW (M-G-M)

Lavish production, Lubitsch directing. That statement may be the answer to your entertainment problem, but on the other hand, if you saw this picture in the silent version you may wonder at some of the changes. Herr Lubitsch always treats romance lightly and with a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude and, in this case, by changing the former "passionate" romance to "sophisticated" romance succeeds in altering the tempo of the story. Jeanette MacDonald sings beautifully and with a new spirit that is very delightful. Chevalier acts with his usual charm, albeit a bit stiffly. Some of the cleverest work in the picture is done by Edward Everett Horton and the remainder of the cast which includes Una Merkel, George Barbier, and Minna Gombell is uniformly excellent. The beautiful "Merry Widow" music is almost intact and the dances are very well done. So, whether you enjoy the picture because of Lubitsch's directing, the story, the music, or the cast, we are sure you will get your money's worth.

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

For short reviews see The Report Card on page 10

BY WALTER

RAMSEY



4. Eddie Lowe and Gloria Stuart in "Gift of Gab." 5. Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett as the romantic pair in "The Pursuit of Happiness." 6. Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in a happy mood in "The Richest Girl in the World."

B: THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO-Radio)

One of the most delightful comedies to come out of Hollywood in many a day. While the story seems a bit impossible and farfetched at times, no one will mind that. We can't think of anyone who could have played the leading role better than Miriam Hopkins did. She gave it the same life and animation that make all her characterizations so interesting. It's all about "the richest girl in the world" who wants the man whom she marries to do so because of her and not because of her money. Just how she goes about proving to herself that the man she loves really loves her, is most amusing and will afford you plenty of laughs. Henry Stephenson, Joel McCrea, Reginald Denny and Fay Wray give convincing and memorable performances.

A: THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (Paramount)

A thoroughly charming and witty picture. If you have never liked Francis Lederer before, you will like him in this, surely. His accent is attractive, his characterization is deft and, just as soon as he does something about his hair, we will be for him one hundred per cent—instead of only ninety-eight per cent, as we are now. Joan Bennett is sweet and saucy. Mary Boland is her familiar befuddled self as Joan's mama, and Charles Ruggles almost—but not quite—steals the picture as Joan's papa. Walter Kingsford as a blue-nosed old busybody and Minor Watson as a South'n Cunnel in Geo'ge Washington's army, suh, are splendid in smaller roles. It's all about Revolutionary times, you know, and the practice known as bundling—the practice wherein a young man courting a girl would get into bed with her to spend the evening. It was all quite proper, we'll have you know. The couple kept all their clothes on. There were furthermore, sound economic and social reasons for the practice, which we won't disclose here. We'll just tell you to go and enjoy the whole thing for yourself—as you most certainly will.

B: PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox)

A natural for the whole family. Given the best opportunity since "The Champ," Jackie Cooper makes this famous character stand out with brilliance. While his character was a bit broadly drawn, Thomas Meighan does well in the role of Jackie's father, "Mr. Peck." It's a thrill to see Meighan again. The story, as a whole, follows the book rather well, but certain memorable incidents with the exception of the gag about the ants in church are not present. But, since everyone in the world has read the story, there is little reason to go into that here. The picture will give you many laughs, and perhaps a tear or two. It is real, honest entertainment and the entire family should set aside a night for "Peck's Bad Boy." Be sure to take the children since this story is one of their favorites.

C: GIFT OF GAB (Universal)

Pleasant enough entertainment. What a cast—almost every contract player on the Universal lot, plus flocks of big names from the radio thrown in for good measure. **(Continued on page 110)**



Perhaps Clark Gable, Ramon Novarro, Ann Dvorak and John Barrymore have undergone the greatest changes of all.

HAVE YOU IN THE LAST

Movie stars have substituted for shyness, docility for

THERE is some curious chemistry in the very atmosphere of Hollywood which causes its citizens to undergo drastic changes of personality. Of course, if you will stop to think for a minute, you will realize that it is impossible to snatch up a boy or a girl—and the potential stars are very young when the hand of Hollywood first beckons them—from his ordinary mode of living, and lavish upon him all of the good things of life, without having it affect him vitally in some way.

You and I are no different from the stars. We change, too, and I believe the scientists tell us that every seven years we undergo a physical change, that we haven't the same cells or blood that we had seven years before. Our minds behave differently along with our bodies.

The picture stars change more radically than we do because in emotional Hollywood they are subject to swift success and just as sudden failure. And when you read that such and such an actor is exactly as he was when he first came to Hollywood, it's either a lot of bunk or the person under discussion has no imagination at all.

No, it isn't in the cards for these people to remain the same when their lives and their manner of living are doing such fantastic nip-ups. But it is a fascinating journey to make a psychological tour of their minds and their hearts and to discover in what ways they become changed and how they got like that.

Let's start with Clark Gable. I do not need to go into the details of his early struggles—how every studio gave him a test and pronounced him unworthy of even a small part; how, out of sheer desperation at his persistency, they at last cast him in a couple of roles which caused

BY
CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

CHANGED FIVE YEARS?

glamor for dowdiness, poise temperament—and you can, too

the public to demand him, proclaiming him a really great success.

It is not hard to see how this would baffle, bewilder and embitter a man even better emotionally balanced than Gable. It did embitter him. Instead of being thrilled with his triumph and grateful that it had come at last he shouted, "Damn all producers! They're fools. For years I've been begging for parts. They said I wasn't good enough to be an extra. And now I'm a success. But it wasn't the 'smart' producers who had sense enough to realize I had it in me. It was the public I have to thank. The producers can't take any credit. They didn't do anything for me. I am still the man I was when they were turning me off the lots. Stupid idiots!"

THUS he spoke—out of his bitterness caused by those years of unutterable defeat. "I won't let success go to my head," he swore at that time. "I'll just keep on cursing producers."

But, as you can see, success had already gone to his head. It didn't make him ritzy. It didn't let him buy big houses and flashy cars. But success, coming so late, made him hard and rebellious, out for all he could get while the getting was good.

The producers smiled—they had dealt with such an attitude before—and shoved Clark into rôle upon rôle. "Sure," he said, "they're making money on me and making it fast."

He even walked out on a couple of parts, demanded more money and bid fare to become one of Hollywood's most troublesome rebels. But before he gave any serious trouble, a great humility settled upon him. The bitter Gable then turned meek! (*Continued on page 103*)



(Right) As that old meanie, Papa Browning, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Mr. L. doesn't mind unsympathetic parts. But he most certainly does mind interviewers! "Why this pawing over of my dull life?" he asks.



Try to figure Charlie out. He's more fun than a jig-saw

BY ROBERT FENDER

THE GREAT LAUGHTON Mystery

YOU'LL never know Charles Laughton.

You won't know him after you read this article and a hundred better ones. I've just finished a four-hour session with him and the real Charles Laughton remains locked up behind his half-mocking mask of a face. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't.

Charles Laughton is thirty-four. He is fat, slovenly and very mysterious. One moment he is clowning in the American fashion, the next finds him silent, unhearing, unconscious of your presence, miles away from everything. He hates interviews, attention, acclaim, or any of the business which goes with being a celebrity.

"Why interviews?" he asked, sprawled out in most ungainly fashion in a borrowed dressing-room. "Why this pawing over of my dull life? I'm an actor. There's a small wheel somewhere inside me which makes me one. Such a small wheel makes someone else a painter, pianist or singer. That wheel is something apart from me. I don't know anything more about it than you. I can't take credit for it any more than someone born with a voice can take credit for singing well."

Our interview started in the Paramount publicity office, drifted to the commissary, where Laughton overate and over-tipped, and ended in the aforementioned dressing-room. At the start, a bus-load of sightseers shuffled past the office. Laughton asked in a distressed voice who they were. When he learned, he shuddered. Never have I seen a man apparently suffer such inner pain. "My God," he groaned, "let's not go out there yet. Wait until they disappear. They'll treat me like this," and, hopping quickly to his feet, he grasped and pumped the hands of a few writers gathered in the office.

"One day," he went on quickly, "I was walking through a London park at dusk when, all of a sudden, two eyes popped out of the half-dark to within an inch of my nose, as an eerie voice proclaimed, 'I just wanted to look at you.' The object vanished as quickly and mysteriously as it appeared. I stopped dead still and felt myself getting sick. My feeling of nausea was such that I thought surely I'd lose my dinner." And he sank into his chair, burying his head in his hands.

This was no play acting. This was Charles Laughton, the artist. The anguish on his face was real. His total inability to understand mob worship, the desire of fans to see and touch their idols was as clear as the nose on his face. We slid over to the commissary.

I'M in Hollywood," he answered my query, "because I want to be here. Everyone is swell to me. Movies are very important. I've had a long talk with Helen Hayes about her contention that actors should return to the stage from time to time for (*Continued on page 89*)



WHAT ADRIENNE FEARS

BY DORA ALBERT

Do you remember the Bruce Cabot of about two years ago? Remember his cynical expression—his hard, bitter look? And now—a changed man! Adrienne did that.

Can Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot beat the marriage jinx?

THREE times Adrienne Ames has been married, and now Hollywood believes that her third marriage, the one to Bruce Cabot, for which she sacrificed wealth, position and security, is in danger of going on the rocks. The vultures are already waiting to pounce on that marriage and to shout triumphantly, "We told you it couldn't last!"

Well, what is the truth about this marriage? I don't want to hand you any line about moonlight and honeysuckle, how Adrienne is perfectly happy and Bruce is perfectly happy, and all the little bluebirds are singing. Only too often you've read that one, only to read later of a divorce in some home that you'd been told was ideally happy. So I want to tell you the simple, honest truth as I see it. If you are ever faced with the decision that Adrienne Ames had to make, of giving up everything for love, it may help you to know how her marriage is working out.

First, let me tell you this. Adrienne and Bruce Cabot are madly in love with each other and are making a terrific effort to keep their marriage from going on the rocks. But—

Against them they have arraigned not only Hollywood, which never sympathized with this romance, but themselves. For these two people are at war, not with each other, but with themselves. And until they have made peace with themselves, how can they find contentment in marriage?

Before I met Adrienne, I thought all sorts of things. I thought that she was a hard-boiled materialist who had married Stephen Ames because she knew on which side her bread was buttered, and who had given him the air when real love came along. Now I know better. When Adrienne met Stephen, he wasn't a millionaire stock broker offering her ease and security. He was just starting in business, and he didn't have much faith in himself, nor did others have much faith in him. Married once before, he was practically starting all over again after his divorce.

Adrienne encouraged him, she restored his faith in himself and inspired him with the courage needed to make him one of the best brokers on Wall Street. And she did all these things because she loved him, not with the tempestuous love which she was later to feel for Bruce Cabot, but with a calmer, quieter love. She took it for granted that she would always remain married to Stephen. She had had one unhappy marriage when she was sixteen, one of those insane school girl elopements, and Stephen had adopted her daughter by that marriage.

If her love for Stephen died gradually during the four years she was married to him, she did not know it, for she was not given to any searching of her heart. She might never have known it had she not met Bruce.

TODAY she thinks that her love for Bruce Cabot was predestined.

In the ordinary course of events they wouldn't have met at all. Bruce was with RKO, and never loaned out to other studios. Adrienne (*Continued on page 85*)

ADDING COMMON SENSE to GLAMOR

We'd all love to be glamorous. And yet most of us must be practical. Jean Parker knows how to combine the two









(Above) A tweed suit of slate blue, touched with red and black, and a very brave, bright red velveteen blouse to wear with it. (Extreme right) A cocktail suit, sophisticated enough for a cocktail party, and young enough for Jean's years. On top of a slim, slinky skirt of finest quality chiffon velvet (because, of course, a poor quality of chiffon velvet gets all shiny in back) Jean wears a metal blouse of sea-green (see the small picture, right, above). It has a square neck, front and back—very youthful. The hip-length jacket is black velvet. The hat (right) is mushroom-like in shape and has a brim of peek-a-boo horsehair—very devastating indeed, when a pair of dark-fringed eyes look up through it.





You might expect Jean to go ruffly when it comes to evening clothes, mightn't you? Well, she doesn't. Because she knows that simpler lines are not nearly as tiring. So she chooses for an evening gown a smoky brown crêpe, with soft drapery at the top. One brown and gold metal rose and one green and silver one are the only decoration. The drapery wanders around back and ends up in a graceful train, as you can see above.

BY VIRGINIA T. LANE

IT came out, a perfect thrill of an idea, right on the busiest corner of Wilshire Boulevard! And it came from Hollywood's newest, cutest, youngest star, Jean Parker. This idea about being glamorous though practical.

"A girl doesn't have to throw all practical considerations to the winds to be glamorous. She doesn't have to be in the movies to 'star' in her clothes. But in a way, learning how to dress is like developing a screen career. First, there's a 'test,' then one has to learn the 'make-up' and 'lighting effects' for colors, one must learn her 'lines,' and most important of all, one has to put dramatic value into dressing."

Imagine having a choice bit like that tossed at you while you waited for a go signal.

"What do you mean by a 'test'?" I demanded, ignoring horns, fenders and brushing bumpers in my excitement.

"That, my dear Watson, is something we're about to investigate," Jean said as she led me into that ultra smart, ultra modern shop known as Bullock's Wilshire. Coming through the door was Gloria Swanson. She smiled, stopped to talk for a minute and, to my utter amazement, I realized she was only a fraction taller than Jean. Somehow you always think of Gloria as so stately and regal.

"That is where the 'test' comes in," explained Jean as we whizzed up in the elevator. "Miss Swanson and I are almost the same height. We both have dark hair and blue-gray-green eyes, but can you imagine us wearing the same sort of style? Wouldn't it be funny?

"You see, it isn't only your body you dress, it's your mind too, the kind of person you are inside."





You'll all be wanting a black satin dress. They always look sophisticated and gay and do you good service in a practical way, too. (Always wear a good foundation garment under satin. Even the slimmest of you.) Jean's frock has a slit in the skirt and a knife-pleated frill round the throat and two white satin roses. The hat is black velvet, decorated with small rhinestones.

If you want to stretch out a wardrobe to look bigger than it is, there's nothing like a couple of tunics to help you. Here's a very gay type of tunic—modelled after an artist's smock in brown and green, with a brown fringed scarf to tuck in at the neck. The hat—an exaggerated beret, stitched on top—has won our heart completely. Isn't it mischievous looking?

Jean's clothes have very many exciting, 1935-ish points

I nodded, wondering. This was Jean, the artist, speaking, the same little girl whose posters and other drawings have won more prizes than ever Pulitzer can count. "That," she was saying, "is why every woman needs a 'try-out' each season to find just what the new fashions do for her. This is ours.

"Now with me, I'm short. I could no more feel comfortable in one of these latest swooping fur collars than I could in a steel jacket. It would bury me. But how I do love long, soft, clinging things and skirts that swish around your ankles."

An out-and-out romanticist, this girl, without any of the sticky sentimental trimmings. And that, I discovered later, was exactly the feeling of everything she bought. There wasn't a costume that wouldn't make a boy wish for a guitar and moonlight, but they had a definite crispness about them as if they knew where they were going, each and every one. And suddenly I was remembering a little Jean who'd had the courage to work her way through school, who, at the same time, was so steeped in romance she could secretly love a boy for three years—and afterwards cling to him (*Continued on page 101*)



FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers . . . real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

Camels are milder—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos! Smoke them all you want. They never jangle your nerves.



TENNIS STAR. (above) Ellsworth Vines, Jr., says: "Camels restore my pep ...take away that tired feeling... I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with healthy nerves."



BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels...I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"





TOBACCO EXPERTS ALL KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

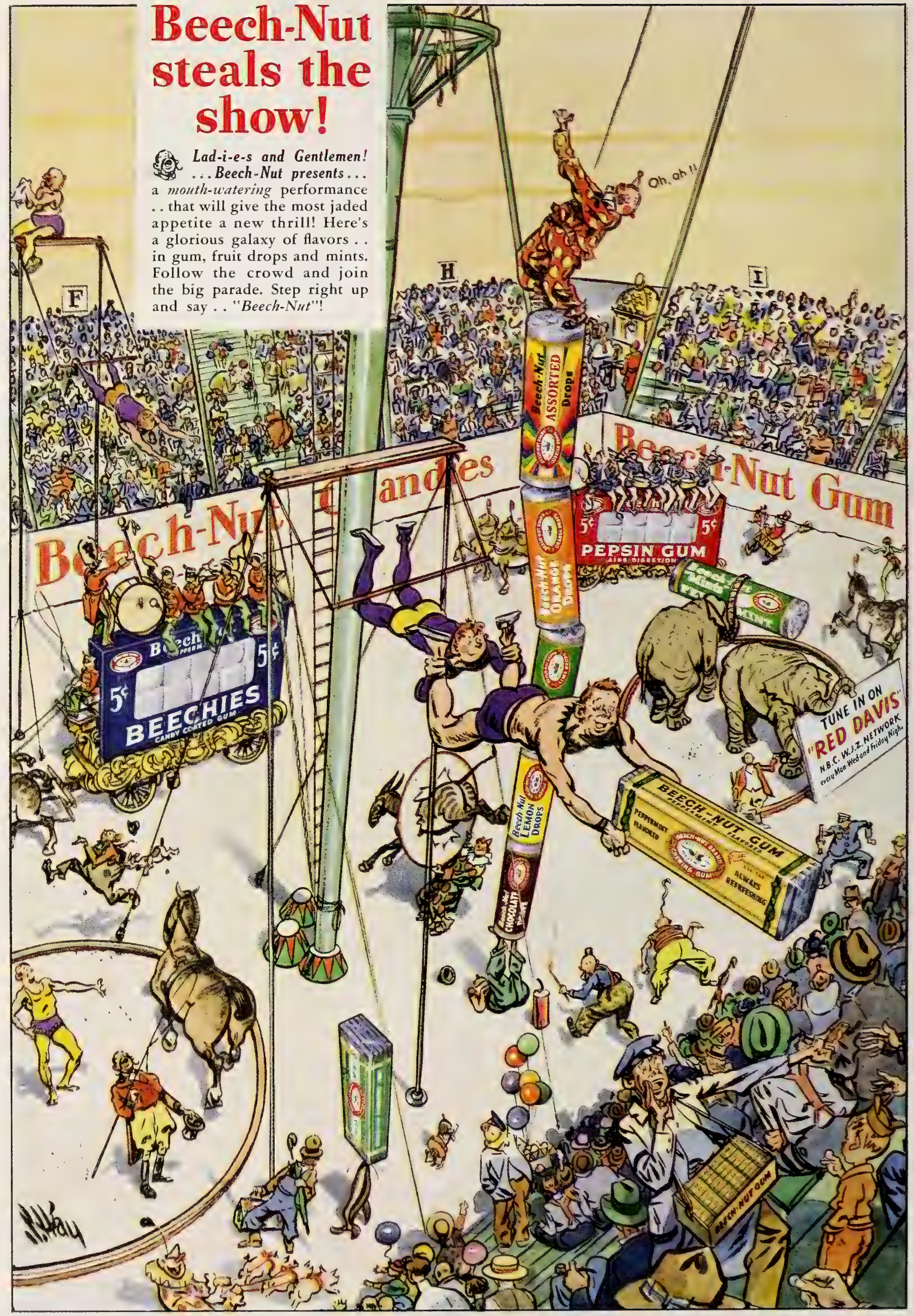
CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! . . . Beech-Nut presents . . . a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . "*Beech-Nut*"!



MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*



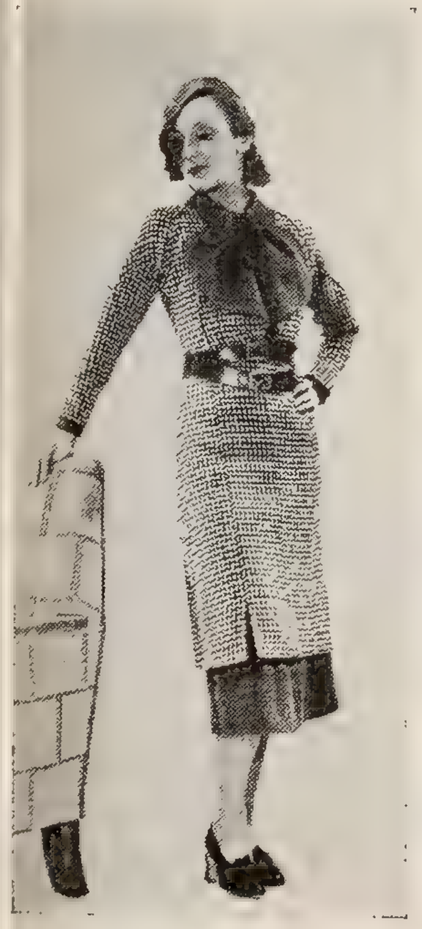
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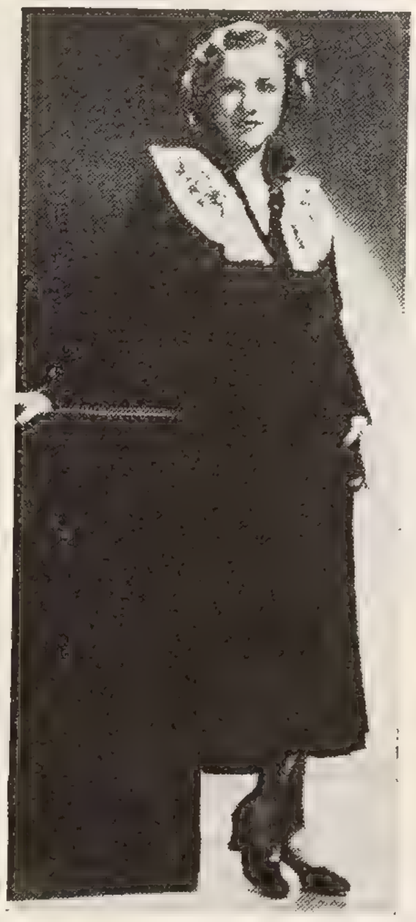
720

722—(Below, left) No wardrobe is complete without at least one tunic. Ann Dvorak wears hers in checked angora wool, with a skirt of plain wool. This should also be very chic in crepe, with perhaps an aquamarine top and black skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

720—(Center) Fay Wray sports a brown wool dress and jacket, spotted with white. Braided bands of white wool decorate the neck, cuffs and make the belt. The knee-length jacket completes the ensemble. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.









710—(Above) Margaret Lindsay's black wool will serve you well during the winter months. It is simple, yet amazingly smart, with its high, stand-up collar and starched lace bow effect in front. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 36, 38 and 40.

710

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No..... Size..... Pattern No..... Size.....

Pattern No..... Size.....

Do you want our latest Pattern Book?

[Patterns are 15c each. Book 10c when ordered with pattern, 15c when ordered separately. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.]

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and State.....

(Please write in pencil)

ALL JOKING ASIDE BY JACK WELCH



LEWIS STONE DROVE ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR AUTOMOBILES SEEN ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES AND WAS ONCE **ARRESTED** FOR SPEEDING AT 12 MILES AN HOUR



"ESTRELLITA", THE SENTIMENTAL SPANISH LOVE SONG, WAS PLAYED MORE THAN **500 TIMES** IN ONE DAY DURING THE FILMING OF "HAVE A HEART" IN ORDER THAT JEAN PARKER COULD **CRY**. IT IS THE ONE TUNE THAT MAKES HER WEEP



KATHARINE HEPBURN HAS A BRIGHT YELLOW FLIVVER TRUCK EQUIPPED WITH A ROW OF **BENCHES** FOR PEOPLE WHO **THUMB RIDES** AROUND THE STUDIO



DURING THE SHOOTING OF "PART TIME LADY" CAROLE LOMBARD HAD TO TAKE **21 SHOWER BATHS IN A DAY** FOR A PARTICULAR SEQUENCE



MARGARET LINDSAY **MEMORIZES HER LINES** BY **RECITING** THEM WHILE DRIVING AROUND IN HER CAR

Have you tried this New Powder?

that makes skin so Clear, Transparent!

Send for your 3 shades—

They'll glorify your skin!





NATURAL — compliments the fair skin of Mrs. Allen Whitney, a golden blonde, to a glowing radiance. Excellent with gray hair.

ROSE CREAM—preferred by Miss Charlotte Young because it gives her lily-pale loveliness a "peachy" bloom. Ideal for blondes.

LIGHT CREAM—red-gold hair, delicately pink-and-white skin, prompts Miss Lilla Fisk to select this shade. It freshens the skin.

BRUNETTE—Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with ivory skin, Miss Mary Weld uses this entirely new glamorous shade.

DARK BRUNETTE—Gives brilliance to the olive complexion of the handsome Mrs. Frederic Bellinger. Brightens sun-bronzed skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—Mrs. William Wetmore's vital coloring is dramatized by this sparkling shade. Makes sallow skin radiant.

OVER 200 GIRLS' SKIN *"Color-Analyzed!"*

▪Yes, "color-analyzed"! Amazing colors were found hidden in those 200 girls' skin. ▪A dash of *bright blue*. You can't see it in skin or in the powder. Except through the machine. Pond's found out the amount to make a blonde look "peachy." The touch of *vivid green* that makes brunette skin magnolia-like. ▪The new Pond's powder shades were all worked out by painstaking analysis of every type of skin. Now they are ready! You'll be amazed at what they'll do for you.

HERE'S a new face powder that contains the actual tints in beautiful skin!

Have you ever noticed how some powders will make your skin look dull, gray?

Or dark? Or sallow?

It's because they haven't the tints in them that are found in lovely clear skin.

Such powders destroy the good points you have. And don't add a thing to help you!

But now—just try this new powder that everybody is raving about!

Contains actual Skin Tints—

Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give you exactly the tints your skin needs to give it life, brilliance, sparkle.

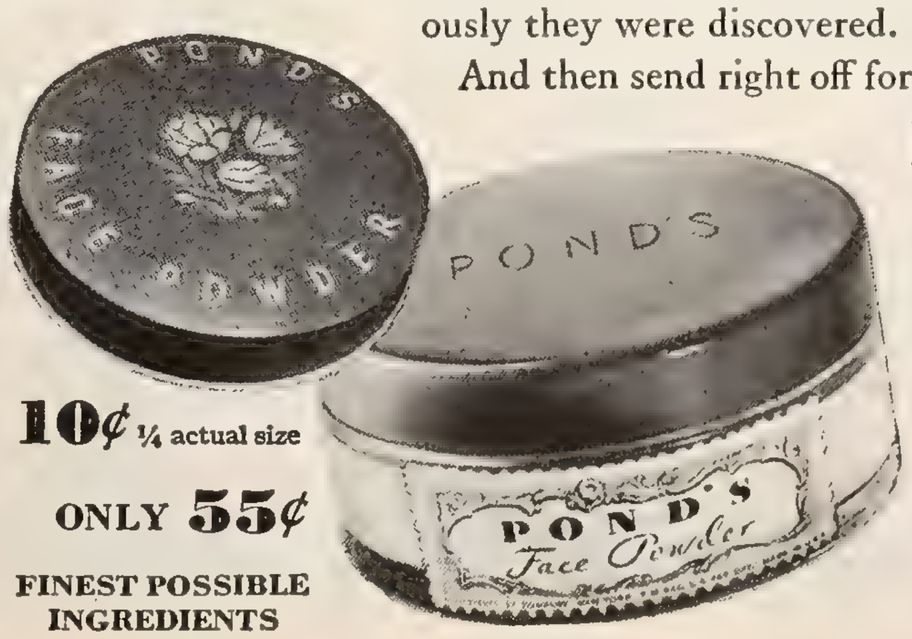
The moment you smooth it on, you realize that your skin is flattered to an alluring loveliness. This is due not only to the thistledown softness of the powder itself, but also to its glamorous shades.

These shades are all absolutely new. Different from any powder you have ever tried. Your skin looks fresh, young—smooth as velvet.

Your friends will notice the difference. Men will say the most flattering things to you. For you'll actually look years younger—and so attractive!

Read the descriptions of these wonderful new shades. And read how marvelously they were discovered.

And then send right off for your gift boxes. You'll surely find one of these shades will make you into a very new and enchanting person.



10¢ ¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

Finest quality—costs little

The powder is fine, smooth and clinging. And it has a lovely French fragrance.

You can get lovely 55¢ glass jars. Also $1.10. And smart, gay boxes for 25¢. Variety stores and five-and-tens carry the 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. But, if you want to sample this wonderful new powder first—here's the coupon!

Free! SEND COUPON. Get 2 Special Boxes and Extra Sample *free!* Three different shades!

(This offer expires January 1, 1935)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M, 94 Hudson St., New York
Please send me FREE Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . 3 different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

MODERN SCREEN DRAMATIC *School*

WHEN I started this department, I told you that it belonged to *you* and that I wanted to include in it the things that you most want to know. Your letters have guided me entirely in my choice of subject matter. Keep those letters up—they're swell—and then tell me what *you* want to know. I've read all the letters that came this month—and golly! what a lot there were—to discover that the most oft repeated request is for advice about diction.

You boys and girls and men and women with stage and screen ambitions, and all of you hundreds of thousands of people who simply want to know the fine points of dramatic art so that it will help you in your daily lives and furnish amusement for you in amateur theatricals—you must all learn how to speak correctly. You *should* want a lovely, cultured voice even if all you ever do with it is to ask the grocer the price of eggs today. But if you're going in for any branch of dramatics you simply *must* know the correct pronunciation of words. You cannot fall into sloppy speech habits. And to save you from this fault, this month I consulted five of the greatest diction teachers in the world. The information I got from them I'm passing on to you. In about a minute I'm going to give you a list of words which have pitfalls in them—words which are so very often mispronounced. Before I do that, I want to tell you some of the general rules of pronunciation which so many of us don't know, but which you *must* know if you are to benefit by MODERN SCREEN'S course in dramatic art.



Claudette Colbert is our guest instructor in this month's dramatic class.

CONDUCTED BY

KATHERINE ALBERT

First of all, there's the case of that much discussed and annoying letter "a." I mean the "a" in such words as can't, ask, bath, past and so on. Cultured people do not give it a short "a" sound, as in at, sat, pan, rap; nor are they so affected as to say "cawnt" and "bawth." The right path lies midway between these two sounds. I'll tell you what I mean.

Say the word "soda." Now use that same "a" in "soda" for can't, ask, bath, past, etc. That—as near as I can put it on paper—is the correct "a" for such words. It has nothing in common with the flat drawling "a" of some Southerners nor yet the low-class "a" of the cockney Englishman. You must work hard and practice in order to do this "a" correctly. Use the word "soda" as your test word. And keep checking up on yourself if you want your speech to be something lovely and beautiful.

NOW here's another sound of which you must be particularly careful. For goodness sake, watch such words as new and blue. The correct pronunciation of the word "blue" will show you what I mean. It is never, never "bloo." There's a slight "ee" sound before the "oo." Not too exaggerated. Practice, to get enough of the "ee" in before the "oo" and to blend the two sounds into what diction teachers call the long "u." That rule goes for stew and suit, too.

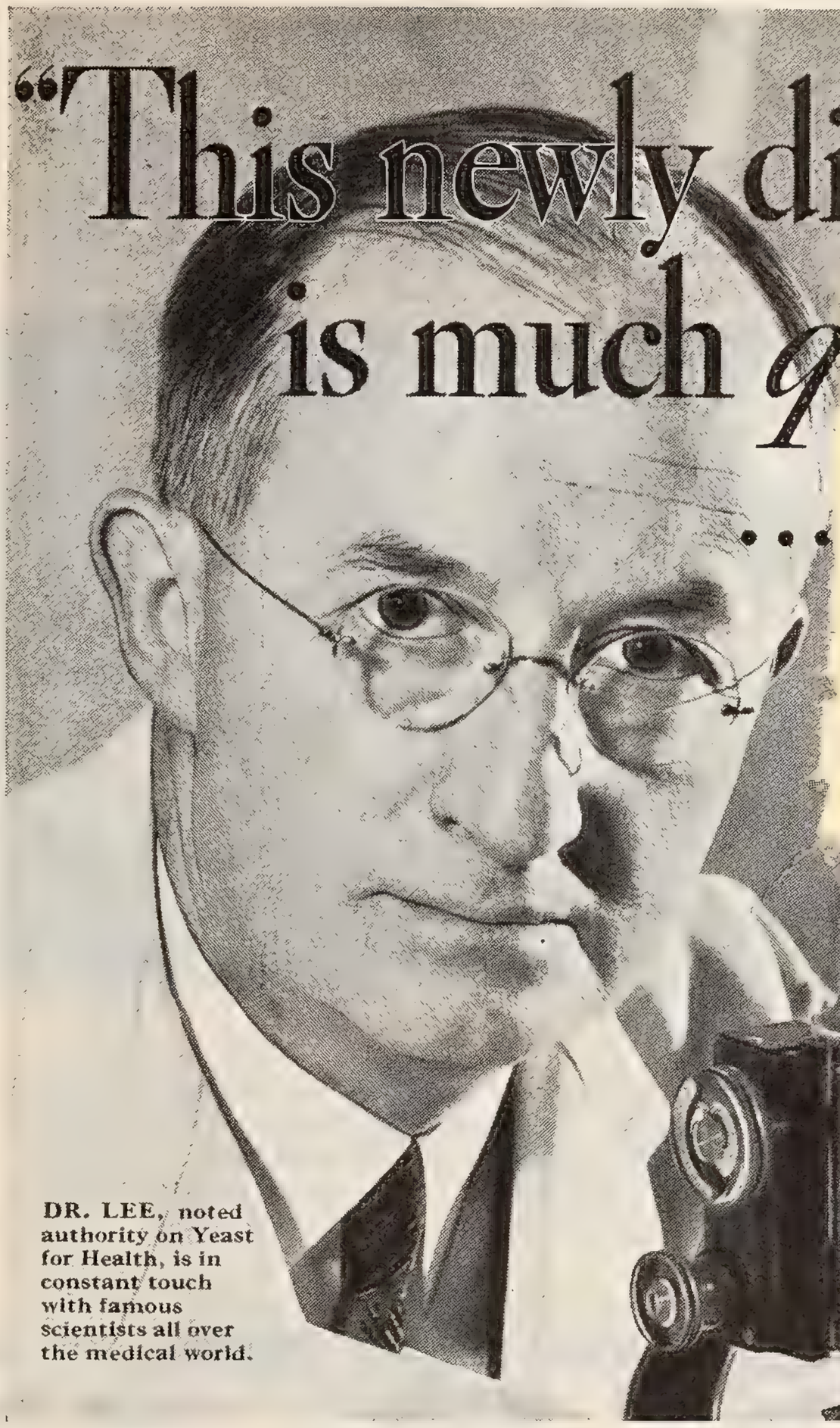
I want you next to consider such words as homage, damage and label. You are, of course, putting the accent on the right syllable, but I'll bet you're slurring over the last syllable. You probably say "lá-bl." And for "damage" I'll wager you give the final syllable the sound of "ij" (short "i") instead of "aj." So here's a quotation from Richard Grant White, a gentleman who knows his diction, which I want you to memorize—and remember! He says: "It is by the delicate but firm utterance of the *unaccented* vowel, with correct sound, that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured." Don't forget that.

Also watch such words as "education," "culture," etc. It is "ed-u-ka-shùn" and most emphatically *not* "ej-oo-ka-shun." "Culture," "literature" and all other such words follow the same rule. Don't put that "j" sound into words which don't have it.

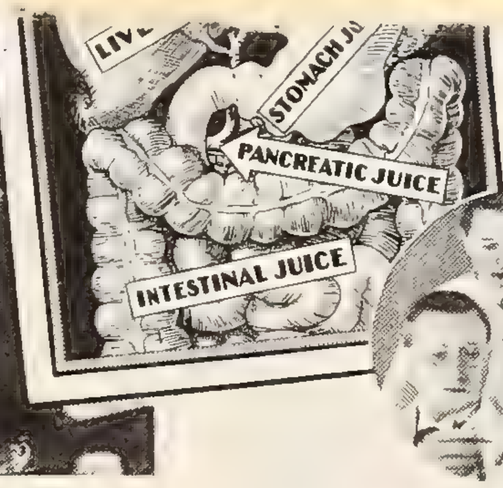
And now I'm going to skip about and give you a list of words which are so often mispronounced. And after you've learned how they (*Continued on page 111*)

Want a lovely speaking voice? Try some of these rules

"This newly discovered Yeast is much *q*...



DR. LEE, noted authority on Yeast for Health, is in constant touch with famous scientists all over the medical world.



indigestion, ... rected *twice as fast,* ... reported. "Astonishing."

Secret of new yeast's quicker action is its hormone-like* substances which make digestive juices flow fast and strengthen action of digestive tract.

● DR. ROBERT LATZEL, noted clinic head, reports: "'XR' Yeast twice as quick-acting, due to amazing effect on digestive juices."

A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

ALREADY the news has cheered millions . . . amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:—

1. How is it different?

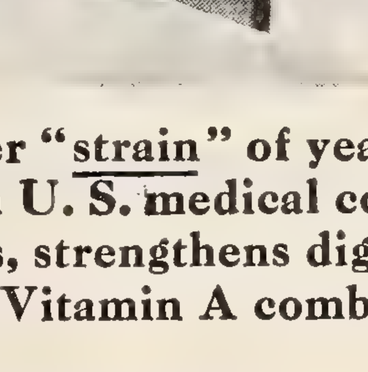
It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts *faster* inside you.

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college . . . after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition. The doctors were amazed. The results were the "talk" of the clinics!



● "Some time ago," *writes* Barbara Evans, *Ridley Park, Pa.,* "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the *new* yeast. It's *quicker.* I felt better in *two days.*"

4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up!*

*This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly!*

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin *healthier.* Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost *at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

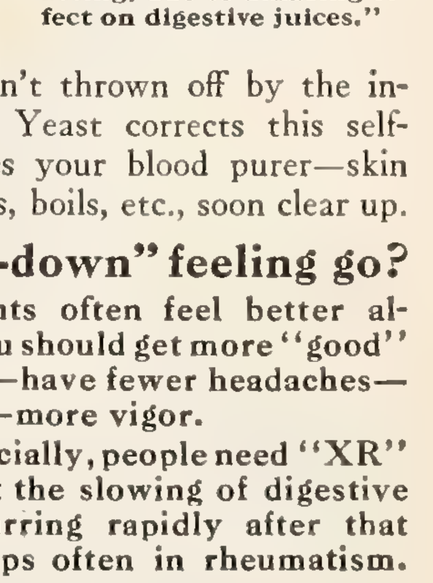
After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

8. Will it reduce Colds?

Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *4* important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're *thoroughly* well. Get a 3-day supply *now!*

(It is as good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR *Yeast*

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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Beauty Advice



Barbara Stanwyck (extreme left) as she is today with a more glamorous make-up and (next) as she used to look. (Above, left and right) The Jean Muir of today, appearing decidedly pert, and Jean in her earlier pictures.



"Enough is as good as a feast!" When it comes to make-up, the adage still holds

BY MARY BIDDLE

HAS Bob or Louis or Joe ever poked you in the ribs in a most ungentlemanly fashion when you have been taking a stroll together and exclaimed, "Hey, did you see that freak? Look!" And when you turned around, expecting to see nothing less than a five-eared rabbit, you saw a woman who was a walking, breathing example of what not to do, cosmetically speaking? She may have thought she looked exotic, but "queer" was the way you felt about it.

Bob and Louis and Joe always feel that way about unnaturalness—freakishness, to them—they hate it, laugh at it and keep away from it. It is fun to join them in their derisive remarks as long as we know we are beyond reproach, but how awful it would be if we were the person at whom these remarks were directed.

There is only one way to be sure of not being that person, and that is to know *how* to use make-up, how much to use, when to use it and what kind to use. That sounds like a tall order, but it is really simplicity itself if you will only use your common sense along with your paint box.

All of this was brought to me most forcibly and dramatically the other day, as I talked to Dick Willis, the make-up-man at Warner Brothers' eastern studio. He is a veritable wizard when it comes to working magic with faces—he actually charms and enchants. I knew, just from watching him work, that Dick could make many revelations to the would-be-beautifuls of the world. He not only could, but did, and I am taking the liberty of passing some of them along to you.

If you want to be the lovely image every woman wishes to be, then follow the plans laid by the master artist, our Creator. After all, He knew what He was doing. Presuming that nowadays all women give their skins attention and care, let's begin at the beginning of the art of applied make-up.

A thoroughly clean skin is an essential foundation, so take care of that first. Then rub your skin briskly. It will cause the blood to circulate through the tiny, and ofttimes starving pores of the face, and with it, a purifying process takes place. Your skin is fortified and ready to receive make-up. I am still heartily enthusiastic about a skin-enlivening cleanser I've mentioned before. If you want the name of it, write to (*Continued on page 81*)



Nancy gets *compliments* ____ dates galore

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

"Believe me, it's nice to be dated up weeks ahead! And I've a hunch that it's due to a simple complexion secret.

"So many girls nowadays run the risk of getting *Cosmetic Skin*. It just ruins their looks—and their popularity.

"I don't take chances! Naturally I use cosmetics, but I never let my pores get choked with *stale* make-up. At night, and before I make up during the day, I remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. It's gorgeous what this does for my skin!"

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many girls who *think* they remove make-up thoroughly actually leave bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores to *choke* them . . . enlarge them, cause little blemishes, even blackheads. Warning signals of Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this with Lux Toilet Soap. Its rich lather is ACTIVE, made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*—every hidden trace!

Always at night, and before you put on fresh make-up during the day, wash with gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. This protects your skin, keeps it lovely!



MARGARET SULLAVAN

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S
"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"



Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use **Lux Toilet Soap** so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin

ENTER *Madame*





Paramount has taken a stage success of some years ago "Enter Madame," revamped it, put Elissa Landi and Cary Grant in it and—we think you'll like it. It concerns a temperamental opera star, Lisa Della Robbia, her business-man husband, and their hectic love affairs. The man refuses to be known as Mr. Della Robbia and carry Lisa's pet Peke around European capitals. They split. Lisa takes up with "the other man," Lynne Overman. The husband takes up with another woman. And then the highly temperamental Lisa, together with her equally temperamental maid, cook, doctor and —oh, yes, the dog—go after him. Do they get him back? Well, what do you think?





A MODERN SCREEN PREVIEW

Tintex Is Sheer Magic For Faded Apparel and Home Decorations



Use TINTEX for

Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's
Shirts • Blouses • Children's
Clothes • Curtains • Bed
Spreads • Drapes • Luncheon
Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers

AT ALL DRUG STORES, NOTION AND TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

• The Easy, Inexpensive Way to Color-Smartness •



SMART women find the Tintex way is the simplest and most economical way to keep their wardrobe modish . . . and their home decorations like new. For at the cost of only a few pennies, Tintex makes faded color snap back to gay freshness . . . or gives fashionable new color, if you wish. And Tintex is so easy . . . so quick! No fuss, or bother . . . simply "tint as you rinse." The results are equal to costly professional work. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributor*

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* Tints & Dyes

(Continued from page 15)

Here's where star-gazing is exciting and profitable!

edge of the tent to make her getaway.

Why does Katie insist upon making such a fool of herself? The picture boys don't bite—they only snap! By the way, there's a picture on page 13 of temperamental Katie and a boy friend at the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Both of 'em are hiding their faces. Such goings on!

Ken Murray is no longer head man in Sue Carol's life. Now that Sue is legally free from Nick Stuart, they are saying she will marry Howard Wilson, young Paramount player, as soon as the California law allows.

WHILE Janet Gaynor is in Europe, Gene Raymond is going around with Mary Brian. Or maybe we might say it this way: while Dick Powell is away on a personal appearance tour, Mary Brian is going around with Gene Raymond.

BARNUM WAS RIGHT

Lee Tracy came out of the Brown Derby the other day and went hook-line-and-sinker for a newsboy's chatter: "Ninety-four people swindled!"

Lee paid for his paper and started to walk away when the boy yelled: "Ninety-five people swindled!"

AFTER interviewing some two thousand boys from all over the United States and testing over five hundred of them, M-G-M at last imported a young actor from England to play the boy in "David Copperfield."

Freddie Bartholomew is the name of the lucky lad who has this swell role thrown in his lap without any previous screen experience.

Neil Hamilton has just established a fund at the University of California that will allow the dean of that school to choose two worthy students each year for five successive years and hand them a free scholarship with Neil's compliments.

As usual, this fine gesture was kept very secret . . . but sometimes these things leak out.

ANNA MAY WONG has the strangest diet in Hollywood.

Whenever Anna wants to lose a couple of pounds she goes on a vanilla ice cream diet. This is against all the rules, but it works with Anna. And you'll appreciate that slinky figure when you see her in "Limehouse Nights."

Both social and film circles are agog about the runaway marriage of Los Angeles' most beautiful débutante, Phyllis Cooper and Onslow Stevens, Universal featured player.

The couple eloped to Yuma, Arizona one midnight last summer and exactly fourteen days later Mrs. Stevens, née Cooper, was back under her bank-president father's roof. They



Jackie Cooper and Baby Rose Marie busily exchanging autographs.

both deny permanent separation.

There's something very unfortunate about movie actors falling for local society girls. Monroe Owsley was "engaged" to one of the local heiresses but her family soon squelched that. And the snoopers say there is plenty of trouble ahead if Jack LaRue and popular Connie Simpson step off altarward—I mean family objection trouble.

OTTO KRUGER is becoming plenty discouraged with his latest picture roles. Unless something good comes his way pretty soon, Otto may shake the dust of Hollywood from his shoes and hie himself back to the New York stage. Broadway is clamoring for him.

THERE are two funny stories about autograph seekers going the rounds. Josef von Sternberg tells this one on himself:

A ten-year-old child accosted the director as he came out of the Brown Derby one noon and thrust an autograph book at him.

"But my dear child," Von Sternberg said, "I do not know how to write."

"That's what I thought from seeing your pictures," said the kid. It's the eccentric director's favorite story, proving he has a sense of humor in spite of Hollywood's opinion to the contrary.

The other giggle concerns temperamental Alison Skipworth. Skippy, whose bark is much worse than her bite, was hurrying into the studio when a little girl with pen and book in hand stopped her. The character actress was already late and in a cross mood. "I haven't time," she snapped.

"All right," said the little girl, "but who are you, anyway?"

This romance between Judith Allen and Douglass Montgomery begins to look serious. For the past week they have dined together every night. In Hollywood it takes a lot less than this to start wedding bell rumors.

JUST A LOT OF TALK

HO-HUM, so Kay Francis met Chevalier's boat when it docked at Havre? Well, our advice would be not to take these romance reports too seriously, especially those concerning the prediction that Kay will return to America as Mrs. Maurice Chevalier. Y'see Kay's divorce from Kenneth McKenna won't become final until next January!

So far, the *pièce de résistance* of the social season, was the Max Reinhardt presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the famous Hollywood Bowl. Here was first-night splendor such as Hollywood has not seen since the old days of the Sid Grauman premières. The cast included Mickey Rooney, as the sensational "Puck," William Farnum, Evelyn Venable, and Gloria Stuart, among other Hollywooders. The whole town turned out to welcome them and the great maestro. Spotted among the box holders were:

Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and the Robert Montgomerys. Norma wore a green gown with a sable wrap and Mrs. Montgomery was all in white.

William (Continued on page 72)

Over 30—they have the skin of their *20's*

Titled beauties from 3 Nations examined by Dermatologists....
say they owe their youthful skin to the same Cream



The Countess Howe
—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report.*



The Duchess of Leinster
—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report.*



Her Royal Highness Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans
Comtesse de Chaponay, niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm, clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report.*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this Cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream answers the three vital needs of the skin:—It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new *Liquefying Cream* contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.



***Pond's Cold Cream* cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults, prepares for powder**

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?
20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS
***of the* 20's**



Blackheads, Large pores | **Roughness, Dryness** | **Laughter lines** | **Little blemishes**

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS
***of the* 30's**



Crêpy skin | **Worry lines** | **Sallowness, Discolorations** | **Sagging tissues**

MAIL COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. M, 50 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐. I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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(Continued from page 70)

Things are hummin' socially in them thar hills

Powell and Jean Harlow were there and attracted a great deal of attention, as they always do. Jean looked stunning in black velvet. For the first time since they have been "going together," Jean and Bill posed willingly for the photographers.

Marlene Dietrich, in a party with her husband and Von Sternberg, wore her favorite model sports hat (the jockey number) made up in velvet to go with her evening ensemble.

Claudette Colbert looked stunning in a maroon velvet gown and sable wrap.

Following the presentation, a great many of the movie group went to that smart night spot, the Trocadero.

AFTER refusing hundreds of radio offers in the past, Mary Pickford actually signed up to star in a series of dramatic sketches over the National Broadcasting chain.

Hollywood thought, for a while, that the Doug and Mary reconciliation might force the air waves to wait, but the reverse has happened.

IT'S SMART TO BE PLUMP

While most of Hollywood is trying to diet off the extra weight, Loretta Young and Bette Davis are fighting to gain.

Yesterday, it was announced that Loretta had succeeded in putting on twelve extra pounds and Bette beats her past batting average by eight.

And soooooo becoming is the extra poundage to both gals!

AFTER all the trouble they've been having at the Hal Roach Studio, we advise them to install their own hospital.

Most of their stars, and Roach himself, have been in the hospital for some reason or other. Stan Laurel delayed "Babes in Toyland" while the limped about the hospital corridors on crutches; Charley Chase called a halt to his comedy while he spent three weeks in the hospital for stomach treatment; Hal Roach, himself, used up considerable time recovering from an appendicitis operation.

"Time Marches On," at a thousand dollars an hour. That's money!

Virginia Pine had been playing an unlucky bridge game all afternoon when she finally chirped: "Lucky at love, unlucky at cards," which gives us a hint of the Pine-Raft romance temperature.

THIS is so good we can't help passing it on to you:

It seems that one of the studios wanted a certain story and wired a New York agency for their price. Came a wire, "Story offered $3500." The studio relayed its telegraphic reaction as follows, "$1750 best can do."

The agency immediately realized that some mistake must have occurred and wired, "Original wire should have read $35,000." still being typically Hollywood, the studio's answer read, "$17,500 best can do."

"Lives Of A Bengal Lancer" has been having its share of location troubles.

First, Henry Wilcoxon was dropped from the cast because of too much temperament, plus the desire to direct and photograph the picture as well as act in it. He was replaced by Franchot Tone who is no honey to get along with either!

Then, most of Vic McLaglen's "Light Cavalry" decided the work was too heavy and the studio was forced to replace them.



Una Merkel invited her parents and hubby to "The Merry Widow" preview.

The payoff came when Sir Guy Standing thought he had sprained his foot. And it began to look as though production would be held up again. Just as this was about to happen, though, a country doctor in the vicinity discovered that Standing had been bitten by a poisonous spider. However, he soon had Sir Guy back in running order, and shooting continued on Paramount's unlucky picture.

IS Hollywood doomed as the movie production center of the world?

The old town has never watched a political situation with more avid interest than the approaching (as this is written) election of governor of California.

If Upton Sinclair is elected, the word is out that there will be no more Hollywood.

The Big Four producing companies have let it be well understood that Sinclair's proposed State tax against capital will make it impossible to operate at a profit in California. And in spite of the terrific property loss which would be suffered in the move to New York, it would be only a drop in the bucket compared to the proposed tax law.

At the present moment Hollywood is shaking in her boots for her very life, for Hollywood without its stars and its studios would be no Hollywood at all.

Another disturbing whisper is that two big studios, Warner Brothers and M-G-M, are beginning to cast interested eyes in the direction of New York as a production center, no matter how the election comes out. Both M-G-M and Warners have the idea of using their movie stars as stock companies rotating between pictures and the legitimate theatre. And because of the great distance between Hollywood and New York it would be much easier for the contemplated stage engagements if their movies were made in New York.

Mrs. Hank Falaise pulled a "Connie Bennett" in Paris when she arrived there to see her Marquis husband, it is reported.

The boys in the United Artists publicity department in Paris were all set to grab a flock of publicity when Connie arrived, but her Hollywood background got the best of her and she even refused to tell the boys where she was stopping, with the result that the gang in the publicity office did not get a line of headline space.

THE "Drive-In Theatre" is a new idea in California. All you have to do is drive in, park your car and sit and watch the biggest screen you ever saw in your life. The idea hasn't had a chance to prove itself as yet but, no doubt, California and Florida will be infested with them if they happen to go over.

(Continued on page 116)

FAOEN *makes Loveliness cost so very Little!*



Beauty Aids as fine as Science can produce—yet they cost only 10¢

THE greatest part of charm is personal loveliness. This is a fact the world's most enchanting women have always known. And it is so easy to achieve...providing you follow one simple rule: use only beauty aids of unquestioned purity and quality...such as Faoen.

Smart women everywhere are more and more learning to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids ...for they know that no greater purity or finer quality is to be had at any price!

Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

> "every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the *best*. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

10¢ Each at the Better 5¢ and 10¢ Stores

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES •

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Do stars enjoy a movie meal?



What kind of food is served before the cameras?

● Director Brown evidently believes in serving a genuine well-balanced, nourishing meal, even if it is "just a moving picture." It's lots easier for a star to play his part naturally if the food is real and the meal is well planned and served.

● Directors have to be clever planners as well as supervisors when it comes to food. Housewives can learn several good lessons from Director Brown in this month's Modern Hostess Department. You will find it entertaining as well as instructive and be sure to send in the coupon at the end of the article so that you may have for your own cook book the very latest recipes of the stars.

Read the

MODERN HOSTESS

every month in

MODERN SCREEN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 8*)

unexpected events, but with due allowance for these, you will not find it difficult to keep pretty close to the original scheme. Then, having decided upon the ends which you wish to attain, make a complete survey of the means by which they are to be accomplished. In order to do this you will find that a pencil and a pad are the very first requirements. Plan your meals just as a director plans his scene, but go about assembling the food requirements like a property man does his "props."

First, list each and every component part of the ultimate whole—well, well, if you want it put more simply—make out a menu and put down what's needed. Then, check your supplies of staples, such as flour, sugar, salt, pepper and the like, list the "fresh foods" you must purchase, and look over your assortment of canned, bottled and packaged products for possible replacements.

AND right at this time let me point out that there are on your grocer's shelves an amazing variety of ready-prepared foods deserving of a place on your list, and eventually on the shelves of your supply closet. It may be said that in this way the food manufacturers are filling the role of assistant to you, as the director of the home, and they are doing a good job of it, too.

I do not advise making an entire meal of these canned and packaged products, mind you, nor do I feel that the trusty can opener should take over entirely the part previously played by the mixing spoon, but I am of the opinion that the woman who overlooks the nourishing qualities and general tastiness of foods put out by reputable concerns, is trying to be director, assistant and script girl all in one—an energy and time consuming state of affairs for which the family will be the eventual sufferers. And, oddly enough, you will get little thanks for expending an unnecessary amount of energy on meal preparation. For, after all, the dishes we serve are judged not by the trouble that we went to in making them but by their ability to satisfy our tastes and our hunger. So let's see what the food manufacturers have to offer to help us execute our plan for serving delicious-tasting, hunger-satisfying meals with less effort.

Briefly, let me suggest ready-to-eat, packaged cereals; ready-made mixed biscuits; nourishing canned soups, spaghetti, beans and kidney beans; ready-to-use meats, fish and sauces; dressings for salads; cake mixes which require only water and baking to become serious rivals of the home-mixed products; canned and packaged puddings which, with the addition of water or milk, followed by a short visit to the refrigerator, become treats for kids and grown-ups alike. All these wholesome foods have the merit of adding to your repasts a most important factor—variety—without which no appreciation of food can endure.

THEN, of course, there are canned vegetables which form an important branch of the canned-goods family tree, and canned fruits which are great dessert favorites in the majority of homes. Canned fruits and vegetables serve the purpose of extending the short season for most vegetables and fruits and making them a year 'round part of our menus. Even during the season for such fresh vegetables as corn, tomatoes and mushrooms, there are people who infinitely prefer to use the canned product in cooking. There are many who go so far as to prefer their flavor at the table, too.

I dare say there is not one housewife who has not been amazed at the mammoth size and uniform perfection of canned fruits, such as peaches, pears, apricots, cherries and the like, which in their fresh state could not be duplicated in quality at any but the most expensive fruiterers. This is because canned fruits are sun-ripened and the canneries where they are packed are located as close as possible to the spot where the fruit is picked. Then, too, only *first grade* fruits—and vegetables—are used for canning.

The increase in popularity of canned foods in the past few years has been notable, so much so that our national reliance upon the can opener has been the cause of much good humored spoofing. Of course, this kidding is based upon the assumption that serving canned foods is merely an indication of laziness on the part of the American housewife, whereas the underlying reason actually is the marked improvement in the quality of present day canned food products.

For instance, the tinny taste, once so woefully apparent, has been done away with by improved methods of packing. Still another improvement is the enamel-lined can, a comparatively recent development. This type of can has been quite generally adopted in the canning of foods high in sulphur content such as peas, corn, shrimps and other fish products. Doubtless you have noticed at one time or another black specks in canned corn. This is caused by the reaction of the sulphur in the corn upon the iron in the can. While not harmful in any way it detracts from the appearance of the corn and hence lessens its appetite appeal. Now, however, the use of enamel-lined cans does away with the presence of these specks entirely.

IN the canning of red-colored fruits the enamel-lined can also is being used as it helps to protect the color of the fruits. Due to the bleaching action which takes place when the fruit comes in contact with a *plain* can, raspberries and cherries lose their rich color in a very short period of time, while in an enamel-lined can they retain their original, and attractive, red hue.

There are countless other canned, bottled and packaged foods I have not mentioned —their names are legion—which add zest and interest to the simplest menu, such as tomato juice, olives, pickles and a wide choice of cheese, crackers and cookies, to speak of only a few.

Don't fall into the all too common error, however, of thinking that ready-prepared foods mean ready-prepared meals. The actual assembling of such a meal is important to its success. For that reason I have worked out menus for four such meals with at least one outstanding recipe for each meal. These form this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder which you can get by filling in and mailing the coupon at the end of this article. At this time of year particularly, when the approaching holidays make unusual demands upon all of us, you'll find it most convenient to have these suggestions on hand as starting points towards your goal of supplying good, nourishing and well balanced meals for your family with a minimum of time consuming effort for yourself

The menus will go far towards helping you find some extra time in which to do your Christmas shopping in a leisurely manner before the stores get too crowded and will enable you to have some spare moments for making gifts at home, if you are so inclined.

AND you'll simply love the recipes in this month's folder; a simple luncheon dish that can be prepared and cooked in no time at all; a late-at-night snack (or Sunday supper combination) that the men folk will want to have a hand in preparing as well as eating; a "last-minute" dinner dish which combines a fresh vegetable and a canned product to the ultimate betterment of both, and a cake which is rich enough to suit the most confirmed dessert-lover without being a chore to the maker. I've described these on the leaflet as "Quick Meal Recipes and Menus," but you'll term them "excellent" as well, once you've sampled them.

I'm sure you'll also like the following recipe for Combination Soup which demonstrates both in its name and its contents the possibility of combining two or three usual things to achieve an unusual result. In addition to being tasty, it is nourishing as well.

COMBINATION SOUP

1 cup finely shredded lettuce leaves
1½ cups water
1 can concentrated chicken broth
1 can concentrated pea soup
1 teaspoon sugar
salt and pepper to taste

Shred outside leaves of lettuce very fine, using scissors. Add water and simmer gently until lettuce is very tender. Combine broth and pea soup, add lettuce, then water and sugar. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot with garnish of whipped cream and a dash of paprika.

Again let me remind you to fill out the coupon. Then mail it to me without delay so that you will have this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder for immediate use, absolutely FREE. Those of you already familiar with these handy folders will like the new cover design, and I am sure that all of you will find the menus and tested recipes especially helpful during the pre-holiday season, as well as throughout the entire year.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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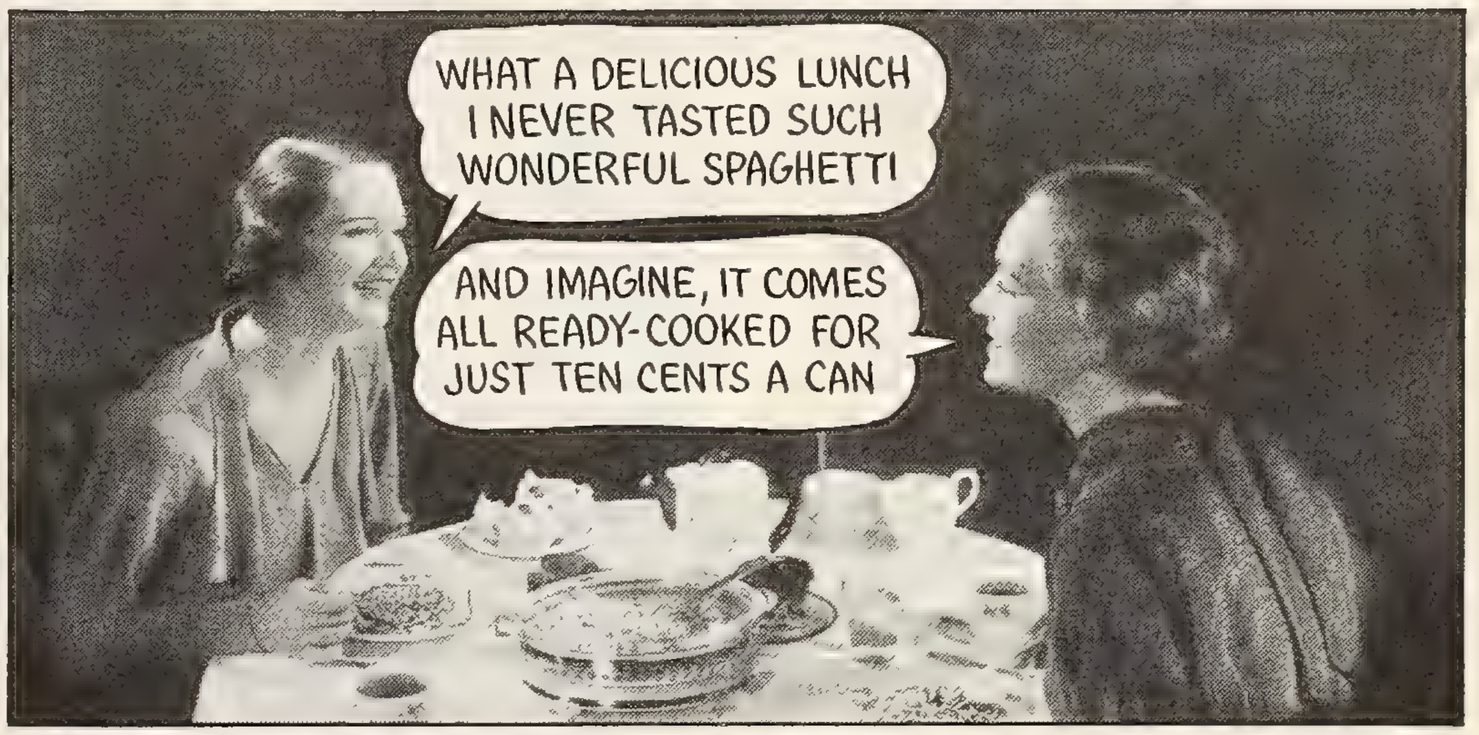
Please send me the recipes for December, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)







"Far more delicious spaghetti than I could cook at home
—and it actually costs less, too!"

"I USED to get many a compliment on the way I prepared spaghetti. But I realize now that mine couldn't hold a candle to Franco-American. Good as my sauce was, theirs is a whole lot better. And it actually cost me more to buy the dry spaghetti and other ingredients and prepare it at home than it does to get a can of Franco-American all ready-cooked."

How much easier, too! No cooking or fussing with Franco-American. You simply heat and serve. Skilled chefs have done all the work, concocted a matchless sauce containing eleven different ingredients... garden-fresh, perfect tomatoes ... zestful Cheddar cheese... subtly blended seasonings.



Mere words can't tell you how good it is. You must taste it yourself. Why not try it today? Generous can holding three to four portions is never more than ten cents at any grocer's.

Most Astounding TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

10¢ a Day buys this New Remington Portable Model No. 5



10 Day Free Trial Offer

25% PRICE REDUCTION

Accept this amazing offer on a brand new Remington Portable No. 5, direct to you from the factory. Never before could we offer it on such easy terms that it actually costs you but 10¢ a day to own it. This machine formerly sold for 25% more than its present price. The price and the terms make it the greatest bargain in typewriter history.

Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

FREE COURSE IN TYPING

With your Remington No. 5 you get ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page typing course. Teaches the Touch System. It is simply written and well illustrated. Even a child can understand it. During the 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER you should dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.



FREE CARRYING CASE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE Carrying Case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains.



ACT NOW WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD

New wage scales point definitely to higher prices. Machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. We don't believe we can maintain the present 25% price reduction for long.

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalog illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

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DORIS VIRGINIA, Waxahachie, Texas—The leading roles in "Private Lives" were taken by Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel and Reginald Denny. Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard played the starring roles in "A Free Soul." And in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Constance Cummings, Russ Columbo, Paul Kelly, Texas Guinan and Blossom Seeley did the honors. You certainly picked three good pictures to ask about. The following stars were born in the following years: John Gilbert, 1897; Warner Baxter, 1893; Gloria Swanson, 1899; and Ralph Bellamy, 1904.

MARY JOHNSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.; PATSY PICERNO, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. A. MARONEY, Pittsburgh, Pa.; TOBY LANG, Huntington Park, Cal., CHARLOTTE BOSTETTER, Chicago, Ill.; ELEANOR M. ARTHABER, Philadelphia, Pa.; MARION JONES, Meadville, Pa.; W. ADAMS, Hendersonville, N. C.; ERMA ROWAN, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.; R. SMYTH; MICHAEL ARSON, Linden, N. J.; L. M. R., Youngstown, Ohio; EDITH BROWN, Rocky Mount, N. C.—Whew! What a list of names! Hope I can satisfy you all as to what you want to know about Bing Crosby. Of course, you know "Bing" is only a nickname. He acquired it at an early age while playing his favorite game of "Cowboys and Indians" when he used to shout "Bing! Bing!" at the top of his lungs. He thinks Bing is much more distinctive than Harry L. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904, and received his early schooling in Spokane. Bing's family wanted him to become a lawyer, so they sent him to Gonzaga College. He made the Freshman football team, sang in the college glee club, and with another boy organized a seven-piece orchestra. This orchestral venture was so successful, that the two boys left college to try their hand in the entertainment field. Paul Whiteman heard them when they were playing at the Metropolitan Theatre in Los Angeles and signed them to go East with him. In New York, another vocalist joined Bing and Al Rinker. His name was Harry Barris. This was the beginning of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. From that time on, Bing's popularity grew in leaps and bounds, until he is now one of the most popular young singers in the country. He has been married to Dixie Lee, motion picture actress, about four years, and is the father of three sons—Gary Evan, who was born June 27, 1933, and twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael, who were born this July. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Detective stories fascinate him. His taste in clothes runs to browns and blues, with heavy emphasis on sports apparel. He dislikes garters so much that he never wears them except with evening clothes, and likes a hat so much that he wears one all the time, except on the stage. He has light blue eyes and light brown hair. And I'm not stringing you when I say that he wears a toupee. He is not bald, but his hair is thin and grows far back on his temples. Although Bing has said many times that he wants to retire, I don't believe he will for some time to come. He croons every Tuesday night over the radio. He has played in the following pictures: "The Big Broadcast," "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony," "We're Not Dressing," and "She Loves Me Not," which is his latest. His next picture for Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. (where you can write him and he may answer) is "Here Is My Heart" with Kitty Carlisle.

MARIAN BLACK, Vancouver, B. C., Canada—In "We're Rich Again," Gloria Shea took the part of Victoria, and Lenita Lane that of Charmion. The three Marshes, Joan, Mae and Marion, are not sisters. Yes, it was Martha Sleeper who took the part of Robert Young's wife in "Spitfire." Fifi Dorsay has not been in a movie for some time and is not scheduled to appear in any.

DORA KARIS, Chicago, Ill.; GENEVA MANN, Sidney, Ohio; SHIRLEY STEARNS, Prineville, Ore.—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on October 6, 1907, and began her education in that city at the A. C. Harmer School for Girls. She finished her grammar grades in Chicago, attended high school in Melbourne, Fla., and San Francisco, where she graduated with honors. She obtained office work, then moved to Hollywood to try her luck. She rose from extra to star in an amazingly short time. She likes to shop, and loves to dance and swim. She is interested in music and sings very well. She loathes cigarettes and doesn't smoke them. Her pet superstitition is putting the right shoe on first. She is a trifle over 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, has golden brown (almost red) hair and wonderfully expressive big brown eyes. She is divorced from Lydell Peck. You can write her at Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif. After "Servant's Entrance" she will be in "One More Spring" with Warner Baxter.

M. WATTS, Verona, N. J.—Robert Gleckler played the part of Mositer in "Now I'll Tell." Joan Bennett is 23, Claudette Colbert is 29, Madge Evans is 25, Joel McCrea 29, and Charles Farrell 32.

BETTY BRIGHT, Jacksonville, Ill.; BETTY LOU BROWN, Pontiac, Ill.; HELEN BUSSEY, Troy, N. Y.—So you want to know about Margaret Lindsay? Well, I don't blame you. She's somepin to know about! First of all, she is not Judge Ben Lindsey's daughter. Note the difference in spelling. Anyway, her real name is Margaret Kies and she was born in Dubuque, Iowa, on September 19, 1910. She attended the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., where she studied dramatics and carried off all sorts of honors. Then she went to England where she played in several stage productions and acquired a perfect English accent. And it was through this experience and a lot of grit that she obtained a part in "Cavalcade," the picture in which she scored such a hit. Outside of the drama, she is interested in literature, music and dancing. Her favorite sports are riding, swimming, tennis and golf, and she is mad about greyhound racing. She doesn't think much about marriage and domesticity. In other words, she's not married and doesn't want to be until after she has reached the peak of her career. Margaret is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. She is under contract to Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., where you can write her.

EDDIE BYRNE, Chicago, Ill.—The song, "This Little Piggy Went to Market," was not introduced in a picture, to my knowledge. Etienne Giradot was the eccentric gentleman who pasted stickers all over "Twentieth Century." And Baby LeRoy reached the ripe old age of two on his last birthday, May 12.

MISS J. SIMMS, Los Angeles, Calif.—Yes, Jackie Coogan has grown up, although it doesn't seem possible. He is now a freshman at the University of Southern California, is 19 years old, and the possessor of a large fortune. He steps out quite a bit with the younger actresses such as Ida Lupino and Toby Wing. In fact, he's quite the man about town. His last picture was made in 1931. This was "Huckleberry Finn." He is going to come back in "Code of the West," with Evelyn Brent and Randolph Scott. It will be good to see him again.

MRS. L. CLARK and FAMILY; JOE BLOW, Alameda, Calif.—The biography of Dorothy Dell, the 19-year-old actress, who met her death in that most tragic accident not so long ago, recounts a life spent in the public eye. She was born on her father's plantation near Hattiesburg, Miss., on January 30th, where she resided until she was eight years of age. Then she was taken to New Orleans where she attended the Sophie Wright School for Girls. At the age of 13 she launched Wesley Lord's famous song, "Louisana Moon," in the Saenger Theatre in New Orleans with such success that she was offered, and accepted, a radio contract. In 1930 she secured the title of "Miss Universe," previous to which she had been "Miss America." She signed a vaudeville contract for 32 weeks which ended when she was in New York. Then Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., featured her in the 1931 Follies for 42 weeks. After this she was in several New York musicals, had night club engagements, and radio programs and played in several musical shorts. She went to Hollywood in November, 1933, to begin her screen career. In less than a year she was well on her way to the top when her career was so pitifully and abruptly cut short. She had appeared in "Wharf Angel," "Little Miss Marker" and "Shoot the Works," her last picture. She was 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighed 125 pounds—the same dimensions which she made famous three years ago as the "model" young woman of the world. Her hair was blonde and her eyes gray. Her low contralto singing was a thing of beauty, which will be sorely missed by her many admirers.

SIDNEY LERNER, Philadelphia, Pa.—"Belle of the Nineties" is the final name for "It Ain't No Sin." "Belle of New Orleans," and "That St. Louis Woman." That's only four names for the same picture. Myrna Loy's next picture is "Broadway Bill" with Warner Baxter, after which she will be with Bill Powell again in "The Casino Murder Case." Jean Harlow has naturally

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

platinum blonde hair, so she says. Anyway she is the original platinumite. Dolores Del Rio appeared in her first picture in 1925. It was "Joanna," in which Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall were starred. Miss Del Rio was the vampire. "The Bad One," with Edmund Lowe, was her first all-talking picture. Some of her best known films include "Ramona," "Evangeline," "The Red Dance," "Resurrection" and the "Loves of Carmen." Her most recent work includes "Flying Down to Rio," "Wonder Bar," "Madame Du Barry," and her next will probably be "In Caliente."

GRACE TOTH, Pueblo, Colo.—William (Bill or Willie) Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on a particularly hot July 29th. His first role was as the villain in "Sherlock Holmes" with John Barrymore. A most propitious beginning, don't you think?

M. E. C., Nashville, Tenn.—I wouldn't be sure about the eyes, but here are a number of actresses who have red hair. They are: Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Barbara Stanwyck, Sheila Mannors, and Ginger Rogers. Now for Joan Crawford. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908, and was baptised Lucille LeSueur. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has blue eyes along with her titian locks. She left home against her family's wishes and made her debut as a dancer in a Chicago revue. She was successful in the Midwest and in New York. In 1925 she made her picture debut as an extra in "Pretty Ladies." From that time on, her rise was steady and unimpeded. After "Chained," she will be in "Forsaking All Others" with Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. You might be interested to know that she has just bought a new car. Fact is, she probably had it especially made, for it's as white as the proverbial snow, and must be a striking background for our heroine.

MISS V. E. LAMKIN, Cleveland, Ohio; G. A. N., San Francisco, Calif.—That promising actor, Russell Hardie, was born May 20, in Buffalo, N. Y. He enjoys swimming and reading books on psychology. For relaxation, he plays the piano and goes to the theatre. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married. You might be interested to know that the Associate Editor of Modern Screen was indirectly responsible for Mr. Hardie's obtaining a motion picture contract. Having seen Russell in a Broadway play she suggested to Peggy Fears that she cast him as the juvenile lead in "Saint Wench" with Helen Mencken. While he was in this production, he received an offer from M-G-M to appear in a picture. He has been in the movies ever since. He's working in "Hell in the Heavens" for Fox. You can write him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Why I Hate Women

(*Continued from page 27*)

sex has taught me that they are, to a great extent, deadly with hypocricy and dishonesty.

In the most impressionable years of my life, my childhood, I learned how cruel and ruthless the so-called gentle sex can be. I didn't hear it or read about it, I saw it.

I've never told this story before. I hardly know why I'm telling it now, except that I want Ruth to know. I hope this woman named Ruth has seen me in the role of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." I hope she has seen the picture because I want her to know that it was really she who was the inspiration behind all the grasping, selfish, destructive, ignorant and contemptible cheapness of the character, Mildred.

If she knows this, I have—perhaps in a small way—evened the score between us, a very old score. You see, it happened when I was twelve years old.

A WOMAN named Ruth, by stealing a man from his wife, tore down the very walls of my happiness, destroyed a great faith in someone very near and dear to me and crushed the very heart out of three innocent people, not because she really wanted this man for herself, but because, at the moment, she was bored with her own husband and there was nothing else for her idle hands to do.

In telling this story, I don't want to bring any more unhappiness to innocent people than has already been visited upon them. Will it be enough to say that this terrible thing happened to someone very near and dear to me, someone who, until this "other woman" came along, had been an inspiration to all who knew him, someone to whom I'd turned in trust when my own little family was torn asunder by divorce and my bewildered mother was left to manage and struggle as best she could with two girls to bring up?



● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*



● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*



● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming . . ."*



● *". . . Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*

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I was then living with this marvelous couple. I had learned to look with respect toward the man and with love toward the woman. They had been married a number of years and appeared to be utterly happy.

And though I was a child of twelve, I think I realized long before the wife did. I knew what was happening to the man we both adored and all about the "other woman" who was slowly and surely getting him in her grasp. I try, in looking back on it, to excuse my lack of action by my age.

My first indication came one evening when I happened to answer the telephone. I say happened because I am sure the man tried to get to the telephone first. But when I answered it, he didn't dare show too much concern. It was a woman's voice inquiring for a man. I gave him the phone and he talked for a moment—softly, guardedly—so that his wife in the kitchen might not hear him.

"Who was that calling, dear?" she asked when he had replaced the receiver. It was then that my tower of inspiration and faith began tumbling, as this man whom I believed to be fine and honest, turned to her with a sweet voice and lied, "Oh, that was Charlie. He wants me to come downtown and meet him for a little game of cards —poker."

I knew, even after what I had just heard, that he was still a fine man, that something had happened, something that he found himself unable to cope with.

I SHALL never forget that moment. I shall never forget when our eyes met and we stared at one another in that darkened hall. I think I grew up then. I'd never been a "childish child," anyway, everyone said that I was "beyond my years." But something cold and terrifying crept over me in that awful moment, a feeling of helplessness in the face of impending danger, a feeling of fright that shouldn't come to children until Life has prepared them a little more thoroughly. Yes, I think I grew up then.

He didn't say a word to me. He got his hat and walked out the door, a liar, a hypocrite, a cheat. I don't suppose he had the least idea that I knew. I was "too young."

Oh yes, I found out who the woman was. In the year that followed, that wasn't particularly difficult. The town was small and in his wild infatuation, he threw discretion to the winds. Everyone knew about them, that is, everyone but his unsuspecting wife.

I wish I could say that Ruth was the ugly type of grasping woman such as Mildred was in Maugham's great story, but she wasn't. She was beautiful, that is, she was beautiful to look at. Surely, she must have been anything but beautiful down deep inside. I often saw them driving together toward some secret rendezvous. Yes, and many kids in town saw them, too, and with the naive cruelty of children (don't let anyone ever tell you that children can't be cruel) they would come running to me and tell of their secret meeting places. They would say, "I heard my father and mother talking last night and they said it was a shame, a disgrace."

I'd try to toss it off and laugh and say that it wasn't true, that the man loved his wife, that he was home lots of times. But I knew it wasn't true. Many times I had to rush to my room to hide the tears that I couldn't hold back. You see, with it all, I had come to look with sympathy toward the wife who slaved over hot ironing boards and kitchen stoves, and the feeling that she meant no more to this man than a maid in the house was what brought the flood of angry tears when I realized that she didn't know and there was no way for me to tell her. It made me miserable.

THEN, one day, the man told her, told her bluntly, unkindly. It was like striking a blind person in the face. If she had only had some inkling, some hint of what was about to happen, it might not have been so bad. But she hadn't guessed. That is what impressed it so vividly upon my memory. I knew she hadn't guessed. She was the old-fashioned type that believed marriage was for always, that men with responsibilities did not become involved with other women. I heard what he said. Without any preamble or warning he walked into the kitchen and said he was leaving. He said he had found his happiness elsewhere with another woman.

Nor shall I ever forget the way the wife looked. She just stood there staring at him with a blank, expressionless face. She stood like a person who has been struck a blow that has left her dazed. If she had cried or stormed or heaped abuse upon his head, it would have broken the tension that gripped the room. But she just stood there, that bewildered look on her face, drying her hands over and over again. When she spoke, her voice was thin, toneless, almost unrecognizable. She said, "When will you be going?"

I couldn't stand any more of it. I suppose it was almost as hard for me to bear as it was for her, yet I had been expecting it. I threw myself on the floor, screaming and kicking. This seemed to bring some degree of action to her. She gathered me in her arms, comforting me, telling me not to cry any more, telling me that everything was going to be all right.

Upstairs the man packed his things. Then he left.

But in less than a year the sequel to that bitter little story was written. It was ironical—even comical.

You see, Ruth didn't really want the man. She never had wanted him. She wanted more clothes and spending money than her husband could give her. The man was fool enough to give them to her, so she let him. I wonder what tragedy must have filled his soul (after he had divorced his wife and lavished every cent of his income on this other woman) when he asked her to marry him and got his answer?

She laughed in his face!

Of course the story got around. The wife heard and, of all people in the world, she might have gloated. But she didn't gloat. She pitied him and hated the woman. She didn't say much, not even to me, but she once remarked, "I could forgive that woman if she had loved him and wrecked him. But she didn't love him. She has left him nothing. His life is empty. She was just as much a thief for stealing his love as she would have been had she stolen his belongings. She is worse than a criminal. She didn't want what she had stolen."

I remember saying, "I hate her. Some day I'll get even with her."

"You won't have to bother," his former wife said slowly. "Women like that always get even with themselves."

But I've never been able to forget. I've thought about Ruth a lot. I thought of her constantly while I was playing that dirty-souled, ignorant, cheap little waitress in "Of Human Bondage." I tried to make Mildred just as despicable as my memory of Ruth could make her. Every mean gesture, every contemptible word was hers.

I hope Ruth sees "Of Human Bondage" and recognizes her own cheap soul, her own hypocritical words.

I hope Ruth reads this story!

Give Me One Year

(*Continued from page 31*)

appeared between her eyes. Finally, she spoke again.

"I suppose I shall be laying myself open to criticism. So much was said when I quit to bring little Mary into the world. But I'm really free. I'm not breaking or abusing any ethical rule in resting for a year."

I knew then, that she was really talking to herself. Some small voice in her conscience was smiting her for her decision.

"The Guild expects me to go out on the road with 'Mary of Scotland,'" she explained, "but there is one nice thing about it. The Guild never stars any of its players. The play is the thing with them. So there is no stipulation that I shall be seen in the play. Rather it is billed that 'Mary of Scotland' will be given at such and such a theatre. That leaves me wholly free. Someone else can carry on in my place."

I asked her about "What Every Woman Knows." Was she satisfied with the finished picture? Had she enjoyed making it?

"It has been horrible." She threw the words out into the room and they hung there.

I felt as if she had suffered and crawled and squirmed under a lash. The fire that makes her pictures live and breathe was in her voice and in her eyes.

"I wish I could tell you how perfectly terrible it has been, how much I have suffered in making this picture. I don't say that anyone except myself was to blame. I have learned the technique of the stage, have used it over and over until it is as much a part of me as eating or sleeping. When I bring that technique into pictures, I find it is too exaggerated. I have to watch myself all the time.

I GET into a scene. Get to feeling it and I forget. Then, it has to be done over and over and over again, until all the beauty has gone out of it for me. I feel like a piece of wood.

"You won't believe it perhaps, but I had to have thirty-seven retakes for one of my big scenes in 'What Every Woman Knows.' I felt as green as a new extra, before we were through.

"Then, too, I feel my lack of beauty. I never knew I had a face until I came to Hollywood. All the girls are so beautiful and I am so ugly."

Silence again and then, in a subdued hurt voice, "I love beauty so. I wish I could have been pretty. I always felt so bad about being tiny. All of the great stage actresses are beautiful and tall. Emotional roles demand height. I overcame that handicap. In some way, I succeeded in giving an illusion of height on the stage. But what can you do when you have no beauty of face or figure?"

Useless to tell her that she succeeds in giving an illusion of beauty, that she has a glamor and appeal that mere beauty can never give, that there isn't a beautiful woman on stage or screen today who would not trade her loveliness for that inner fire and greatness that makes Helen Hayes completely irresistible.

"I never want to make another picture from any of my stage plays," she was very firm about this. "I had many offers to play in pictures before I finally signed to make 'Lullaby,' which was released as 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet,' but I didn't think I would be any good for pictures. I was not even interested until M-G-M promised to let me make 'What Every

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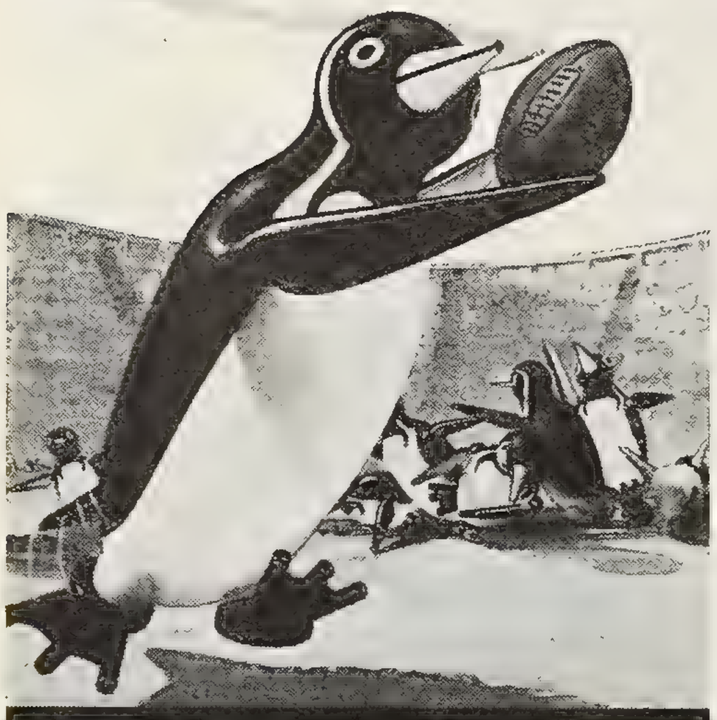


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Woman Knows.' That is why I signed my contract with them in the first place. Now, I am so disappointed that I don't ever want to make another picture. I didn't even go to see the rushes on the last retakes for it hurts me to look at them."

I could hardly keep from smiling, for I remembered that she went through this same period of regret when she made "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She experienced the same despair when she finished "The White Sister." She waded through a morass of bitterness when she saw the preview of "Farewell to Arms." It will always be so with her.

She cannot see the perfect beauty she gives to her performances. Instead, she sees shadows under her eyes and lines about her mouth, that are lost to those who are thrilling to the poignant reality of her shadow self.

Sitting there in the half-dusk, she drew a wrap around her shoulders, as if to protect herself from a sudden chill.

"I am so afraid of getting old," she whispered. She didn't say any more, but I understood.

EVERY woman knows those moments of fear when life begins to etch faint lines around the corners of the mouth, when telltale wrinkles begin to show beneath the eyes. I knew that Helen Hayes had been staring too long into her mirror, looking for those first, sad tracings.

They are discernible now, because she is utterly worn and tired. She has given everything she has to this last picture and it has taken something out of her that only rest and play can return.

"Even if I weren't selfish enough to want to be with my baby, I know that I simply must quit for a while and rest." She curled up on the couch and put her hands under her chin. "I have reached a spot in my life where I am beginning to realize that I must not use up all of my reserve strength. I have got to take stock of myself, take things a little easy. I know that if I should go out on the road and try to play in 'Mary of Scotland' on this twenty-four-weeks' tour, as they expect me to do, I will be heading straight for a nervous breakdown. I feel shaky and tired. I need rest and I am going to have it."

Then she talked of her baby. And just talking about her made her forget her worries. Her face shone, happily.

"I can hardly wait to get home. Baby always has an apartment near me when I am playing in New York and I see her as much as possible every day. But how wonderful it will be just to be able to play with her, talk to her, ride with her, spend every waking minute with her! I can't tell you what it means to me."

"Haven't you signed to make another picture?" I asked her.

"Yes. But I won't." This, defiantly. "I am, first of all, a woman. I have given up four years of my baby's life to others. Now I am going to care for her myself. I miss Charlie, too. We have never been able to live like other married people do. But when I stay home, we can. He can drive back and forth to the studio and we can be together every evening of every day. Life is very short, too short to spend it foolishly, apart."

I wondered then, if there were not another reason behind her temporary retirement. I asked her if there were—if she were going to have another child. She answered evasively. It would be nice for Mary. She had not thought a lot about it, although she doesn't think children should be too far apart. She doesn't intend to let Mary grow up as an "only" child.

HELEN HAYES has a fine reserve and dignity that makes it impossible for her to "let down her hair" like so many actresses do, and tell her innermost thoughts and hopes.

I suspected, but I knew no more about her maternal plans when she had finished, than when I first asked her.

She gave out a story last year when she was leaving Hollywood. Said that she intended to retire permanently when Mary becomes ten years old and spend the remainder of her life being merely her mother. I reminded her of it.

"I'll never retire permanently," she assured me solemnly. "The stage is in my blood. Right now, I am fed up with work because I have worked too hard and much too long without rest. But when my year is up, I'll come back. I want to continue to work as long as I live."

She changed the subject then, and we talked about babies. She showed me some pictures of little Mary and told of the funny childish things she said and did when they were together on her last visit.

She was a little happy when I left her.

I was happy, too, to know that she has reconsidered her earlier decision, that her rare artistry is only going to be withheld from us for a season.



That versatile actress of stage and screen, Miriam Hopkins, recently agreed to appear in Sam Goldwyn's pictures to the tune of a four-year contract, though she's still an RKO star. Eddie Cantor put his John Hancock on the papers as a witness, making it all very legal.



Queenie Smith, armed with her pet pooch and a Paramount contract, arrived in Hollywood recently to appear in "Mississippi."

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page* 66)

me and I'll tell you about it.

DO you use a make-up foundation? Well, if you don't, perhaps you should. Whether you use one of the new greaseless creams or a lotion, it will leave your face satin-smooth and act as a protection to the skin as well. Your rouge and powder will adhere better and longer and you'll find that you have a smooth basis to work on.

Pat on powder, do not rub it on—it's sure to streak if you do. With a soft brush, those lovely feathery things that none of the movie actresses is without, go lightly and carefully over your face. If, by chance, your nose is inclined to be biggish, keep the powder puff away from it almost altogether, and concentrate on your cheeks. That is what Dick Willis calls one of the first steps to "building" a face.

"The first thing a woman goes for is her nose," he said. "I've watched them in studios, in subways and in restaurants. And the larger her nose, the more gusto and powder she applies, until it is so coated it stands out like a porcelain door knob." A knock-out for you, Mr. Willis!

Now for decorations. Begin with your eyebrows. If you are a plucker, let's hope you have merely cleaned up the straggling hairs, and left a good part of nature's original intent upon your brow. With your pencil follow the natural line. Remember, you are not the glamorous Garbo doing a Mata Hari nor yet Joan Crawford as Sadie Thompson. If you have a round face, don't point the eyebrows perpendicularly. Don't have them at an angle of forty-five degrees upward from your cheek bones if you don't want to look like a surprised owl. This, too, detracts from the largeness of the eyes. Obviously you won't permit your eyebrows to grow together as in a perpetual scowl. But don't pluck them so far from your nose that you have a stupid, vacant expression.

"For pictures and street wear," Dick went on, "a mixture of both black and brown mascara is preferable for the average woman, unless she is exceptionally dark, or exceptionally blonde. For most,

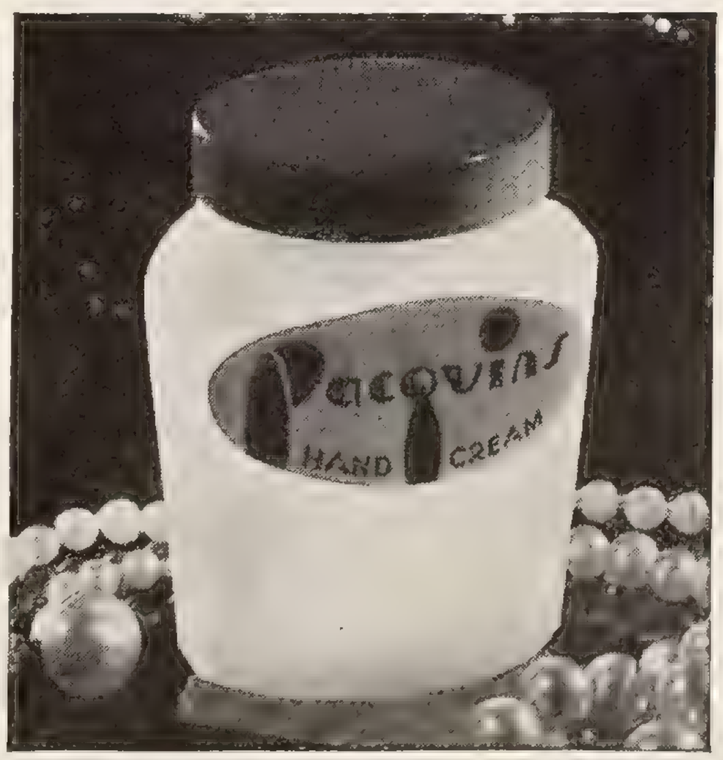
"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

Mrs. Franc Buck



Even in the jungle, helping "Bring 'em Back Alive," she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"WHEN I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin's Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled if I didn't care for them with Pacquin's. It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don't have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin's."



Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin's a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin's *feeds* the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the *surface* of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin's.

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 4-B, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Pacquin's Hand Cream

Good Housekeeping Bureau



FREE TEST

"until a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called... nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as $1 or $2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brillaintine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

this mixture is soft and far less trying." (Apply first a coat of black, then one of brown.) "Most types will find black eyebrow pencil, judiciously used, the best. Brown pencils are apt to leave a reddish cast."

Depending on his star, and her role, Dick can go as exotic as he pleases, and sometimes has to, but he repeats again and again, the plea for softness and delicacy in women's faces. Furthermore, remember that the dewy effect is to be desired this season—if you want to be right up to the minute.

If your eyelashes are scanty and short, and you wish to use false ones, take this tip from Dick, who says: "Instead of placing the false lashes from end to end of the eyelid, use them from the middle of the eye only, outwards. This gives a softness and blending that is quite different and far lovelier than the old way."

This is what you do. Take one regular strip of the false eyelashes and cut it in half. Place one half on the eyelid, beginning at the temple and pasting towards the middle of the eye. Then dip into your mascara and apply to your own and the artificial lashes equally. After that, brush off all the excess mascara with a clean, tiny eyelash brush. This not only tends to take away the hard effect of heavily applied mascara, but blends your own lashes with the false indistinguishably.

IN using eye shadow for evening, apply it from the middle of the lid towards the temple, accenting it more heavily at the middle and shading it softly to the end of the brow. Never use it close to your nose. Blue-gray is considered the best shade now, in most cases, even for brown eyes. For the very blue-eyed, there is a most flattering silver-mauve shadow on the market which has just a tinge of violet. Men love that effect as long as they don't know what it is. If you would like to know the name of some excellent beauty aids for the eyes, write me, and I will be glad to tell you.

The eyes finished, you will see that your eyebrows, the eye-shadowing and the lashes are all one line, one motion of color and shading.

More and more women nowadays are asking questions about rouge. What shade? How much? Cream, dry or liquid? Well the first rule is this: use it delicately and follow what would be nature's path if you had naturally rosy cheeks. Match the color to your lipstick, but in a more delicate tone. And use much less rouge than lipstick. And you mustn't have color on the end of your chin, nor up to the eyebrows or to the lobes of your ears.

Cream rouge gives a soft, natural illusion. Use it under powder. For an oily skin, liquid rouge is preferred by some. Use it under powder, too. Dry rouge is easiest to apply. It should never be used under powder, but over it. And last of all, blend the color so there won't be a sharp line of distinction between red and white. That's all. Use rouge if it becomes you, and remember that this year it's fashionable to be healthy, but that at the same time, this product must be applied with a light touch.

Now the lips. They should be tempting, not repelling. Therefore, don't coat your lips. Even the actresses don't do that for everyday wear, and those ladies know a thing or four about how to make the most of their looks: With the point of your lipstick, mark off the exact center of the upper lip and with a backward motion, color first one side and then the other. Next, press both upper and lower lips tightly together, and if you have followed the natural mouth line, you'll find the whole mouth is evenly painted and in proportion. Of course, color the inside of the lip as far as can be seen when you smile or laugh. And don't, don't, don't try to make full lips thin or thin lips full. You're not fooling anybody but yourself.

Of course, both lipstick and face rouge should be chosen to harmonize with your individual coloring and the costume you're wearing. As a useful hint, be sure to dry your lips thoroughly before applying your lipstick. You might even dust a little powder over them first. This drying process tends to make the lipstick adhere more evenly and more permanently. Try it.

WITH the application of the mouth, ends the "building" of the face. And after Dick had reached this point in his discourse, he called a passing chorine into his busy office, saying, "Look, now I'll show you."

She was very young and blonde, with large round blue eyes which were her best features. She had a round face, but not the kind for which Troy was sacked by any means—until Dick got to work on her.

To emphasize the do's and don'ts of make-up, Dick used on one side of her face, the steps which I have written down for you to follow. On the other he applied what he called "The Garbo" make-up—using precisely the methods I have warned you against using. I might add that there was never a girl more completely opposite in type to the magnificent Garbo.

And in fifteen minutes, there sat the model, part of her face natural and truly glorified. The other part was grotesque, completely out of keeping with her true type. Looking at her from this side, it utterly spoiled a face which nature in its own way had constructed with such care to line and rhythm. It was, indeed, a revelation.

Now, if you will take a lesson from the above, and follow the directions and hints which Dick has given you, you should be quite the other extreme from the woman to whom your attention was drawn by Joe or Bob or Louis. In fact, you should closely resemble the woman about whom he would say, "That girl is a wow! I've got to meet her."

But just as a final bit of advice and as a final warning, I'm going to give you a list of do's and don'ts which Dick gives the stars who step from his chair in quest of fame and fortune.

DON'TS

1. Don't rouge your lips over the natural mouth line.
2. Don't pencil your eyebrows in any other shape than nature intended them to be.
3. Don't use mascara or lipstick heavily.

DO'S

1. Preserve the natural structure of your face.
2. Make up your good points to advantage and shade the bad ones.
3. Daytime make-up is soft and light. Evening allows you to dip the paint brush more heavily, but remember, you are not a movie star playing a siren part.

Of course, Mary Biddle will be glad to advise you about any beauty problems that you may want to discuss with her, if you will drop her a note. The address is: Miss Mary Biddle, Modern Screen Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.

Son of Tragedy

(*Continued from page 34*)

an old duelling pistol had put an end to what promised to be one of the most successful careers in pictures, and left a dying mother listening for a voice she would never hear again.

So sudden and unexpected were the blazing headlines, "Columbo Is Dead!" that even blasé Hollywood was shocked—and a trifle frightened. The boulevard punsters and gagmen were silent, and the wise ones offered no inside facts, but merely shook their heads in numb confusion.

RUSS COLUMBO was so young, so handsome, so friendly, and so unselfishly devoted to his family. It just didn't seem possible that he could be lying cold and still. He had had, too, a rather unhappy life up until the day he called the beginning of Chapter Three. His first love affair went smash. His first promising success in radio petered out after a brilliant start. A cherished brother had been killed in an automobile accident. And then, when everything seemed bright and happy once more, his young life was cut short.

A wonder and fear reached every studio, and was evident in the attitude of the great mass of men, women and children who stood so silently and so orderly outside the Blessed Sacrament Church where, five days before his crowning triumph, Russ Columbo's soul was consigned to his Maker.

No movie cameras or autograph hunters blasphemed the simple solemnity of the occasion, and as the pallbearers, headed by Bing Crosby, carried the casket, covered with a blanket of gardenias from Carole Lombard, only the sobs of hundreds of friends broke the stillness. Carole, supported by Russ's brother, John, and Dr. Harry Martin, was spared the stares and crowding of the curious.

In some manner, this death hit home in Hollywood and caused the village of make-believe to cast an apprehensive glance over its shoulder. If so happy and clean a life, and so promising a career, could be struck cold without a whisper of warning, just who can tell what will happen tomorrow. Or even today, so unexpected was this blow.

And yet, in one sense, not altogether unexpected.

Two days before Russ started making "Wake Up and Dream," he and this writer were driving through the hills of Hollywood, looking for a home for his family.

"I'm not satisfied with the place we just left," referring to the house he was leasing in Beverly Hills, "because I know mother would be happier where it is quieter, and a little more off the main road. So let's take a look up in Outpost."

"Aren't you planning to build for the family?" I asked. "Why not stay where you are till then—especially when you have the worry and work of just starting a picture."

"Maybe I'm funny about it," he replied, "but I want to grab some of the nicest things for mother right now. You know how it is. The old fellow with the scythe is always just around the corner.

"I am planning to build—but I don't want to wait—because you never know what might happen.

"For example," as he swung his car about an exceptionally sharp and steep turn, "suppose one of Hollywood's famous damphool drivers happened to be coming



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."

"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"



Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
- It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save money!

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years



News for Radio Fans!—*"Roxy" and his big new show, the Roxy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8—8:45, Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.*

down here just now, wide open. I'd have a great chance to build a house after that, wouldn't I?

"No. I have a hunch it's a good idea to get your living in today. Tomorrow is so absolutely uncertain."

Russ was the last person in the world to borrow trouble or to fear tomorrow—and on the day of his death he had talked excitedly of his new plans—but he did have this feeling, where his beloved family was concerned, against putting things off.

Not that trouble had overlooked him—for he had been caused considerable loss of time and money through lawsuits and misplaced confidence. So much so, that in business he was becoming extremely cautious, and skeptical of the promises of others.

Having heard startling rumors of what Hollywood usually does to radio stars who storm its citadel, he came to the screen not grandly confident as came Rudy Vallee, nor trustingly simple as came Kate Smith, nor yet boyishly eager as came Lanny Ross, but wary, alert for Hollywood's vicious left to the jaw that has sent so many of his contemporaries wobbling to the ropes.

IT was an over-developed eagerness to share everything he owned that caused Russ so much of his trouble during his first broadcasting days, and that resulted in his paying off several thousands of dollars in debts his friends and business associates had contracted.

The first time I called on Russ, he was laid up at home with an arm crippled from too much tennis, and was eager to talk about his first picture.

He was enthused, and anxious to start it, as he felt that the grim misfortune that had dogged him and his family for years (and that had recently taken his brother, Fiore in an automobile accident) had finally released its crushing grip.

"I'm mighty anxious to make good here," Russ explained, "because this town is my Alma Mater, so to speak. I came here from San Francisco when I was nine, and stayed until we stormed New York and radioland. I was the twelfth son of a family that was not too well off, and that gave me the feeling that it was up to me to look out for myself.

"Between playing concerts, studying voice, doing bits in the movies and doubling voice for some of the best known stars in the early days of the talkies, I managed to keep busy.

"Then I joined up with Gus Arnheim, and along with Bing Crosby, sang at the Cocoanut Grove—which brings us to about four years ago, when one of my brothers got the idea of turning an automobile salon into a club where I could fill in my spare time as an entertainer."

It is at this point that Russ Columbo's life story was picked up and made into the motion picture, "Twenty Million Sweethearts." Jerry Wald learned Russ's story, wrote it for a magazine and then, at Dick Powell's suggestion, rewrote it into a motion picture for Warner Brothers.

It was Con Conrad, the famous composer, who discovered Russ singing at the Columbo Brothers' Pyramid Club on Hollywood Boulevard, and talked him into making a flying trip to New York to storm radio—and then helped him skyrocket to fame.

"I'll never forget that Saturday we struck New York," smiled Russ, shifting his arm to a more comfortable position. "Once we were there Con didn't let any grass grow under his feet. I had a lot of confidence in him, but, being a big kid who had been taken in before, I was a little skeptical when he announced, casually, that inasmuch as he had to make some money for us to eat on, he would give Flo Ziegfeld a buzz and have him come over and hear some of his new songs.

"But when Ziegfeld received Con's phone call, he came over, bringing Harry Richman, Jack Pearl and Mark Hellinger with him."

How Con Conrad next took him to see Earl Carroll (who instantly wanted to put him in his show and write a special part for him) and then on to the midnight audition at the National Broadcasting Company is well known now, as is also the story of his rapid climb to fame, and the popularity of his "caressing" voice.

He started singing for the broadcasting company at no salary at all, but within two weeks' time his fan mail had grown to such volume that he was signed on a "commercial."

Marlene Dietrich, Rudolph Seiber, Josef Von Sternberg and Tamara Matul made a kinda sad-looking foursome, or maybe they were just terribly interested in Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

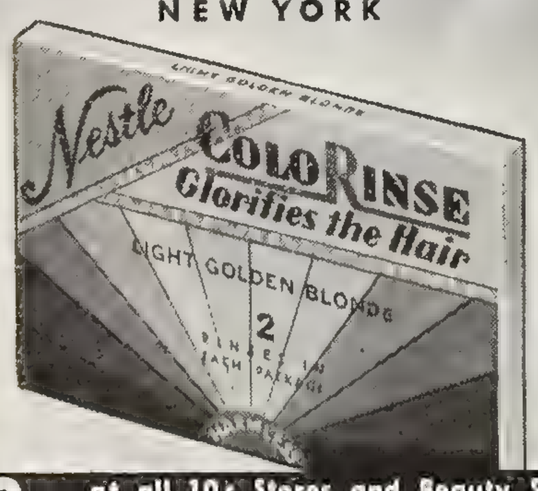


Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**

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NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

Russ's fan following soon became so enormous and so partial to his voice that a national tour of personal appearances was decided upon—and after breaking box office records in theatres all over the country, he was sent on a second tour, this time appearing in the largest dance halls, and other public buildings available.

About this time the famous Columbo-Crosby feud was being exploited by the different radio broadcasting chains. Bing and Russ had worked together in the same orchestra and, because of the similarity of their voices, a good hot feud looked like excellent publicity copy.

Whenever he was asked about this feud, Russ used to merely grin and wink. He knew it was nonsense and Bing Crosby knew it was nonsense. But it so happened that, just a day before Russ Columbo's death, a newspaper ran a synthetic photograph showing Bing Crosby shooting Columbo—to illustrate the bitter feud that existed between them. One of those silly, but nevertheless harmful, things that misguided publicity does.

"I hope no one took that seriously," says Bing. "I tell you it gave me an awful shock. A creepy feeling.

"Everybody who knew either of us intimately knew there was nothing to that feud idea at all. It was started back east, by the radio people.

"After both of us settled in California we were together many times at my house and at Carole's.

"Russ and I were always chummy. Way back when he played a violin in Gus Arnheim's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove and sang in one trio, while I sang in another, Russ and I used to go around together, sometimes alone and sometimes with Dixie, my wife, and Sally Blane.

"We often laughed over this so-called feud of late years—and figured it would die out when we appeared in pictures, and proved to be such entirely different types.

"Russ sent a christening present to my first baby, and flowers for my twins. During Dixie's long confinement, he sent flowers often.

"Few people felt Russ's loss more than I did—because, somehow, it seemed we should be sailing along together, as we had been the last three months of his life.

"I was proud when asked to officiate at his funeral as a pallbearer, and to play some small part in his last rites."

Thank you, Bing Crosby, for this friendly and fitting tribute.

What Adrienne Fears

(*Continued from page 55*)

was in New York on a visit. Yet, as though the fates had planned all this, Radio Pictures did loan Bruce out for one picture at Paramount, "Disgraced," believing that Claudette Colbert would be in it. When they learned that she couldn't, they tried to withdraw permission. But it was too late. Adrienne was hastily summoned to Hollywood for this picture.

When she met Bruce she didn't give him much thought. Oh, he was a nice boy, she figured, but that was all.

In Hollywood the conventions that govern most of us are calmly disregarded. In Hollywood married women separated from their husbands often go out with other men, and there is no scandal. So Adrienne Ames went about with various men, with Maurice Chevalier and David



But you can buy and be

Irresistible

PARISIENNES know that love is a treasure beyond price . . . but they are always able to win love, for they make themselves fascinating with the lure of an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Its exotic fragrance stirs senses . . . thrills . . . awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film . . . just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of the purest, finest quality . . . like $1 or $2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight . . . buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today . . . full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

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New Charm
with this amazing
NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish — transparent or creme — made to harmonize with your natural coloring

—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in Vogue are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and valuable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—*All for 12c.*

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent...or Creme Polish...
I am True Blonde....Ash Blonde....Light Brunette....
Chestnut Brunette....Dark Brunette....Titian Red....
Silver Hair.....Black Hair.....Black with Silver....
Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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LADY LILLIAN (Dept. E)
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Manners, for instance, and thought nothing of it. Nor did she think anything of it when she turned to Bruce Cabot one day and asked if he'd like to accompany her and Earl Kenton, the director, and his wife to the fights at the Olympic Stadium. And then fate began to arrange the strange threads that wove the pattern of her love for Bruce Cabot. Florence, Earl Kenton's wife, was ill, and Bruce and Adrienne went with Adrienne's sister.

"I never thought I'd fall in love," Adrienne says today. "Never did I dream what was in store for us. Then I found myself suddenly in the midst of a whirlpool of emotion. When you're caught in a whirlpool, what can you do? Fight against it? Struggle? You know you can't. When Bruce and I discovered ourselves to be in love, all I could think of was how I could tell Stephen, how I could soften the blow so it would not hurt him so much. I knew then that there could be no going back."

You know something of what happened, of how Stephen came to Hollywood and of how Adrienne told him of her love for Bruce. Stephen at first refused to believe her, insisted that this was merely a temporary infatuation. "You can't be in love with Bruce," he told her, for he could not believe that any woman in her right mind could prefer a struggling young actor to an established business man.

"Stephen," Adrienne said in a stunned voice, "don't you know that wealth has never meant very much to me?"

But Stephen would not understand. His pride was too deeply wounded.

Sincerely believing that all this was temporary, he asked Adrienne Ames to test her love for Bruce by a "trial separation." And in Mike Levee's office, Adrienne said, "I'll do it since you ask it, Stephen. But only because you want me to. In my heart there is no doubt, I know."

WHEN Mr. Ames knew that they had to face divorce, he insisted that his adoption of Adrienne's daughter be cancelled immediately. And Adrienne, proudly standing beside Cabot, whom she loved, agreed. For there was only one thing they wanted in the world, and that was each other. But they wanted each other as husband and wife, not in some sordid affair. If it had been a cheap little love and Adrienne had been that sort of person, she could have lied to and deceived Stephen. But she wasn't like that and her love wasn't like that. It was the greatest, most compelling thing that had ever happened to her, and for it she was willing to sacrifice security and even the life of ease that Stephen could offer her child. Bruce adopted Adrienne's daughter.

"Together, I thought Bruce and I could lick the world," Adrienne told me. "Bruce has so many qualities that I lack and I have some that he needs. Together I thought that we would complement each other and win happiness."

Well, are they winning happiness together? The answer to that isn't so simple. They are fighting desperately hard to hold their happiness, and I hope that they are not fighting a losing battle.

When Bruce met Adrienne he had been bitterly hurt by life, and so he was sullen and unhappy. In his unhappiness, he became sarcastic and impatient with people. Never had he known what it was to have a meaning and purpose to his life, though he had once been married. When he was four, his mother had died, and he had been brought up by a stepmother. When he was fourteen, he ran away from school and fought his way in the world alone. Women disillusioned him. He wasn't surprised. Friends betrayed him. He began to expect those things to happen.

Then Adrienne came along and held out the shining torch of faith to him, gave him something, someone to believe in. Women just couldn't love sincerely, he knew. And then Adrienne, by sacrificing everything that Stephen Ames could offer, proved that there were women who could. Gradually, he began to believe in Adrienne, in himself, in the self she showed him, the finer qualities that made her fall in love with him, in his ability to conquer the arrogance and cynicism that had made people in Hollywood dislike him.

He fought a desperate battle with himself and, to a great extent, won. Adrienne knows how to be a wife. She works, actually works at it, by which I mean that she gives a man faith in his ability and powers.

BUT she is, alas, an idealist and a perfectionist. Perhaps she works too hard at bringing out the best in the man she loves. And there comes a time, I'm afraid, when male vanity can stand no more, when the effort to rise above oneself becomes tinged with bitterness.

Whether or not their marriage succeeds, they have done a great deal for each other. People who knew Bruce before his marriage, remark on how much he's changed. He even looks better. Two years ago, his mouth was bitter and he appeared terribly unhappy. Today there's radiant health bubbling up in him, and you can recognize the boyish qualities that Adrienne fell in love with and helped to bring out.

As for Adrienne, Bruce has taught her how to play. Always too intense about her work, she had a tendency to worry about it ceaselessly. He has taught her to laugh things off. And he has also made her as self-reliant as life had made her before she met Stephen Ames. While she was married to Stephen, she ran to him with every problem and asked his advice before she made any decision. Stephen, an astute business man, loved to thrash things out for hours. But Bruce doesn't believe in that. He encourages Adrienne to make her decisions first, and tell him about them afterwards.

For instance, when Adrienne was in doubt as to whether to continue with Paramount or to free-lance, it was she who decided in favor of free-lancing, and not until she had made up her mind, did she tell Bruce about it. It isn't easy, when you've gotten into the habit of asking advice, to win back the self-reliance you started with.

When he is aroused, Bruce has a terrible temper, and Adrienne claims that when she is angry, hers is still worse. But for Bruce's sake, because she loves him, she has learned to curb that temper. For she knows he loves her, too, and is trying to live up to the best in himself.

And yet for all that, I think their marriage is a great big question mark. If you have ever been married to someone or been in love with someone who had faults you tried to change, you'll understand why. Adrienne and Bruce are trying to convince themselves and each other that what they're going through is a difficult period of readjustment, and that everything will come out all right. For their sakes, I hope they're right.

But it is not easy, when you have gone through years of doubting people, to change the habit of those years. And Bruce finds it hard to cling to the faith Adrienne tried to instill in him. Again and again he slips back into the habit of doubting others, doubting himself, doubt-

ing her, doubting his power to hold her. And that is always a losing battle. For when you doubt the strength of the bond that holds you to another, by your very doubt, you loosen that bond.

THERE was, for instance, the time when a columnist said that Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot had been planning a divorce, but had torn up the time-tables to Reno. The story was published two days after Adrienne arrived in New York to make "Gigolette" at the Biograph Studios.

"Did Bruce say anything about that?" I asked Adrienne.

"Yes," she admitted, "he called me up and asked if I had been giving interviews that I was going to leave him."

"Bruce," I told him, "I read that story, too, and I might just as well have believed that you'd given out that story, but I didn't. Why can't you believe in me?"

The tragedy of it is that Adrienne is a woman at war with herself. She is deeply maternal and, therefore, is attracted by the very weaknesses that she tries so hard to change. She is at war with herself, too, because of her sensitiveness and her fine pride. On one hand, she could forgive Bruce almost anything because she loves him so deeply, and on the other, she suffers cruelly from every slight, from every hastily-spoken word.

Rarely, has she known real happiness. Perhaps only once, just before her marriage to Bruce, when they were caught in the tide of their love and swept along by it. Then, he was at her home often, and her two sisters were there, Jane and Linda, and their home was full of laughter and joy. Never before had she been so happy, and some instinct warned her that never again would she be.

Her younger sister was trying to get into the movies. Adrienne named her Linda March and proudly took her to the studios. This young sister worshipped Adrienne and Adrienne in turn adored her.

"She looked like me," she told me, her voice breaking. "Isn't it strange how someone's features can be altogether different from yours and yet that person look just like you? Linda looked up to me. She tried to wear her hair like mine, to dress like me, to be like me in so many ways. People used to joke about it.

"So blissfully happy were we that summer that I felt as if we'd reached a climax, and that we could never stay on that pinnacle of happiness. Somehow, I think, we all felt that.

"We were right. Our whole little world collapsed. While Bruce and I were on our honeymoon in Honolulu, Linda went to Stanford to see the football game. She came back from the game in a little car, and a car full of drunken people crashed into it. Linda was instantly killed, and with her went half my heart.

"There was a time then, when I thought I'd lose everything, myself, our love. It was summer, and Bruce was away most of the day playing golf. I had more time to myself than I had ever had in my life. I was alone in the house, brooding. I grew more and more morbid, until luckily I got a chance to play in a picture with W. C. Fields. It was a life-saver, for I can't bear idleness.

"I think this separation, while I am working in the East, may be the best thing in the world for Bruce and myself. Now that we have had a chance to find out how much we miss each other, perhaps everything will be all right and we will be able to straighten out our lives again. Because with all my heart, with all my soul, I want to make this marriage last."



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World's Standard



Hollywood Thinks He's Nutty

(*Continued from page 41*)

thinks he's mad, but when you understand his background, when you realize the depth of his ideals, you may not agree with Hollywood.

As a boy in Czechoslovakia, he was lured by the stage, but his very strict parents warned him, "If you become an actor, you are no son of ours. We disown you."

BUT Lederer was more determined than they. The theatre was his goal, until one day he saw a theatrical performance in which the hero smoked a cigarette. Even at that time Francis was an ascetic. His parents had taught him the benefits of abstemiousness. "I cannot go on the stage if I must smoke," Francis said and he put the theatre out of his mind and got himself a job selling—of all things—women's dress goods. Honest.

The call of the theatre, however, was too great. "Ambition slept in me," he said. "It woke again and I began to look for work in the theatre."

Unbeknownst to his parents he got a job as a super in the opera, "Lohengrin." And he acted even in the mob scene, where there was no need for acting. One of the real actors noticed this intense, eager boy and offered to give him lessons. When Francis at last got the courage to read lines to his father, the father waived his objections and gave the son his blessing for a theatrical career.

Francis threw himself into his work to the exclusion of all other interests—except one. At seventeen he became a violent pacifist. Even now, as you know, he is an ardent worker in the peace movement.

This, in brief, is Lederer's background: A son of strict, poor, proud people, a lad with the burning desire to create, with tremendously high ideals and the will to put these ideals into practice. In Europe, such a young man is not unusual. In Hollywood, he is a curious sport of nature. Lederer is handsome and romantic, yet he behaves not at all like a glamorous matinée idol. So weird stories about him are constantly being circulated. He's got Hollywood wondering.

Let me tell you more anecdotes of his Hollywood career. You'll realize that he is not cut to any pattern.

When he first arrived in Hollywood, he registered at the Athletic Club. The first night he stood on Sunset Boulevard and engaged himself in his pet stunt—gazing at the stars. He stood so long that he darn near got taken to the police station by a cop who thought he must be a lookout for a burglar.

Francis decided that he should have a home in Hollywood. But none of the big showy places interested him. Instead, he found a farm house, made of stone, on a hill above Ventura Boulevard. It suited him exactly and when people suggested various Hollywood interior decorators to furnish the house, he refused to meet them and set to work to design his own furniture and have it made. So eager was he to be in the new place that he could not wait for the carpenters to finish. He moved into the servants' quarters and lived there all alone.

IN this strange house, there is one room in which he keeps nothing but good luck charms and gifts that friends have given him. He is very superstitious. When someone presents him with a gift, he insists that the giver spit on it six times. (It looks sort of odd if the present is made of white velvet. The best thing to give Francis Lederer is something dark with a smooth surface.)

Women adore him. He is a romantic-looking man. But this is how the romantic actor behaves. Once on his way home from the studio he saw, advertised at a neighborhood theatre, a film he had wanted to see for a long time. He was tired. He knew he had to get up early the next morning, but he wanted to see the picture.



SCOTT PHOTO

Francis Lederer, the man who would rather gaze at stars than go to Hollywood parties, finds himself at the testimonial dinner tendered Max Reinhardt at the Biltmore. Steffi Duna is the girl friend.

So, in order to save time, he bought a bag of sandwiches and went into the theatre to eat them. When he had finished, he was still hungry and the picture wasn't finished. So, completely without embarrassment, he sent the usher out to buy more sandwiches.

He says he is too busy to eat regularly. And why is he so busy? His time away from the studio is given to his plan for world peace. He maintains a busy office on Hollywood Boulevard, where stenographers and secretaries—whose salaries he pays out of his own pocket—send out literature. His idea is that the people should be allowed to vote for or against war. He thinks that would stop all wars.

He is constantly making speeches about and holding meetings for world peace and sometimes his faulty English immeasurably brightens the meetings. In San Francisco, in front of a group of clubwomen, he said, "I want you to know that I have no *posterior* motive in this campaign."

He admires beautiful and intelligent women tremendously. Steffi Duna is a friend of years' standing. But when she came to Hollywood, Lederer would not help her to acquire film fame. He insisted that she prove her own talents. His friendship for Steffi comes close to being a romance. The Joan Crawford-Francis Lederer gossip is bunk. They admire each other, but there just isn't any romance. Anna May Wong he declares to be the most intelligent woman he ever met. Gail Patrick and Kay Francis he thinks are two of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. He kisses the hand of every woman he meets. Hollywood tried to kid him out of that, but Francis wouldn't be kidded. He goes right ahead kissing hands.

He goes right ahead doing as he pleases in spite of what Hollywood thinks. His spirit cannot be broken. His terrific idealism is a part of him and he will always give of himself in an attempt to make the world a better place in which to live.

This is your introduction to Francis Lederer. Hollywood thinks he's nutty. And now that you have all the evidence, what do you think?

The Great Laughton Mystery

(*Continued from page 54*)

training. That might have been necessary in the beginning but, with the advance in films, it no longer applies. Adolphe Menjou learned all he knows from the screen. Yet he is as competent as any actor from the stage. Norma Shearer is an actress of real emotional feeling.

"You've got a very intelligent man in films. His name is Irving Thalberg. He possesses a balance that is rare in producers. He never knows it all. I talked with him by telephone from London for the part of Papa Barrett in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' He said it was a putrid part for me. He said people would continue to hate me for portraying that demoniacal old man. I answered that I didn't believe people associated players with the parts they portrayed and that I wasn't afraid of risking it. I won him over. I like working with Thalberg because he combines the action of the executive with a sensitiveness rarely found in producers. He really likes actors whereas most producers distrust and mis-

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PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.





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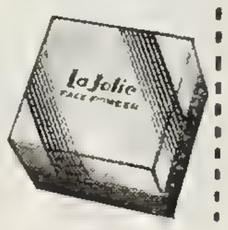
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understand them. He is always ready to talk over disputed points." He hadn't as nice things to say "off the record" about certain other film executives. "Look now," he pleaded, "you won't print what I ask you not to, will you? No use making enemies, you know."

"Money means nothing to you, does it?" I asked, remembering how he had turned down movie thousands for a chance to do Shakespeare at $100 a week at the Victoria Theatre in London.

"Oh, come now," he answered irritably. "I won't say that. Of course money means something to me. I should be snobbish to say otherwise."

"Just what?"

He thought. "It means security against the days when I might not have any. It means peace and freedom from worry and (here was what I'd waited to hear) a chance to play the old 'Vic' again. I don't like luxury. I don't want money for the mere spending. Let the others have their extravagant cars and homes.

"All I want out of Hollywood is a chance to keep working. I want to be acting five, ten years from now. I don't want to be typed, pigeon-holed and killed as was Emil Jannings. I want to do all kinds of parts, especially comedy. I do that best."

HE finished his hearty luncheon of liver and bacon and we started for the dressing-room. Outside the restaurant, we met Fred Datig, Paramount's casting chief and another executive. Laughton spying them, instantly became another person. Tossing aside his serious role, he threw wide his arms and, assuming the characteristics of an effeminate man, rushed toward them exclaiming, "Darlings," embracing them.

Then followed some delicious horseplay when Laughton, Academy Award winner, might have been taken for Fatty Arbuckle in one of his noisier and more ludicrous moments. Wisecrack followed wisecrack. Laughton was another man! Datig offered that a dressing-room would soon be ready for him, he thought. "You *think* so, do you?" mocked Laughton. "Oh you do, do you? You think you're finally going to break down and give ol' Massa Laughton a dressin'-room. Okay boss, ef dats de sitchiashun—" And he broke into a negro shuffle, kicking out his feet in rhythmic undulations.

I stopped short, gasping. This quiet, sensitive, over-intelligent artist, Laughton, had suddenly turned clown. The man I thought I was getting to know had up and kicked over the applecart. He giggled, running a delicate hand through his stringy long hair, strands of which were still bleached from his part in "Barretts."

I trailed along bewildered. We stopped at a set en route to the dressing-room. It was an Italian bedroom on a raised stage. Through its windows could be seen a Venice canal and buildings in miniature. Laughton couldn't pass it. We entered and he stood spellbound with admiration. The mystery of his theatre took hold of him. "My God, isn't that wonderful?" he muttered to himself. He shuffled onto the stage and, unconcerned, allowed a laborer to sweep dust from a rug of the waist-high set directly into his face. "Would you please tell me what picture this set is for?" he asked, exactly as a little boy would ask. The laborer paid no attention to him and I repeated his question. The answer was, "Dunno the name of the picture. It's Number 166."

"My God," again breathed Laughton, staring at the set, "he doesn't even know the name of the picture." For one to have so little interest in such a magic thing as that set seemed, very apparently, blasphemous to Laughton. He walked behind the platform to examine the miniatures. Then, awed, he sauntered up onto the set to see how the miniatures looked through the windows. To no one at all he muttered, "Wonderful, simply wonderful!"

WE continued to the buildings containing the dressing-rooms. Number 240, which they said was to be ours for the remainder of the interview, hadn't been opened as ordered. "Charlie's got the key and he's upstairs," drawled the floor-man disinterestedly. Laughton waited awhile then, suddenly, bounded up the stairs crying, "Charlie, oh, *Chaw*-lee. Yoo-hoo! *Chawles!*"

After awhile he reappeared in the wake of a puzzled man who viewed him, it was evident, as plain nuts. We entered and Laughton sprawled on the couch, pulled a pillow over his face. There he lay, one leg dangling to the floor, silent and quite oblivious to anyone or anything.

I asked him about "Henry VIII."

"We had the dickens of a time," emerged from beneath the pillow. A pause. "In the beginning," he continued, "we had Hollywood money behind us, but when they learned we were going to do an historical drama, they withdrew every penny of it. They said it wouldn't pull. We didn't know from one day to the next where we'd get money for the extras. I worked on a percentage basis, thank God." Quickly he got tired of talking of that. He squirmed, throwing one leg in one direction and another in the other. His arms flailed wildly, finally coming to rest underneath his head.

"You know," he offered quietly, "I don't know why they go to see me in pictures. I'm so ugly! Why would they want to see me when there's Bing Crosby, a perfectly delightful fellow. And with such a voice. I'm fat and dull. Only good for comedy —low comedy at that."

It doesn't seem exactly consistent that Charles Laughton, with his intelligence, would ask why people go to see him when they can see Bing Crosby. I, who can take my Crosbys or leave them, but who wouldn't miss a Laughton film if hell froze, can hardly believe that Laughton was serious when he popped that question. It all added to the great Laughton riddle.

Or maybe Laughton *was* serious about Crosby. Does this man consider the Crosbys of the screen have something he hasn't? Is this strange combination of aesthete and buffoon, this baffling possessor of exquisite wit and low comedy, actually a little envious of his less-gifted, earthier brothers? Laughton alone can tell you.

Charles Laughton—wine in a coffee mug—six-gaiter hitched to a dump-wagon —rare lace on a street-walker's peek-a-boo waist—

I'd give anything to know what Laughton was thinking as he put up with my interview. I'd give anything for his thoughts as he allows our super-super directors to tell him what to do and how to do it.

This article probably won't please him, but that's all right. He'll never see it. He has no interest in reading about himself. One of the finest pieces of reporting on record was a story on Laughton by a New York writer. I told him about it. He yawned. As I remember, he didn't even answer. I know of no one else in Hollywood who would react so.

You'll never know Charles Laughton. You won't know him now that you've read this article and after you've read a hundred better ones. Don't let anyone in Hollywood tell you he knows Charles Laughton. Tell him I said he doesn't.

Charles Laughton is alone.

The Most Romantic Story Ever Told

(*Continued from page 29*)

times a day in different costumes, so that the "Indians" who were being attacked by the "cowboys" were also the cowboys who were doing the attacking. And the placid "squaws" seated around the campfire with their backs to it, were often his own wife, Linda, a friend of hers, the wardrobe woman, or anyone who happened to be handy.

Griffith did not know that one day his genius was to flash from the screen across that far-flung battlefield in "Birth of a Nation." He did not know that when he engaged, for three dollars a day, a girl who told him she had been a stage actress, that she was to become "America's Sweetheart," and that when she brought to the studio two frightened girls and asked "Mr. Griffith" to give them work, too, that one of them—Lillian Gish—was to be proclaimed the greatest movie actress of her day and the inspiration for reams of encomium from the intelligentsia of America.

If Griffith could not even foresee greatness for the Pickfords and the Gishes—and to him they were simply fluttery girls with emotion—how could anyone have looked far enough into the future to prophesy Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Mae West, Jean Harlow—these latter-day artists who make Hollywood what it is? How could even a part of the Hollywood that is today be imagined by these pioneers?

And, going even farther back than D. W. Griffith, do you suppose that Leland Stanford knew that he was starting the sixth largest industry in America when, after a good dinner one evening, he advanced the theory that a horse at full gallop lifts all four feet off the ground. A friend disagreed. An argument started. A bet was made. And that, you motion picture fans, is the way the movies began.

LELAND STANFORD was a wealthy man and a sportsman. He set about to collect his bet by proving that he was right about the horse's feet. For years various photographs were taken and the results were unsatisfactory, but at last a photographer assured Stanford that he knew a way to prove or disprove the theory. John D. Isaacs placed a number of cameras in a row and concocted some electrical device whereby the shutter of each camera would open and shut as the horse galloped past. The result was a series of pictures each showing the horse in a different position.

Stanford looked at them, saw that he was right about the horse's feet, showed them to his friend, collected the bet and, in 1882, published a book of the pictures. Undoubtedly he thought no more about it. But these were the first action photographs, the very first pictures to show a living thing in motion. In all probability, had it not been for this sportsman's bet, you and I would not today, be able to see Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn upon the screen. And if that isn't an industrial romance, then I wish you would tell me what it is.

I shall not bore you with all the details of the invention of motion pictures from the time that Stanford's horse ran past Isaac's cameras until perfection was reached. Suffice it to say that inventors began to work madly, but soon realized



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The Beerys—Wally, with daughter Ann, and brother Noah—pose for a snapshot on Hollywood Boulevard.

Scott Photo



And I had to be Scolded into trying it

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Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

that a series of cameras would not do and one camera, able to photograph a series of pictures, was necessary.

At this point Thomas A. Edison stepped in and—just as a little side line—decided that he would toss off a motion picture camera in a spare moment. He was busy with such boons to humanity as the incandescent lamp. He did not realize that when he decided to look into action pictures he was giving humanity as great a boon as electric light. But here is a strange and romantic thing. Away back there in 1886 Edison's idea was to make talking pictures. He began to experiment with a camera to photograph movement only as a subsidiary of the "talking machine" which he had just invented. He thought it would be an amusing idea for those who listened to the phonograph to be able to see the singer singing.

It was in reality "talkies" that Edison had in mind, but somewhere in an inventor's laboratory the talking machine and the motion picture were divorced, silent films resulted, and it was not until thirty years later that the two devices were re-wed.

Ask your father to tell you about Edison's, or rather Dickson's (for W. K. L. Dickson, one of Edison's assistants, was put in charge of the invention), "kinetoscope." Your father can tell you how he used to drop a penny in the slot of a cumbersome machine, glue his eyes to a hole and watch tiny human beings dance or box. These little peep shows, which nobody took very seriously, are what you can thank for the wonderful and elaborate movies you enjoy today. These were the first actual movies, the tiny heralds of the glory of today's cinema.

WE can skip lightly over the years when the peep show became a room where a hundred or more people could sit and watch, not miniature men and women, but life-size ones moving across a screen. Dozens of men invested their money in the new "novelty"—pictures that moved. Most of these men are now multi-millionaires and you know them as the leading executives of the studios of today.

Almost any moving picture was interesting. There was no thought of telling a story in film. It was not until 1903 that Edwin S. Porter got together a group of second-rate actors, went to New Jersey, borrowed a railroad train and proceeded to film "The Great Train Robbery." This was a wild and woolly melodrama and it ran for seven hundred and forty feet of film. In order to get an idea of its length—or, rather, its shortness—one must remember that today a reel of film is 1,000 feet. Most feature pictures are seven or eight reels long.

"The Great Train Robbery" was a sensation. The movies were real entertainment, just like the stage. It is true that the characters all rushed through their parts faster than the train coming down the track. There were no close-ups—that was to come later; no subtleties of emotion—that must wait for many, many years. The villain was bad, the hero was good, but everybody moved and moved and moved.

In those days there were no studios. All scenes were taken outdoors and the natural background used. A scenario could be bought for ten or fifteen dollars. If a producer paid twenty-five dollars for a story he demanded an epic. The players—there were no stars, since the audience did not even know the names or faces of the actors they saw—received from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week. And you know all about the fabulous sums actors and actresses receive today.

When you think of the enormous salaries paid to scenario writers today, you pity these early writers. But when you see some of their efforts, you think they were overpaid. Benjamin Hampton, in



Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, dance team de luxe, do "The Continental," a new version of the popular "Carioca," in RKO's grand musical comedy "The Gay Divorcee."

his "A History of the Movies," gives a typical example of the stories of that time. Here it is:

"A poor but proud maiden, reduced to poverty by misfortune, unable to secure work, is forced to beg in order to supply nourishment for her sick mother. At a resort she resents the familiarity of a man who has offered alms and is struck by the beauty of the maiden. She attempts suicide by asphyxiation, but the young man, overcome with remorse, follows her and is able to intercede in time to save her life. He leaves some coin with the mother and departs. The sincere repentence of the man wins the respect of the maid, and in the conclusion we see all the principals of the story united in a happy home."

And that, oh so gentle readers, is what your mothers and fathers loved. They wept over just such a film plot—pitied the poor girl, hissed the villain who, in this case, suddenly turned hero. But the point is that it was because your mothers and fathers did weep over these early films that the films you see today became possible.

Supposedly shrewd business men called movies "flickering atrocities." They dubbed them "novelties" that could last but a short time. They refused to lend money to promote them. But the public saw and was conquered. The public demanded films, flocked to see them, and that is why I say that the movies belong to you. In later chapters of this story you will see that when the public voiced its disapproval of certain entertainment, the producers jumped through hoops to give the public what it wanted.

Thus were pictures born. Next month I am going to tell you stories of the first stars of the movies—those hard-working, underpaid stars who paved the way for the sleek, glamorous, wealthy men and women you worship today.

How To Become an Orchid

(*Continued from page 40*)

I have changed, matured. I am sincerely glad to hear you say that. When you met me, seven years ago, I was commencing work in 'The Wedding March.' It was my first interview. *I was* a different girl. I was so shy that I went through agonies during our conversation.

WHEN you left, you turned to another writer and said, 'She is good copy.' I have remembered that all these years. I didn't know whether you were complimenting me or poking fun at me. After I reached home, I thought to myself, 'What can she mean, "good copy"?'

"You can imagine the naiveté of a girl so inexperienced that she doesn't even know the catch phrases of her profession. You can imagine the long way she has come to have you tell her that she has poise and that you notice a marked change in her.

"You are not the only one who has noticed a change in me. Electricians, cameramen, wardrobe women, studio workers, who knew me when I was making Westerns for Universal, tell me the same thing now, when I meet them on various sets. Just the other day, Ernest Bachrach, the photographer, stopped me and said, 'Fay what a change! When you were at Paramount you walked with your nose in the air, speaking to no one. I knew that it wasn't because you were high-hat, but because you were shy. I used to want to figure out some way to tell you to be less



Joe E. Brown in "6 Day Bike Rider."

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formidable, more friendly. Now you have just that quality.'"

Actually, the story of Fay's transition from a modest violet to a high-powered orchid, mistress of one of Hollywood's most beautiful homes, hostess and conversationalist, should be entitled "life begins at marriage." It was Fay's marriage, after a hasty, impetuous romance, in the manner approved by fiction writers, to John Monk Saunders at Easton, Maryland, in June, 1928, that brought about the evolution of Fay from maid to matron, from violet to orchid.

Saunders, Minnesota-born, is a Rhodes scholar, and that speaks for itself. As an honor student from a university in the state of Washington, the high grade of his credits won him the privilege of attending England's time-honored Oxford University, all expenses paid by the Rhodes scholarship.

Beyond his very good looks, young Saunders' writing talent has brought him considerable attention. He has written, among other noteworthies, "Wings," "Dawn Patrol," "The Last Flight" and "The Legion of the Condemned." It was in this last picture that Fay met him (she was doing the feminine lead opposite Gary Cooper), and their romance flourished, culminating in marriage.

CONSCIOUSLY and unconsciously, in the first and only love of her young life, Fay admired the mental agility of the man she had married. She admired his vast resources of intellect, his proficiency in languages, his ready estimate of good and bad in current fiction. Consciously, too, she realized her own limitations. She knew that she could not compete with his beautifully finished education.

"The result is," said Fay, "that I read the best of the current fiction before John has an opportunity to read his copies of the books and then I am prepared to discuss plot, motivation and characterization, when he happens to make some mention of the newest best-seller. Of course, I don't rush around and let him know that I'm reading it for that purpose. I let my comments come forth spontaneously.

"A woman's development comes from evolution, from the things with which she surrounds herself. I have always liked the better things, not always the expensive things. Naturally, I gravitated towards them. Marriage seems to have cemented them more permanently in my life. John likes the better things, of course. John has an amazing flair for appreciating what is smart, and what is becoming to a woman, in feminine clothes. Some husbands, I am sure, have a 'dead spot' as far as women's clothes are concerned.

I CAN always be sure that if a dress is particularly attractive, John will comment on it. Being, probably, an adoring wife, I remember the type of gown he prefers and plan my wardrobe accordingly. Simple lines are good for me, I think. I know the days when I wore plaid taffetas and tight velvet bodices and black-and-white checked silk dresses with bright red hats. Today I buy many of my clothes from Irene Jones, who now designs for a local shop. Irene was, at various times, a studio designer, and owner of her own salon. She knows what looks well on me; plain, simple things, frequently of solid color—black, white, blue. But in back of this clothes thing is the unerring clothes sense that John has and which I follow."

John Monk Saunders seems to be the motivating spirit to which we always return in placing the responsibility for the evolution of Fay Wray. Lacking a John Monk Saunders, however, there is still considerable assistance, in Fay's words, for the culture and poise seeker. The better things of life are available to all. The public libraries are crowded with the classics, popular biographies, and late fiction.

Even though we do not live in the eucalyptus-flanked English house with its broad, green lawn, its tennis courts, its patio for tea-serving, its shiny ping-pong room overlooking the gardens, its long, home-like living room with a rough brick fireplace at one end, its mullioned windows, its grand piano and chaise longues and silver-brocaded curtains, the music that pours in through Fay and John Monk Saunders' mammoth radio is the same music that pours in through smaller and less pretentious radios throughout the land. It depends, merely, on whether you tune in to the syncopating strains of a jazz orchestra or the fine phrases of a symphony.

Rules for a happy marriage, Fay refuses to give out. Not usually superstitious, she simply refuses to tempt the fates. For



Gloria Stuart had a nice role in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and husband Arthur Sheekman is right proud of Gloria.

six years their married life has flowed smoothly, quietly, serenely, unmarked by whirlpools. It has been aided and abetted, she thinks, by her utter silence about her marriage, and an almost complete silence about her husband. She has talked more, she said, about John Saunders in our present conversation, than she has ever talked before.

Many persons have asked her what makes her marriage successful. She refuses to discuss the question. When they press her further for a statement, she says, quietly, serenely, "I am married to John Monk Saunders." It works like an amulet against evil. Then and there the conversation on marriage and Fay languishes and dies. This day it was different. At every mention of a mental or spiritual development in Fay, the answer always was John. The only growth in which he had not aided was an added inch to her height since our last professional meeting seven years ago. Fay's development into the charming, poised woman she is today, is the natural evolution of a soul, surrounded by love, contentment and happiness.

THE keynote of Fay's personality is quietness and serenity, and yet, conversely, these are the very things that Fay seeks to discard along with her old "Wedding March" personality.

Although Fay's outward development may come from inner growth, she is always on the alert for outward blemishes. In the last year she has managed to erase one that caused her considerable chagrin when she discovered she was guilty of it. This happened to be the habit of moistening her lips with her tongue—often before speaking—frequently on the screen.

Fay cured herself in a week by constant vigilance. And it was worth it. Some years ago she set about curing herself of the habit that made her Mitzi of "The Wedding March" a memorable characterization. Director-Actor Eric von Stroheim noticed she had a shy, timid way of catching her lower lip partly under her teeth. "Do that every time you meet me in the picture," he advised. "It will do more to characterize Mitzi than anything else." So successfully did it record in the film that Fay found herself using it on other occasions. It was one of the first mannerisms that she did away with when she began to take stock of herself.

Her two desires are to go abroad with John and to be a truly great actress. The latter she has cherished since she was a little girl with two sisters and three brothers in mountainous Alberta, Canada. Then she dreamed of Broadway. Fame, and even that elusive quality called happiness, discovered her in Hollywood.

Today one of Hollywood's busiest actresses, with "commitments" (her word for contracts) to Columbia Pictures and United Artists, plus a handful of free-lance engagements to other studios, finds her receiving letters from young twelve-year-olds complimenting her for her "helpless but brave" attitude all through the cinema thriller "King Kong." Adults are beginning to write flattering letters about her Dulcie-like rôle in "The Affairs of Cellini," a United Artists' super-special. Her most recent effort is in "The Richest Girl in the World" for RKO.

Quiet, serene—these words fit into a description of the person that is Fay Wray. But I like to think of her as being a beautifully poised young woman who has cured herself of shyness and timidity, by the very simple expedient of following the dictates of her heart and surrounding herself with the things she loves best—books, music and intelligent people. She could so easily have fallen into the bright, hard, familiar pattern of Hollywood successes.



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The Report Card

(*Continued from page 10*)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
Very amusing. Cary Grant, Frances Drake and Edward Everett Horton.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher and Ralph Morgan.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
A comedy with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Dixie Lee.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
Full of action and suspense is this Gable-Loy-Powell film.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).
Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez in a mystery you'll enjoy.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
A Burns and Allen starring vehicle.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Some nice music here. Lanny Ross, Mary Boland and Ann Sothern.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
You won't forget Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan in this thrilling hospital story.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
The funniest picture in months. Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess in a gangster role. Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler.

MILLION DOLLAR RANSOM (Universal).
Plenty of action in this tale about a fellow who wants to say goodbye to his prison days and go straight. Edward Arnold, Phillips Holmes, Mary Carlisle and Andy Devine.

THE MOONSTONE (Monogram).
David Manners and Gustav von Seyffertitz in a better-than-average mystery.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (Paramount).
Pauline Lord, as Mrs. Wiggs, Donald Meek, as Mr. Wiggs, and ZaSu Pitts, as Miss Hazy, are all worthy of much praise.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Charlie Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel will keep you amused.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).
A murder-mystery with those two funsters, Edna May Oliver and Jimmy Gleason.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).
Paul Cavanagh and Gertrude Michael as a couple of jewel thieves. With Alison Skipworth.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy in a gambler role.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields being as funny as ever.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont-British).
Burlesquing Hollywood. James Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Tom Keene and Karen Morley.

PECK'S BAD BOY (Sol Lesser-Fox).
Jackie Cooper in the title role and Thomas Meighan as "Mr. Peck." A picture that the whole family will enjoy.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).
About a prizefighter. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
Mystery-comedy with Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (RKO-Radio).
Perfectly elegant entertainment. The cast could not have been better: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Henry Stephenson, Fay Wray and Reginald Denny.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
A Gaynor picture that should please the fans. Lew Ayres does nicely, too.

SHE HAD TO CHOOSE (Majestic).
Not much plot here, but Regis Toomey, Isabel Jewell, Sally Blane and Larry Crabbe are fine.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).
Alice Faye and Lew Ayres.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).
Jack Oakie and Ben Bernie in a musical.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan and Joseph Schildkraut are splendid.

SMARTY (Warners).
Joan Blondell, Warren William and Edward Everett Horton in a real laugh-getter.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Katharine Hepburn.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
Wow spy tale. With Myrna Loy, George Brent, Lionel Atwill.

STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M).
Durante and Butterworth provide lots of laughs. Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan make a nice romantic team and sing some swell songs, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Young poetess, Rochelle Hudson, falls in love with famous novelist, Warner Baxter. Good entertainment.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Very enjoyable. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson.

WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn).
Based on "Resurrection," with Anna Sten and Fredric March.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
A musical you'll like. Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard and Burns-Allen.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO).
In which Marian Nixon proves that little girls from the country aren't so dumb. Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, Joan Marsh, Reginald Denny and Grant Mitchell make it very lively.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
A story that's different and some grand acting by Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WILD CARGO (RKO).
A Frank Buck animal picture.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
About hypnotism. John Halliday, Tom Brown and Sir Guy Standing are exceptionally good.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford in an authentic Hollywood tale.

THE WORLD MOVES ON (Fox).
A beautiful story. Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and Raul Roulien.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY (Columbia).
Walter Connolly turns in his usual good performance.

YOU BELONG TO ME (Paramount).
A poor story handicaps Lee Tracy and Helen Mack. But the six-year-old David Holt is a sensation.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ADVENTURE GIRL (Van Beuren-RKO).
Joan Lowell is the girl.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams do their best.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi in one picture!

BRITISH AGENT (Warners).
Another best-seller that didn't go over in the movies. Leslie Howard and Kay Francis save it.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox).
Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Donald Woods in another of the "Chan" series.

CITY PARK (Chesterfield).
Sally Blane, H. B. Walthall and Hale Hamilton.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (Paramount).
Claude Rains.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot).
Ben Lyon, Sari Maritza, Erich Von Stroheim in a war picture.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M).
Baseball fans will like it. With Robert Young, Madge Evans, Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warners).
Very dull mystery. Warren William and Lyle Talbot.

THE DUDE RANGER (Fox).
A Western that's just average. George O'Brien and Irene Hervey.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).
Much ado about who is the head of the family, the wife or the husband. With George Bancroft and Frances Fuller.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke do some good acting.

THE FOUNTAIN (RKO).
Rather heavy. But the performances of Ann Harding, Jean Hersholt and Paul Lukas make the film worth while.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).
Some amusing situations here. Charlie Ruggles, Eugene Pallette, Ann Dvorak, and Robert Barrat do nice work.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck.

GIFT OF GAB (Universal).
A huge cast—Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, The Downey Sisters, Paul Lukas, Alice White, Graham McNamee, Karloff, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
Not so good. Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson as Harold and Lillums.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to the usual Cagney standard.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).
Very slow. Richard Dix and Dorothy Wilson head the cast.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
Weak story. George Brent, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Wallace Ford as a newspaperman.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton's latest film. With Adolphe Menjou.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warners).
Pretty poor yarn. With Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez.

THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount).
Lee Tracy disappoints us again. Helen Mack, Baby LeRoy, William Frawley, Minna Gombell and Kitty Kelly here, too.

LOVE TIME (Fox).
Nils Asther in the Franz Schubert role. With Pat Paterson

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
There are a couple of laughs here but not sufficient to pull it out of the dull class. With Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Dick Barthelmess and Jean Muir. About circus life.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
A dull mystery with Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Shirley Grey and Ralph Bellamy.

OUTCAST LADY (formerly called "Iris March") (M-G-M).
Suffers from censorship trouble. Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes do their best.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Very slow. With Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
Lyle Talbot and Mary Astor.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
Marlene Dietrich's latest.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS (Liberty).
About a reform school. Sidney Fox, Lucille La Verne, Lois Wilson, Paul Kelly and Toby Wing are in the cast.

SHE WAS A LADY (Fox).
Just too, too slow and heavy. Helen Twelvetrees, Ralph Morgan and Doris Lloyd.

STINGAREE (RKO).
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne do their best with a weak yarn.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
Franchot Tone, Karen Morley and Jack LaRue can't do much with this.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. You'll be disappointed in them this time.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
George Raft and Frances Drake.

WAGON WHEELS (Paramount).
Randolph Scott, Gail Patrick, Raymond Hatton and Monte Blue are the principals in this Western.

WAKE UP AND DREAM (Universal).
A musical. With Russ Columbo, June Knight, Roger Pryor and Henry Armetta.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO).
Edward Arnold, Frankie Thomas and Karen Morley in a tale about divorce and its effect on children.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
Excellent performances by Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson save it.

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL (Mascot).
William Haines is back again, with Judith Allen, Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Ted Fiorito and the Wampas Baby Stars.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BEGGARS HOLIDAY (Tower).
Hardie Albright, Sally O'Neill and Barbara Barondess.

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
The story is very poor. Jack Holt and Fay Wray are wasted.

DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO-Radio).
Unsuccessful musical. A large cast gone to waste: Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, Sterling Holloway and Ned Sparks.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram).
Very slow. Marian Marsh, Ralph Morgan, Louise Dresser and H. B. Walthall.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden fail to make this interesting.

THE LADY IS WILLING (Columbia).
Leslie Howard, Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce in a slow-moving tale.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. Not worth your time.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
This doesn't jell despite the presence of Jean Arthur, Richard Cromwell, Anita Louise and Donald Cook.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in an impossible story.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).
Based on the play "All Good Americans." With Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel and Otto Kruger. Dull.

SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Universal).
Inexcusably poor. Claire Dodd, Jack LaRue, Alice White, George E. Stone and Ferdinand Gottschalk are wasted.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Charles Starrett and Sally Blane in a dull yarn.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
John Boles and Claire Trevor. Not worth while.

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in the January issue of

MODERN SCREEN

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Everybody who is anybody turned out for the opening of the Trocadero, Hollywood's newest dine-and-dance spot. Myrna Loy, looking particularly lovely, was there with Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

Scott Photo



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SOME women are "finished" at sixty. Some girls are "finished" at thirty. Then there's the type who never suffers defeat. At any age she's able to attract and hold men. Is it because she's so beautiful? Not always. At least half of these women are not beautiful. But they do breathe romance. They're glamorous. They know the art of being a woman . . . of *flattering* themselves.

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On Trial

(*Continued from page 35*)

American picture.

The Hollywood press was curious, of course. Expecting something in the nature of a cross between the Sphinx-y Garbo, or the pampered Dietrich, they found, instead (to quote one writer), "A patient soul, who sits in the outer offices of the studio waiting for her daily instructions, when she is not sitting quietly at home accepting the advice of her husband, Dr. Frenke."

Hollywood, long accustomed to the artificiality of its own glamorous women, looked on the strong modeled face of Anna Sten and labeled it "plain." Her careless wardrobe was nothing short of a scandal to the fashion editors, just as the simplicity of her private life was a blow to the gossip columnists. By the time "Nana" was ready for production, Hollywood was in a definitely "show me" frame of mind about Goldwyn's protégée.

Even more serious were the story and directorial difficulties that developed as "Nana" went along in production. The picture was half completed with George Fitzmaurice at the helm, when Goldwyn suddenly scrapped it, called in director Dorothy Arzner, and a new cast headed by Phillips Holmes. It was a discouraging and nerve-racking start for the new star, especially as she did not work well with several members of the new cast.

IN view of all this, it was only fair that judgment of Sten on the strength of "Nana" should have been withheld. Her second film, not the first, is to prove her real test as an outstanding screen star—or a flash in the pan. The answer will be found at the box office about six months after the release of "We Live Again."

But if, in the meantime, Hollywood is in a problematical frame of mind about Anna's future, I've reached the conclusion after a two-hour talk with her, that Anna, herself, is managing to remain surprisingly collected about the whole thing.

When I skirted the subject, asking if she would be terribly disappointed if anything happened to retard her Hollywood career, she turned her unusual eyes upon me, and said with a slight shrug:

"Why? I am happy where my work is. If I did not work in Hollywood, I would work in Berlin, or Hong Kong, or at the end of the earth, it does not matter. Places mean nothing to me. Only my work is important!"

"But you have built your home here!"

She said: "Oh, but that does not mean so much. We have built homes many places. We have one in Berlin, and one in Russia. We do not like to rent. We like to live in our own places, fixed just the way we like. We want lots of sunshine, and windows and plenty of room." Then, too, there is Anna's little ten-year-old step-daughter to be considered, Dr. Frenke's child by a former marriage. Not to forget nine dogs of various breeds that are part of the Sten-Frenke ménage.

Was this artistic nonchalance an "act?" In Dietrich it would be. I think it would be even in Garbo. But if Anna Sten really cares two snaps of her fingers about the pomp and glitter of off-screen Hollywood, then she has staged the most successful and realistic act of the entire school of "I don't care" stars, including Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan.

For instance; for the occasion of this interview in her dressing-room on the United Artists lot, she was wearing what is humorously referred to by the Hollywood press as her "uniform." With the exception of her screen costumes, she is seldom seen in anything else. The uniform consists of a pair of slightly faded gray-blue slacks, an inexpensive short sleeved-white sweater and a blue scarf tied indifferently about her neck. No beauty parlor expert was responsible for the unruly effect of the hair that fell carelessly about her face. And make no mistake about it, no matter what you hear, or read, of Anna's off-screen "plainness," hers is a beautiful face—strong in contour and as freshly scrubbed as a child's.

WHEN reporters come to talk to me they ask what I do with my spare time, and why it is I do not like Hollywood parties. They want to know why I do not go to the premières and ride around in a big car with a chauffeur. They ask if I am putting on an act because I live so quietly and drive my own Ford coupé to the studio. When I explain to them that I have never lived any other way than I do here, that even in Europe I was a prosaic, uninteresting person, I suppose they do not believe it.

"If my private life were interesting, I should be glad to talk of it. But what is there to say? I eat. I have a very good appetite and I like American dishes; I sleep; I play with my dogs; I have my husband and my young step-daughter for companions. Now and then I go on a little vacation, somewhere where we can stay out doors all day. And at night I read. Yet I hesitate to tell this, because these things are very funny in Hollywood. They make jokes about movie stars and their books, do they not?"

How much a part of this "retreat routine" can be layed to Anna, and how much to her philosophic husband, Dr. Frenke, is a moot question in Hollywood. Not since John McCormick was such a dominant force in control of Colleen Moore, has the husbandly influence been more prominent in a star's career than Dr. Frenke's over Sten's. It was he who said of Anna: "It does not much matter what she plays on the screen, so long as she is in the mud!" He meant, as long as the characters she portrayed were of the earthy, peasant type. And there is little doubt but that Anna listens and heeds his words of wisdom in regard to her career, as well as in her private life. It is no particular secret in Hollywood, that away from the studio, Dr. Frenke is decidedly boss in his family group.

"Perhaps it is too bad," she continued, snuffing out a cigarette, "that I am not a glamorous person with great jewels and beautiful gowns and many love stories to write up in the newspapers. But I am not. And that is why I say this part of Hollywood could never mean anything to me."

She was standing now looking out over the bustle of the busy lot as workmen wended their way to the various stages.

We will soon know whether or not she was looking out over the scene of her great American triumph, hailed as a real queen of the movie world; or whether Anna Sten will eventually build her next home in "Hong Kong or the end of the world. It does not matter as long as my work is there!"

Cantor's Recipe for Happiness

(*Continued from page 39*)

young ladies on earth try to yell me down, I'll go on believing it. *The clever woman who has what she wants, and wants to keep it, will go on letting her husband believe that he's smarter than she is.*

"Domination of husband over wife? Wife submerging personality to superior husband?" I suggested.

"Put it in that way if you care to. But I'll say it my way!" Eddie was being forceful. And he can be.

"Take Ida, for instance. I've known her since I was thirteen years old. She was the first person in the world who made me feel important.

"I was a lonely little runt, brought up by an iron-willed grandmother on the East Side of New York. Both my parents died when I was two years old, and Grandma Esther so poor she didn't have time, at the end of a day's fighting the big, bad wolf, to waste in cuddling an unimportant shaver like me. Maybe she didn't think it was good for me. So about all I knew in those days were poverty, work, loneliness, and a big inferiority complex.

"Then, when I met Ida, and she started right out making me feel I was a great guy, something happened to me. I began to believe that maybe I could amount to something in this world, y'know.

"Maybe she was smart that way; smart enough to know she was appealing to my vanity. But that didn't make any difference. She never let me know that she knew. If more women in Hollywood used a little of those tactics on their husbands, the divorce lawyers would have to look for another happy hunting ground."

AS he spoke, I had a mental picture of a typical Cantor family dinner described to me by a good friend of that large and flourishing clan. A long table piled with good, home-cooked food. Eddie at the head, all bright and shiny, and contriving to look more like a college sophomore home for a vacation than the dignified man of family which he most certainly is. At the other end, Ida. Between them, about a dozen relatives from both sides of the family. And ranged like a regiment, proud Eddie's "five tests of true love" (that's what he calls the Cantor girls), Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn, and Janet.

But after one moment in that group, no one could possibly doubt who was head man. It was that fellow at the head of the table with the snappy black eyes. Ida sees to that.

When Eddie starts to tell a story—and contrary to what one hears about comedians off duty, Eddie keeps his family amused with a great store of humor—there is hushed silence around the table. *Ida sees to that.* If any one is so indiscreet as to butt in, he is mercilessly rebuked by a stabbing glance from Ida.

What's more, Ida doesn't care a tinker's dam if, time after time, she is mistaken for Eddie's older sister. Placidly, she goes on knitting, while the other Hollywood non-professional wives spend endless hours with cosmeticians trying to be made as beautiful as the luscious "temptations" who surround their starring husbands in the studios.

Nor does she eat out her heart over real or imaginary infidelities. *She doesn't have to.*

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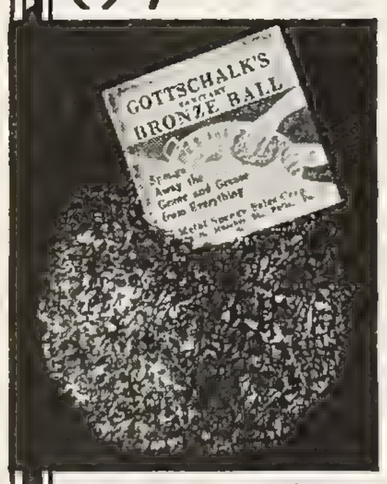
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"Why do they worry about such things?" she seems to be saying, as her ample motherly figure rocks back and forth, back and forth, to her knitting, in a kind of comforting lullaby rhythm.

PONDERING over this, I asked Ida's Eddie whether she was never upset by his lengthy absences. Whether she hadn't had a qualm or two about those beautiful Goldwyn girls who surround him in "Kid Millions," when they'd been separated for several months.

He gave me that look of chronic surprise from his beetle-black eyes. "She knows I'll come back," he said.

"But suppose you shouldn't some day? It's happened to the staidest married man."

"Have you ever been to the circus—when they shoot those guys out of cannons?" asked Eddie.

"Now, you know, they've been shot out of those cannons thousands of times before. So when you watch the performance, you expect to see them come out, don't you? Just before they pop out of the mouth of the cannon, though, the audience holds its breath. There's that one chance in a thousand that *this time* there'll be a hitch. But everybody knows that it's only one chance in a thousand.

"It's the same idea with a happy marriage. Ida takes that chance with me. Maybe I won't come back. But it's not a dangerous gamble for her. For she knows that when a man reaches a certain age, and has been going along a certain path contentedly and happily, it's dangerous to detour. Nature always takes care of that."

"But there are men who make that dangerous detour." I was egging him on. "What do you say about them?"

"I say they're nutty," answered Eddie. "That kind of thing is as much insanity as the brand which makes a man think he's Napoleon. The man who leaves a wife with whom he's been comfortable for so long—a wife who understands him and all his funny ways—the middle-aged man who leaves her for the uncertainty of life with a young girl who doesn't know the meaning of the words 'forbear' and 'sacrifice'—that man deserves what he gets. Take it from me, he usually gets it. Maybe it works out in some few cases, but those are freaks that defy the law of averages and the laws of nature."

When I suggested that the landslide of divorces in Hollywood might be used as circumstantial evidence against the case he was trying to prove, he just shook his head.

"Not at all," he replied. "Just look around at the successful actors who are still living with the same wife. Will Rogers, George Arliss, Warner Baxter, Joe E. Brown, Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore, the Morgan brothers, Jimmy Cagney, Warren William. Still faithful to the women who were faithful to them when they were poor, bewildered nobodys, miles removed from the main chance. Those guys long ago learned to appreciate the affection their wives gave them. And they've also learned to appreciate the value of stability.

"Neither their marriage nor their successes were over-night, flash-in-the-pan affairs. They didn't want any premature buildup of themselves as romantic heroes. Their success in both cases was the result of struggle and slow growth. They weren't tossed to the heights and then pushed over the cliff. What their wives gave them in thanks for their sincere effort to make a go of things is not brief, mad passion. It's solid, permanent affection—a steady, glowing warmth that will last to the final pay-off.

"Now figure out the bust-ups. Where do you find them? Among that group who made a success too quickly.

"They bring a fellow out from Kansas or Iowa, make him a star in ten days—and what usually happens? The too-sudden success goes to his head. Right away he buys a big, expensive automobile. He rents a stucco palace. Then he looks around for the girl.

"But, when he considers marriage, he reckons on the same principle as when he buys a new car. He can trade in his old car for a new model. And he decides he can trade in his wife in the same way, if he gets tired of her.

"People shouldn't expect that kind of marriage to turn out any different than it usually does. You can't take a baby out of the cradle and expect him to walk around the block, can you? Well, the same principle applies to getting married."

APROPOS of that, I remembered another story which seemed to help explain what—according to Hollywood standards—is an incongruously happy marriage. It was something Eddie himself had told me when I first met him some time ago.

"I've never refused Ida anything since we were married," he said. "I'm not trying to boast. She's never asked for anything I couldn't give her!

"I'll never forget how she took the stock market crash. When it was all over and I came up from under with an awful headache, I didn't own a red cent outright. And I owed the banks $225,000!

"What do you suppose she said? She just laughed and told me I was a fool to worry. 'You're still a funny man, aren't you, Eddie? Well, your funny business made plenty of money for us before the crash, and it's going to be the same again. I know you'll come back bigger than ever.'

"Here's another sample of what Ida's always doing. Some time ago, she had to go to the hospital for a very serious operation. I was away from her at the time. But she wouldn't let the girls write me anything about it until she'd come out of the ether.

"After they let me talk to her long distance, and I knew everything was all right, I wrote her a letter, inclosing a check for $500; and I told her to pin it on herself as a medal for being a brave soldier. She knew that was my way of saying: 'Buy some clothes for yourself.' But what did she do? Well, I subsequently received a letter from my oldest daughter describing the wonderful new clothes Ida had bought for all of them. Of course, with the money I wanted her to spend on herself. That's my Ida!"

I can't finish this story of an old-fashioned marriage without letting you in on a secret. That is, if you don't already know it.

In these hard-boiled '30's, when it's chic to hide your emotions, Eddie wears his on his sleeve. He's a terrible sentimentalist.

Do you recall the song-hit of his first broadcast a season ago? It was "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? Well I Did."

Eddie sang that song very well. But when he came to the "I Did" part, it sounded like "Ida" instead. I didn't trust my ears, so insisted that two of my friends listen in to verify my suspicion. Eddie was fervently singing "Ida" instead of "I Did," as plainly as if he were calling her name!

Sort of a wonderful tribute from sort of a wonderful man, don't you think? *I do.* (Pronounced "Ida.")

Adding Common Sense to Glamor

(*Continued from page 58*)

when the handsomest Hollywood males were tumbling over one another to date her. Francis Lucas is one hero who lived up to the dream.

I have a suspicion it was for him she planned her best-beloved frock, a chiffon with a quaint 1860 off-the-shoulder treatment and of the gentlest color imaginable, a delicate turquoise blue in one light and a green in another. But it's grown "tired" she says, what with double duty as a graduation frock and dance dress. She was looking for something that "carried out the same mood only in a different way."

We found it quite unexpectedly. And it "clicked" from the minute she spied it. A supper suit of black chiffon velvet with a waist of sea-green metal cloth shot through with silver. It was terribly 1935-ish, but it still managed to be disturbingly quaint. Jean never wears a straight primary color. You never see her in a determined blue or green or brown. Everything's in half or two-tones like this green and silver, for instance. You know why? It's her eyes, my dear. She asserts that if you want to dress with a flair, you have to play up to them.

For example, if your eyes are a warm brown you can wear "straight" shades, especially those that accent them like red and yellow and brown itself. Supposing you're blue-eyed. Then of course, if you want to do the dazzling, you wear an entire outfit of the blue nearest your eyes, or gold, or white. But if you have those mesmeric orbs like the petite Parker, your cue is to wear the in-between shades, too, like aquamarine and apricot and amber.

In the studio a "color test" is for the camera. In every day life, it's for charm.

BUT to return to the supper suit. It's a gem really. Because it starts out to be a regular slinky princess model and winds up with the most youthful neck possible—a square one. Moreover, it's square in back just as it is in front, which is something of a departure these days when everything is slit. And it has fetching black velvet bows to make it even more demure.

The hip-length jacket is long-sleeved and has a scarf neck. The hat Jean selected is one of those ridiculously adorable mushrooms of black velvet with a horsehair band.

"Hats are traitors to the face sometimes," she murmured, glancing at a tiny, thin-faced girl who was trying on broad-brimmed models. It was astounding how completely they wiped all expression from her face. But when she put on a cute Continental model—presto, another personality.

"I've always thought it was the tricorn hat that won the Revolutionary War," said Jean. "Anyway, they're my favorites." No wonder. When they made her look as sprightly as the dawning. She bought one to go with a suit that fairly speaks of football games and campus glory. It's a tweed in a dark, shadow-blue check against a light blue background. Yes, and it's flecked with red and there's a black stripe running through it. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Well, it is. Particularly with that matching red velveteen blouse—velveteen, mind you. It's the latest, maddest craze in film fashions. Mary Pickford's wearing it in indelible blue, and Norma Shearer has it in pigeon gray. But it remained for young Jean to get it in a red version that looks as if it might belong to Peter Pan himself, considering that collar.

It's surprising how these chickie little creatures, who look like a man's day dream in floating tulle, manage to look so well. Jean dotes on 'em. If she isn't a wistful enchantress in a period costume, she's a tantalizing imp in slacks, or in some other slim, semi-masculine outfit, like the one we christened her "racetrack ensemble" because it consists of a derby, a bold shepherd's plaid and a bolder red belt.

Oh, but it's cute and clever. That white and black coat has a very high, stand-up collar fastened with two Chinese red buttons and metal bars. Instead of the straight-up-the-front closing, it has a diagonal one, and just try *that* on your figure if you want to look slimmer. But don't make it a shepherd's plaid. That is

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of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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for slender youngsters of the Parker variety.

"It's the unexpected touches that put the dramatic note in clothes," she observed. "Will you gaze upon these sleeves?" I gazed. In place of the usual tailored sleeves that such coats have, these were rather full and caught by a wrist band, the kind you see on shirtwaists. And to top the outfit off still more dramatically she selected the derby—a delightful feminine version of the original. Incidentally, turned-up small brims always offset a high collar best. The hat, of course, is black like the wool skirt.

"Where does the 'starring' process really begin in clothes?" I wanted to know.

"Right with the foundation garment," Jean assured me. "The whole idea, you see, is to make your shoulders seem broader than your hips. One of these pull-on rubber girdles helps tremendously.

"Personally, I like contrasting colors in clothes—and it's often wise to contrast them a bit with your special type. Here's what I mean. If you're a very athletic, sure-of-yourself person, wear gentle clothes. Something that softens you, such as shiny brown crepe with gold touches made in a very feminine manner. Don't feel you must wear strictly tailored things and sport togs all the time.

"And if you're a quiet, every day sort of person, do the unusual in dressing. Wear a hat that's decidedly impish, or an exotic piece of jewelry with a plain, beautifully cut gown.

"I think if you concentrate on daytime dresses you get a lot more pleasure out of it, for after all they are what you live in mostly, and they all ought to have a different mood."

Which is why, perhaps, she chose that "artist's" model before you could wink an eye. It made her look like an irresistible bit of Bohemia right from the start. The last word in fashions, the tunic dress, is in this case disguised as an art smock in a check of earth brown and verdant green. "And doesn't it make me look taller?" she enthused.

There was a fringed scarf of golden brown to blend with the wool skirt and enormous brown leather buttons and a big patch pocket. To further carry out the idea, Jean completed it with an oversized pancake beret, stitched across the top. "Now where are my paints and brushes?" I didn't know. She was a picture enough as it was!

Maybe it has already occurred to you—not a speck of fur on a single thing Jean's selected. There is a reason. She hates cheap fur, says it has spoiled many a good-looking coat or suit, and doesn't feel she can yet afford the kind of fur she wants. "If you're going to get it at all, I believe it's best to buy a lovely separate fur collar and then have it to wear with various costumes." If that isn't being very sensible, I'd like to know what is.

Everyone these days is on the lookout for an afternoon-through-dinner dress. Something that will carry you on through a sorority tea and into a dinner date. Jean found hers in a heavy black satin that is distinctly an advocate of the "pencil" silhouette. It follows the glamorous princess style and combines the excitement of a slit skirt with the meekness of a round neck. A very pretty neck that has a knife-pleated trim of the black satin which also edges the dolman sleeves. The pleating swoops down on either side of the slit waist in back, too, and it's held together by two rhinestone buttons. White satin flowers are the highlight. A black velvet hat has two ornaments repeating the rhinestone note.

For her "formal," Jean did the unusual. Just as I was wondering whether she'd pick out something fluffy, possibly white, she walked straight up to a love of a suede crepe in smoky leaf brown. "Does that mean anything to you?" she questioned.

"It does! It spells youth with-a-charming-new-dignity."

"Heavens, I think I'll take it," chuckled Jean. As if there had ever been a doubt of it! The fascination of it was in the line. A ruffle forms the collar, the cape sleeves, and cascades down the back to the waist, right to the point where the fantail train starts. What that does to a girl's figure is something to write in the bride's book! Two metal flowers, one in bronze and gold, the other in green and silver, are the only elaboration on the whole gown.

"There, that completes my particular clothes 'test,'" she said with a tired droopy, very happy smile. A "test," if you ask us, that would win style stardom for any girl!



Dick is all excited about his new Toluca Lake home (left, Dick examining blueprints), and his screen public is simply thrilled over the "new" Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead," his latest effort for Warner Bros., which is breaking box-office records all over the country.

Have You Changed in the Last Five Years?

(*Continued from page 53*)

It didn't happen suddenly—psychological changes seldom do—but now, as you look at Gable's face, you can see in his eyes a great peace instead of glowering storm clouds. What had actually happened to him was that he had seen himself in relationship to a great industry—as a man stands in a crowded street and looks heavenwards at the planet Mars to realize, for the first time, how small and ineffectual he is in comparison to the great universe.

Clark saw the picture business as a sort of universe and himself just a small part in it. And, gradually, as this idea took possession of him, he worked out his salvation until now he says, "The producers were right. Why should they have given me a job when I wasn't any good? It was just an accident that I had something which caught on, and why should they be blamed for not prophesying this accident, when there were so many begging for the same thing I wanted?

"Every morning as I come to the studio I see myself standing outside the casting office waiting to 'get a break.' Every day people ask me to help them get a job—and I am helpless. Now that I actually see how complicated the picture business is, now that I'm on the other side of that great fence, I realize how lucky I am to be inside at all."

And thus has Gable changed from bitterness to humility. I think his present attitude might teach us all a lesson or two.

GARY COOPER has undergone a change, too, but in a very different way. When he got his first part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," he was so terrified that he disappeared from the set for days and had to be found and brought back, so sure was he of his own inadequacy. He felt the enormity of the industry at once. It is an actual fact that he was so frightened and nervous that he would be physically ill after doing an emotional scene before the camera. He knew he wasn't an actor and was tremendously impressed by those who had proven their ability.

The psychological change happened to Gary rather suddenly. He was watching a well-known actor doing a scene. Gary had the most profound respect for the man. The fellow had been laughing and joking with some friends on the set when the director called him. Instantly he did an emotional scene of such intensity that real tears came to his eyes, he simulated real hysterics.

The director called, "Cut!" The actor stepped outside of camera range and finished the story he had begun. The stage shook with laughter.

The young Gary, watching, was amazed. Gary, who had been ill after his big scenes, Gary who had so respected the camera that he had run away from it out of sheer terror. And now this Gary said to himself, "Well! So that's all there is to it, this acting business. You laugh and kid and then you cry before a black box. Why, it's a big joke and I've been letting it get me down. What a fool I've been!"

The change began that moment. His new attitude took entire possession of him when he came on his set one day and saw five men who had once been great stars, playing extra parts.

Now his attitude is cynical. He says, "Nuts to this business. I'm smart enough to know that it lasts—this fame—for five years and then they kick you out and get another boy. And I was the goof who took it seriously. Well, I don't take it seriously any more. I do my stunt and take my money and when my time's up, I call it a day!"



Scott Photo

Just a few of the 200 or more friends who dropped in to give the Fredric Marches' new home in Bel Air the once-over. The hostess, herself, Mary Astor, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were among the "house warmers."

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AND now let's turn to some of the girl stars. I am habitually amazed that those kids who arrive in Hollywood as young immature, unsophisticated, badly groomed, shy little creatures, emerge, a year or so later, as glamorous, gorgeous, worldly women. Women? They're still under twenty, most of them. No matter how many times it is pointed out to me, I never fail to get a kick out of Loretta Young—divorcee, a pet of Hollywood's intelligentsia, a woman with views on life, love and marriage, a woman whom you could not imagine being caught in a situation which she couldn't handle. And she is at the age when most girls are graduating from college.

There are so many like her—Jean Parker, Patricia Ellis, Maureen O'Sullivan, Rochelle Hudson, Thelma Todd, Bette Davis, to name but a very few. To tell of them all would be repetitious. Ann Dvorak will, I think, illustrate my point. In a way, her experience has been identical with them all.

I remember Ann when she was a little extra girl around the M-G-M lot. Joan Crawford saw her and made a sort of protégée of her and tried, I recall, to promote a romance between Ann and Marshall Duffield, the University of Southern California's football player. The match didn't promote because Ann was too shy.

She was sixteen, then, inordinately ambitious but without the slightest idea of how to go about achieving that ambition. She had about as much poise as the heroine in the high school play. And yet, there was within her the knowledge that she had talent. But they told her her nose wouldn't photograph. And she tightened up whenever she made a test. She couldn't talk to people and she suffered a thousand torments when she went to a director to ask for a part.

Today she is just past twenty, but she has the manner of a woman of the world. The once shy kid has glamor dripping from the tips of her fingers. And she says things like, "There is nothing in life worth while but being free."

She became mature enough to give up her career after her marriage to Leslie Fenton, because she realized how fleeting is Hollywood fame, and went around the world with her sophisticated husband, with whom half the women in Hollywood had been in love.

But what brought about this truly remarkable change? The actual occurrence happened suddenly. The change, itself, with all its ramifications, came slowly.

Howard Hawks was looking for a girl to play the role of Paul Muni's sister in "Scarface." Karen Morley, a friend, got Ann the interview. It was the first time she had been off the M-G-M lot to look for work. Hawks didn't know that she suffered acutely from embarrassment. Hawks didn't know that her nose wouldn't photograph or that she tightened up before the camera. And when she talked to him she felt that he had confidence in her.

AS a matter of fact, Hawks was desperate. He had tested hundreds of girls for the part. He was tired of the search and it was pre-determined that he would like Ann. But that, she didn't know. All she saw was that he seemed to believe in her. She made a grand test and got the part. After that, it was easy.

Nothing succeeds like success. She was a success, and the poise, the assurance which she now has came to her so quickly that it is as if there were two Ann Dvoraks, the shy kid and the present worldly woman.

And that's how the ugly ducklings invariably change into the beautiful swans. They lose their fear when a producer or a director becomes interested in them, buoys up their self esteem, gives them confidence. This confidence changes these girls so radically that they do not even look the same, as you can see for yourself by comparing any "before and after" photographs.

JOHN BARRYMORE. Has ever anyone changed more completely than he? Once the stormy petrel of the Barrymore tribe—the man who could always be counted upon to make the bizarre, the fantastic, the startling gesture—has settled down into being one of Hollywood's best citizens, a family man, a devoted husband and father.

Recently I was shopping in a department store and I saw a plump, matronly woman followed by a brow-beaten looking husband with his hat smashed down on his head. He was carrying an arm load of parcels, following docilely, a few paces after his wife.

And that was John Barrymore, the Barrymore of the flashing profile, the man who used to shock young girls into a state beyond recognition, who obeyed no man, woman or law, who was affectionately called "the kid" by his brother and sister who, although they never conformed in their lives, were paragons of respectability compared to John.

And this same John carries parcels for his wife. What has changed him? Well, sigh a sigh for fleeting youth. It is surely a better life he leads now, a more satisfactory one. No outside influence, no remarkable chain of circumstances has caused this change. He has grown older, that's all. The fires of daring, rebellious youth are out. It happens to the best of good fellows in Podunk or Hollywood.

What fate led Ramon Novarro away from his life of spiritual hermithood and made him into a gay, laughing, party boy? The answer is simple and has happened many times. The death of his beloved brother, for whom he had sacrificed so much, for whom he had such high hopes and ambitions, showed him how fleeting is life and made him start upon a campaign of rose-gathering while ye may. Ramon has changed more drastically than almost anyone in pictures.

COLLEEN MOORE, once the most docile girl in pictures, waited a solid year under contract to M-G-M for a screen role that never materialized. She was embroiled in a political mess that kept her off the screen all that time—drawing a salary, but in no way furthering her expected "comeback." It was during that miserable year of waiting that she turned rebel and began demanding the favors she saw other stars demand and get, when they screamed loud enough!

I could name dozens more who have changed completely. This is how those I have mentioned are now. But tomorrow? Who knows what they will be tomorrow. No city is so kaleidoscopic as is Hollywood. One turn of the little cylinder and there is a new, a fascinating, a colorful pattern. Its people change with the changing pattern.

And they are right, for there is little virtue in remaining the same. We may make mistakes. We may take the wrong path. But that is better than standing still. And the more personality phases we pass through, the richer our lives become.

Have you changed radically in the last five years? If so, why? Bring the secrets of your mind and your heart into the light. It will do you good. Knowing yourself, analyzing your own mind will make the world a more handsome place for you. It is the basis of all personal psychology, and a pretty darn good basis!

I Have Been Kept by a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 43*)

and that I must not let my nerves get the better of me.

When we entered our host's drawing-room, he cried, "Here is Gloria Gay, our newest and one of our brightest stars!"

Gloria smiled and remarked, "And this is my husband, Mr. Blank."

I realized presently that while there were genuine and amiable people in the room, who appeared really to like me, I didn't mean anything to anyone present. Unless you mean something, stand for something in Hollywood, there is no reason for your being at a party at all. No one invites you merely because he likes you. As we accepted or regretted invitations for subsequent gatherings, I told myself again and again that I shouldn't be invited if it weren't for Gloria. I also told myself that I was being morbid and ridiculous and determined that I *should* mean something soon.

Later at home Gloria said, "Darling, I could have killed that man when he failed to introduce you to his other guests. We shall never, never go there again." She cried and I kissed her and was comforted a little.

But in the aching hours of that sleepless night I kept hearing Gloria's remark, "Every woman wants to be proud of her man." She was so dear, so terribly dear.

THE days went on in that empty, useless, shiny office. Once or twice I fell so low as to dictate fictitious letters to the red-haired secretary, letters to mythical New York brokers. I was invited to attend conferences upon Gloria's next picture. These took place around a long table in a large and impressive office. But when I offered a suggestion, they listened to me with impatient politeness and then proceeded with their own plans and arguments. I went only once.

I wrote, painstakingly, the synopsis of an original story which I offered to Armheimer. He received it with thanks and enthusiasm, but I never heard any more about it. I spent more and more time at the polo field. I enjoyed the exercise, liked the chaps who played, enjoyed the gatherings at the clubhouse afterward. I swam in our pool every morning and I took up tennis again. Some days I did not go to the office at all.

One of the papers mentioned me as, "Gloria Gay's husband, capitalist and sportsman." My smile at that was pretty bitter. I had no money of my own except the small salary which went with the office. And that wouldn't begin to pay our butler. Gloria was insistent that I buy new clothes and opened accounts for me with expensive tailors. Well, I couldn't disgrace the girl in public by my clothes.

Gloria made another picture and then another, with growing acclaim. Even the hard-boiled New York critics liked her, and in "the sticks," those middle western sections which are the back-bone of the box office, she was just what the doctor had ordered. Armheimer tore up her contract and gave her another with a large increase in salary.

I lapsed into a curious lethargy. There was plenty of money, I told myself, and even if no one else realized it, both Gloria and I knew that I had helped to earn it. Why shouldn't I be comfortable and luxurious?

I knew that there was gossip in the colony about Gloria and Armheimer, but it never occurred to me to doubt her for an instant. She had long since ceased to ask my advice about matters pertaining to her career. But I couldn't blame her. I had no faith in my own judgment.

At last we had—*she* had—a vacation. Six weeks in the summer, between pictures. We would, she decided, go abroad.

I demurred. Armheimer had condescended to say that he wanted me to "help" him on a certain production. Some of my energy came back to me. I thought that perhaps this was my opportunity to make her proud of me—to do something. Gloria did more than pout now.

"It's a small thing to do for me," she cried. "I can't go without you because the gossip writers will ruin me. I should think you'd be glad to go to Europe with all your expenses paid. Your job, indeed! Your silly old job. What have you ever done?"

I LEFT her, tearful and sulky, and went to the office. As I sat at my wide, empty desk, a visitor to the lot passed my window, escorted by an office boy.

"What," she was inquiring, "does Gloria Gay's husband do?"

The boy hesitated. "Well, they call him a supervisor," he admitted, "but I guess that's just to please Miss Gay."

I reached for the telephone and called Gloria. "Darling," I said, "I have changed my mind. The job doesn't matter a bean in comparison with your pleasure. Certainly we shall go abroad and I shall strive to give the best performance, as a movie star's husband, that the capitals of Europe have ever seen."

I typed my resignation and sent it to Armheimer. Then I left that shiny office forever.

The trip to New York and Europe was a triumphant and ecstatic experience for Gloria. I began to drink pretty heavily on that trip and, although I did not disgrace us—or Mr. Armheimer—at any point, my memory of the journey is mostly concerned with wine and food and a conglomeration of celebrities, all cooing at and admiring my wife.

We returned and re-entered the whirl. We met, at small and select gatherings, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. How would it feel, I wondered, to be an important executive on the lot upon which your wife was a star? Once I had had dreams. We met Mary Pickford. She was always so shy at parties, until she had found a group of intimates, after which she would sparkle and glow and make a bright and shiny little note in the gathering. How could her romance with Doug have struck a shoal, I wondered, when they were both so successful?

The non-professional wives of Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery seemed contented. But non-movie husbands of successful women—Irene Dunne's husband, Colleen Moore's, Aline McMahon's, Elissa Landi's—all these gentlemen appeared to be engaged in profitable pursuits elsewhere.

I saw less and less of Gloria. Diet had become important to her. And massage. She was constantly trying new food fads and new aids to beauty. We had always had such fun, bounding off on mad excursions. A picnic. A trip to the beach to ride on roller coasters and win silly

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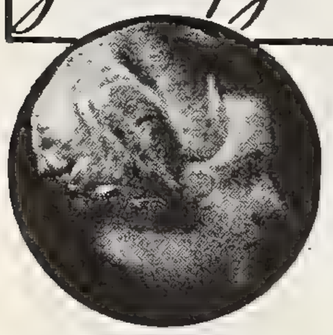
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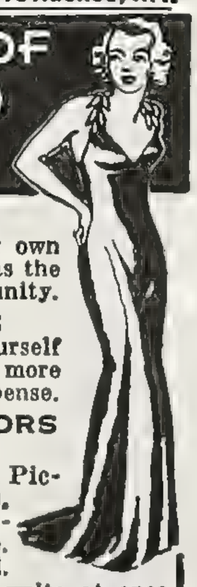


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dolls at games. The discovery of a new, foreign restaurant in an odd corner of town had been an event. Concerts. Puppet shows. Now, if Gloria was working, she must have her massage and then dinner in bed, from a tray. Between pictures she must go only to important homes and entertain only important people.

I sighed a little for the days in which we had brought home an itinerant accordion player to dinner, when we had discovered a starving poet, when we had gone to the Hollywood Bowl concerts and sat high on the hills, hand-in-hand, listening to divine symphonies.

ONE day Gloria and I were having tea on the terrace. Or, rather, Gloria was having tea and I was having several whiskeys. It occurred to me suddenly that she had had something done to her hair. That spun-silk, taffy-gold hair, which I had loved so much, was shinier now and lighter. It made her look older and hard. I asked her about it.

"It was very expensive," she said. "But it photographs more flatteringly than it did the old way. For my next picture I am going to have it a very light red."

"You didn't consult me," I said.

She looked at me, blankly. "Well, why should I?" she inquired, with real bewilderment. "It photographs better. I was just telling you."

A few moments later she said, "My next picture calls for me to go on location for about a month."

I said, "Is that so? When do we start?"

She looked at me and hesitated. "Well, darling," she admitted, at last, "I'm afraid that they don't plan for you to go. They told me that it would be better if you didn't. I don't know how to tell you. But if anything comes up to which I object, they always say that you have put me up to complaining. That it is your advice which is causing the trouble. It weakens my position. Do you see? Oh, please see, dear. It isn't that I don't love you and that I don't want your advice." She hadn't asked my advice in months.

I looked at her for a long, long moment. I tried to recall the shining little creature I had glimpsed that first day on the street of that small, southern town. She was gone. Here was a sleek, groomed, carefully dressed woman of the world. She wasn't worshiping me as a magic, fairy-tale Prince Charming now. She was appraising me and finding me wanting. She had found that I "weakened her position," even though I had effaced myself, I thought, as far as a man could. I was a drawback, and an expensive one, too.

"My dear," I said, "I shall go away. I shan't stand in your way, 'weaken your position' any longer."

I went to my room and wondered what I could put into a bag which would belong to me. There was nothing. But Gloria would have small use for men's shirts and pyjamas, which had been tailored to fit me. I decided that I might take a quota of those. I would take nothing in the way of suits excepting what I had on. My clothes fitted the second footman nicely.

WHEN I went downstairs, Armheimer was there. Gloria was weeping, softly. "Miss Gay thinks that she should give you some money," said the brisk little man. "You can't go away like this. The publicity would be so bad."

I hit him. I hit him rather neatly on the chin—just hard enough to knock him out temporarily, but not hard enough to do him any permanent damage. Having accomplished that to my satisfaction, I seized Gloria, who had stood there looking rather dazed, kissed her once and went away.

Sitting on a park bench yesterday in a dusty, middle western town, I picked up a paper which someone had abandoned. "What becomes of movie stars' abandoned husbands?" a caption asked. "Where are the erstwhile husbands of Gloria Gay and . . ."

I can't go home to the little southern town. My family will have none of me. I have no money. I have abandoned my name. I am about to start over in this little, hot, dusty town, not because I have chosen and prefer it, but because this was as far as I could travel with the change I had in my pocket.

Even from my park bench, I could see that this was a clean, wholesome, decent little town, populated by hard working people who earn their money. Today I answered an ad in the small, local paper and secured a job as a clerk in a hardware store, at fifteen dollars a week.

I shall work very hard and hope some day to become a stockholder or a junior partner. But I shall hope and pray that never, never shall these people learn that —I have been kept by a movie star!

* * *

Is that the end of the story, you ask? Do you want to know if he ever saw Gloria again? We can't blame you for asking but, you see, it's a story without an end, really. What difference would it make if he *did* see Gloria again? She wouldn't give up her career. He wouldn't go back to the humiliating life of "being kept by a movie star." And so, you can see, in a heart-breakingly truthful Hollywood story (with fictitious names, of course, for obvious reasons) one of the answers to that perpetual question, "Why can't those Hollywood folks stay married?"

My Big Sister Ruby

(*Continued from page 44*)

dress and a blue sash and hair-ribbon. I don't think I realized what an occasion it was until I saw Ruby on the stage. Then I got so surprised and excited that I jumped up and yelled, "Hello, Ruby!"

N. T. G., who was master of ceremonies, asked, "Who's that, Ruby?"

"That's my kid sister," she replied.

"Does she dance?" he asked.

"You bet! Just like me."

"Just like you!" he repeated. "Well have her come down."

And before I knew what had happened there I was on the stage with Ruby.

At the end of the dance N. T. G. kissed me and then, because I just about came up to his knees, he kicked me for good measure. The audience laughed and so did N. T. G. as he called, "I'll see you later, Kick-in-The-Pants."

WELL that's how I got my nickname and it stuck because Ruby and I repeated our impromptu performance as long as she was with N. T. G. and later when she was at the El Fey Club with

Texas Guinan. The kick used to get so much laughter and applause that it became part of the act. I didn't get paid for it (the act, I mean) but it was fun.

In spite of the nine years' difference between us, I think I'm closer to Ruby than any of the others are. That's because when Ruby began to go on tour, Mother went with her and because I was the baby she took me, too. The rest of the family was left home with Dad and a housekeeper.

But I was practically raised on the road. I had the benefit of Mother's training and Ruby's experience in show business. Ruby seldom went out after the show. When she did, Mother went along until she was eighteen. But usually Ruby would come back to the hotel and the three of us would have a swell time playing poker. Ruby taught me how when I was a little tot and we'd play for hours. And she taught me each step as she'd invent it. You know, that outside of the fundamentals, Ruby makes up her own routines.

When Ruby was back in New York and we moved to Jackson Heights, she had Dad build a long board down in the cellar for us to practice tapping on. She'd have the whole family lined up at one time and when there wasn't room for us all, it didn't matter, we'd go right on dancing on the cement. We're a family with dancing feet, all right. Neither Mother nor Dad knows where we got them—I mean where Ruby got them. We seemed to have picked them up from her, but no one in our family before was ever in show business. Anyway we'd all rather dance than eat. We all hated school.

Mother used to shake her head sadly, but she says she learned not to force us to do anything. After giving Gertrude piano lessons and Helen the violin, neither of them ever touches an instrument. But they're still dancing.

As a result of Ruby's training, Gertrude and Bill went out in an act and then Gertrude went out with Helen. Now Bill has married and settled down to business, but Gertrude and Helen are always in Ruby's and Al's pictures. Whenever Al is making a new one, they're sure to ask, "Do you think there'll be a place for us?"

And he'll always answer, "Well, I guess we can squeeze you in somewhere."

In Ruby's pictures they have to be careful. Only recently when some rushes of one were being run off the director yelled, "What's Ruby doing coming out of that door?"

IT turned out to be Gertrude and they had to make the scene over and put Gertrude and Helen in 'phone booths—they look so much like Ruby. People say I do, too. I'm glad if I do for I'd rather look like her than anybody else in the world. Anna dances too, only she's been ill and so Ruby's been letting her handle her fan mail.

I know you wanted me to tell you about Ruby, but I can't mention her without bringing in the rest of the family. Ruby's been one grand sister to us and a grand daughter to Mother and Dad. Even before she was married, she used to turn over her whole salary to mother and she still does. Next to Al, we come first with her and she's been showering us with gifts since she began to make money. We don't dare admire a thing in a store window while Ruby's with us, because if she's anywhere within hearing distance we're sure to have it the next day.

And Al Jolson is just the same. He set Bill up in business in Wall Street several years ago and he's always doing nice things for us, but besides that, he takes a personal interest in each one of us—asks us all about our boy friends and what we're doing. He's just like one of us and Mother's crazy about him.

Ruby and Al have the loveliest home in Scarsdale. I think if I had one like it, I'd want to be in it all the time, but maybe I wouldn't want to give up my career if I were as famous as Ruby. For all of her fame and her mixing with the stars, she's still as shy as she was when she first began to dance—in fact, we're all shy and I don't believe any of us has ever danced or sung for company at home. We get actual stage fright except when we're on a stage or are practicing by ourselves. And right here I ought to tell you that Ruby is a hard task mistress when it comes to dancing. No matter how good other people may say we are, Ruby always says, "Don't think you're perfect. You've got a lot to learn."

I guess none of us is spoiled because Ruby isn't and she'd have no use for us if we were. In fact, she takes good care to see that we don't get spoiled. She likes to arrange my hair but you see how plain I wear it and Ruby says it suits me best that way. She won't let me use any make-up either—not even powder.

"Keep the way you are now—wholesome," she tells me. "There are enough painted dolls in Hollywood."

SHE'S always been right, so I guess she's right in this, too. She's made me finish school because even though she didn't have much education and got along all right, she insisted that I must have it because it gives me a good background. I've just graduated from the Professional School in Los Angeles. I liked it because I never had to do homework.

I've sung over the American Broadcasting System and I hope to be a "hot" blues singer one of these days. I'm still studying voice and I like it almost better than dancing. I guess that's because dancing comes so naturally to me. In the fall I'm going to Hollywood and start a picture career if I can. I've appeared in "Harold Teen." They chose me because they said I looked like a schoolgirl.

It's nice to have all the comforts that we enjoy now, but we weren't ever as poor as the sob sisters like to have you believe. They've written that we were in desperate circumstances before Ruby was famous, but that isn't so. Mother and Dad came from Nova Scotia when Ruby was a kid.

Dad was a sausage maker there and earned good money. When he got to New York, the method of making sausage was different from that used at home so poor Dad was out of luck. Someone offered him a job driving an ice wagon. Dad took it. He made a good living—enough to bring six children up comfortably.

We lived on the East Side because none of the apartment houses on the West Side wanted a family with children, especially when all of us were always tap dancing. You can't blame the landlords for not wanting their ceilings caving in on them. On the East Side, though, they weren't so particular.

It's a far cry from those days, but none of us has changed very much. Ruby, who has had more opportunity to change, has perhaps changed least of us all. She's still as sweet as she always was and just as natural. Now she and Al want to smooth the path for me, but I told them I want to succeed the way she did without anyone's help.

If I do succeed, though, it will be thanks to Ruby anyhow because she taught me everything she learned herself, through training and experience. She's wonderful. I wish everyone could have a sister like her.

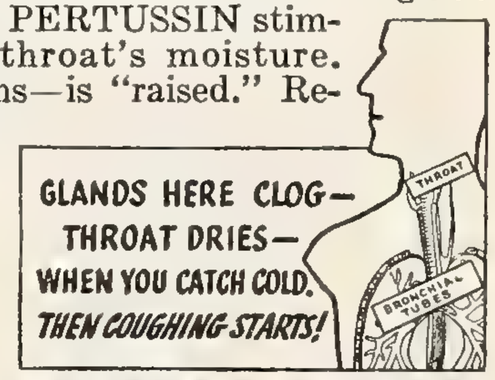
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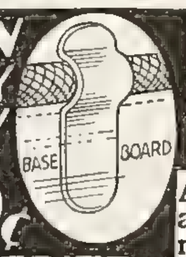
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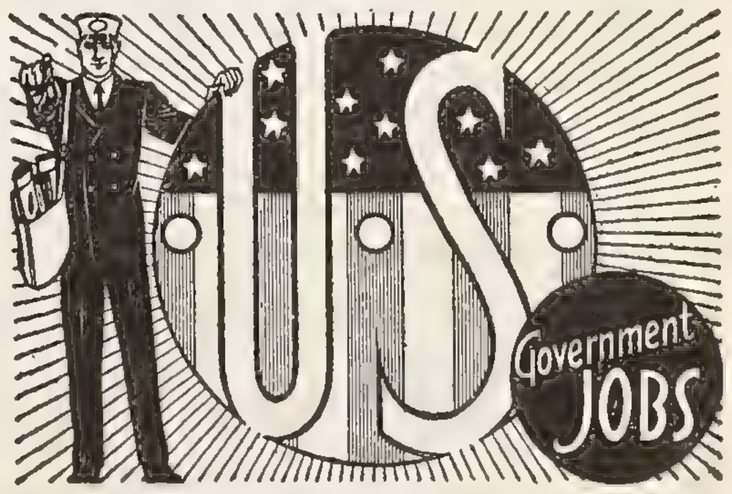


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LANE, LOLA: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
LANG, JUNE: Fox.
LA RUE, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LAUGHTON, CHARLES: M-G-M.
LAUREL, STAN: M-G-M.
LAWTON, FRANK: Universal.
LAYE, EVELYN: M-G-M.
LEDERER, FRANCIS: RKO-Radio.
LEE, DOROTHY: RKO-Radio.
LEROY, BABY: Paramount.
LEROY, HAL: Warner Bros.
LEYTON, DRUE: Fox.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
LINDEN, ERIC: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
LINDSAY, MARGARET: Warner Bros.
LLOYD, HAROLD: Write him at Fox.
LODGE, JOHN: Paramount.
LOMBARD, CAROLE: Paramount.
LORD, PAULINE: Paramount.
LOUISE, ANITA: Warner Bros.
LOVE, MONTAGU: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
LOWE, EDMUND: Columbia.
LOY, MYRNA: M-G-M.
LUGOSI, BELA: Universal.
LUKAS, PAUL: Universal.
LUND, LUCILLE: Mascot.
LUPINO, IDA: Paramount.
LYON, BEN: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
MacDONALD, JEANETTE: M-G-M.
MACK, HELEN: Paramount.
MacMAHON, ALINE: Warner Bros.
MANNERS, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at United Artists.
MANNORS, SHEILA: Columbia.
MARCH, FREDRIC: 20th Century.
MARGO: Paramount.
MARITZA, SARI: Free lance. Write her at Mascot.
MARSH, JOAN: RKO-Radio.
MARSH, MARIAN: Monogram.
MARSHALL, HERBERT: M-G-M.
MAYNARD, KEN: Mascot.
McCOY, COL. TIM: Columbia.
McCREA, JOEL: RKO-Radio.
McHUGH, FRANK: Warner Bros.
McKINNEY, FLORINE: M-G-M.
McLAGLEN, VICTOR: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MEIGHAN, THOMAS: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Warner Bros.
MERCER, BERYL: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MERKEL, UNA: M-G-M.
MERMAN, ETHEL: Paramount.
MICHAEL, GERTRUDE: Paramount.
MILJAN, JOHN: Free lance. Write him at Monogram.
MITCHELL, FRANK: Fox.
MITCHELL, GENEVA: Columbia.
MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA: Fox.
MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS: Universal.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: M-G-M.
MOORE, COLLEEN: RKO-Radio.
MOORE, DICKIE: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MOORE, ERIN O'BRIEN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
MOORE, GRACE: Columbia.
MOORE, VICTOR: Universal.
MORAN, POLLY: M-G-M.
MORGAN, FRANK: RKO-Radio.
MORGAN, RALPH: Free lance. Write him at Fox.
MORGAN, HELEN: Warners.
MORLEY, KAREN: M-G-M.
MORRIS, CHESTER: Universal
MORRISON, JOE: Paramount.
MOWBRAY, ALAN: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
MUIR, JEAN: Warners.
MULHALL, JACK: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
MUNDIN, HERBERT: Fox.
MUNI, PAUL: Warner Bros.
MURPHY, GEORGE: Columbia.
NAGEL, CONRAD: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
NEAGLE, ANNA: United Artists.
NIXON, MARIAN: Free lance. Write her at RKO-Radio.
NOVARRO, RAMON: M-G-M.
OAKIE, JACK: Paramount.
O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Fox.
O'BRIEN, PAT: Warner Bros.
OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Universal.
O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: M-G-M.
OVERMAN, LYNNE: Paramount.
OWEN, REGINALD: Free lance. Write him at Universal.
PALLETTE, EUGENE: Free lance. Write him at Warner Bros.
PARKER, JEAN: M-G-M.
PARRISH, GIGI: Monogram.
PATRICK, GAIL: Paramount.
PATTERSON, PAT: Fox.
PENDLETON, NAT: M-G-M.
PENNER, JOE: Paramount.
PICKFORD, MARY: United Artists.
PINE, VIRGINIA: Columbia.
PITTS, ZASU: Universal.
POWELL, DICK: Warner Bros.
POWELL, WILLIAM: M-G-M.
PRINGLE, AILEEN: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
PRYOR, ROGER: Universal.
QUIGLEY, JUANITA: Universal.
QUILLAN, EDDIE: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAFT, GEORGE: Paramount.
RAINS, CLAUDE: Universal.
RALSTON, ESTHER: M-G-M.
RAND, SALLY: Paramount.
RATOFF, GREGORY: RKO-Radio.
RAY, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at RKO-Radio.
RAYMOND, GENE: Columbia.
REED, PHILLIP: Warner Bros.
RICE, FLORENCE: Columbia.
ROBBINS, BARBARA: RKO-Radio.
ROBERTI, LYDA: Paramount.
ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: Warner Bros.
ROBSON, MAY: M-G-M.
ROGERS, GINGER: RKO-Radio.
ROGERS, CHARLES: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.
ROGERS, WILL: Fox.
ROLAND, GILBERT: Fox.
ROSS, LANNY: Paramount.
ROULIEN, RAUL: Fox.
RUGGLES, CHARLES: Paramount.
SABIN, CHARLES: Columbia.
SAVO, JIMMY: Paramount.
SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: Columbia.
SCOTT, RANDOLPH: Paramount.
SEWARD, BILLIE: Columbia.
SHANNON, PEGGY: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
SHEA, GLORIA: Monogram.
SHEARER, NORMA: M-G-M.
SHIRLEY, ANNE: RKO-Radio.
SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Paramount.
SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Paramount.
SLEEPER, MARTHA: M-G-M.
SMITH, C. AUBREY: United Artists.
SMITH, QUEENIE: Paramount.
SOTHERN, ANN: Columbia.
STANDING, SIR GUY: Paramount.
STANWYCK, BARBARA: Warner Bros.
STARRETT, CHARLES: Warner Bros.
STEN, ANNA: Samuel Goldwyn.
STEVENS, ONSLOW: Universal.
STONE, LEWIS: M-G-M.
STUART, GLORIA: Universal.
SULLAVAN, MARGARET: Universal.
SULLIVAN, FRANCIS L.: Universal.
SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Universal.
SWANSON, GLORIA: M-G-M.
TALBOT, LYLE: Warner Bros.
TAYLOR, KENT: Paramount.
TEASDALE, VERREE: Warner Bros.
TEMPLE, SHIRLEY: Fox.
THOMAS, FRANKIE: RKO-Radio.
THOMAS, JAMESON: Monogram.
TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Warner Bros.
TODD, THELMA, RKO-Radio.
TONE, FRANCHOT: M-G-M.
TORRENCE, DAVID: Free lance. Write him at M-G-M.
TRACY, LEE: Paramount.
TRACY, SPENCER: Fox.
TREE, DOROTHY: Warner Bros.
TREVOR, CLAIRE: Fox.
TURPIN, BEN: Free lance. Write him at Mascot.
TWELVETREES, HELEN: Fox.
VALLEE, RUDY: Warner Bros.
VELEZ, LUPE: M-G-M.
VENABLE, EVELYN: Paramount.
VINSON, HELEN: Free lance. Write her at Columbia.
WALTHALL, H. B.: Monogram.
WALTERS, POLLY: Universal.
WARE, IRENE: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WATERS, ETHEL: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WAYNE, JOHN: Monogram.
WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY: M-G-M.
WELLS, JACQUELINE: Free lance. Write her at Monogram.
WEST, MAE: Paramount.
WESTCOTT, GORDON: Warner Bros.



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WHEELER, BERT: RKO-Radio.
WHITE, ALICE: Universal.
WIECK, DOROTHEA: Paramount.
WILCOXON, HENRY: Paramount.
WILLIAM, WARREN: Warner Bros.
WILLIAMS, HUGH: Fox.
WILSON, DOROTHY: Paramount.
WILSON, LOIS: Free lance. Write her at Universal.
WING, PAT: Warner Bros.
WING, TOBY: Paramount.
WONG, ANNA MAY: Paramount.
WOODS, DONALD: Warner Bros.
WOOLSEY, BOB: RKO-Radio.
WRAY, FAY: Columbia.
WYATT, JANE: Universal.
WYNYARD, DIANA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ELIZABETH: Universal.
YOUNG, LORETTA: M-G-M.
YOUNG, POLLY ANN: Free lance. Write her at Fox.
YOUNG, ROBERT: M-G-M.
YOUNG, ROLAND: Paramount.
YOUNG, TAMMANY: Free lance. Write him at Paramount.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page* 51)

In fact, the finished picture seems to prove that there are too many people to handle. Story concerns a racketeer, Eddie Lowe, who becomes a famous radio commentator. He muffs his big chance with a phony broadcast and Gloria Stuart rescues him from overdrinking and eventual suicide in time for a happy ending. In the meantime, the idea allows for a lot of radio personalities to be introduced: Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, The Downey Sisters, Graham McNamee and Gus Arnheim's music. The comedy was furnished by Henry Armetta and a terrifically funny sequence with Karloff, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and Paul Lukas. But, with it all, it leaves something to be desired. Just pleasant enough, that's all.

B: DANGEROUS CORNER (RKO-Radio)

Unusually interesting picture. In spite of the fact that there is little or no action —the entire story takes place in one room —this film is so "different" that we think you will enjoy it. About a group of people, whose conversation gets around to a robbery and suicide of three years before. Gradually, one after another the characters involve themselves in bits of hitherto unrevealed evidence and the story becomes exciting and tense. Conrad Nagel comes back with a fine performance and Virginia Bruce and Erin O'Brien Moore are well cast. Ian Keith, Melvyn Douglas and Doris Lloyd contribute to the picture in no small way. It is difficult to place this picture in a particular category, possibly a drawing-room mystery is close enough. Not sensational, but entertaining all the way.

C: THE LEMON DROP KID (Paramount)

Poor ol' Tracy, still giving us those time-worn "double-takes" and vaudeville eyebrows to get over his drammer. If this didn't make two bad ones in a row for Lee Tracy, we might think that some of the credit for this disappointing picture should fall on Mr. Neilan, the director, but we can't. And there was nothing wrong with Damon Runyon's story so we're even more taken aback than usual. Little Helen Mack was badly photographed and she's so thin, it's pitiful. The only credible performance is turned in by William Frawley as the Professor—he even sings! Baby LeRoy just walks through it; he must have realized the result wouldn't do him any good. We can't honestly say much for this one.

C: DEATH ON THE DIAMOND (M-G-M)

If you are a baseball fan, you might like it from that angle; if you aren't, there isn't much in the way of entertainment for you. Love on the diamond, murders, big gamblers, betting the wrong way. Through all this wanders Bob Young as a baseball pitcher who falls in love with Madge Evans, the daughter of the manager. Some of the situations are farfetched and the results are not very satisfying. The love story fails to be convincing and the mystery is not overloaded with suspense. In spite of a good cast, including Nat Pendleton, Paul Kelly and Ted Healy, the picture falls into the "average entertainment" class. Let your sporting-blood guide you.

C: WAGON WHEELS (Paramount)

The old wagon-trail stuff, comedy guides, Indian attacks, the hero and a beautiful widow with her small son. You can just see the wagons tipping over into the river, can't you? Well, they do, you can be sure. Gail Patrick is swell as the widow; she puts a real punch into her role. Randolph Scott does his usual stuff and hints a bit at love-making with Gail. The remainder of the cast, including Monte Blue and Raymond Hatton, does pretty well. Nothing new, but you Western fans may get a kick out of it.

C: THE DUDE RANGER (Fox)

An average Western. There is nothing new and nothing startling about this picture. This time, the young eastern lad, George O'Brien, inherits the ranch and comes west to find that all his cattle are disappearing. It's the first time George has had to come so far to find out. Irene Hervey is the gal and she's okay, too. If you like Westerns and aren't too fussy about having seen and read the plot many times before, this might be all right for you. Even for a Western, though, this is no rave. Better think twice.

C: CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot)

Outdated war picture. The theme is too time-worn and the idea too gruesome and bloody to suit us. Ben Lyon joins the German army with his buddy, James Bush, and they both fall for a little ambulance driver, Sari Maritza. Of course, when the United States enters the war, Ben refuses to fight on the German side and is about to face the firing squad when his buddy helps him escape. A rather unnecessary picture, we thought.

D: DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT (RKO-Radio)

It looks as if the studio had originally

planned to make a musical-to-end-all-musicals—and they succeeded in ending their own even before the first reel was over. Such a jumbled-up mess deserves mention if for no other reason than to warn our good friends to save their money. The casting is almost a matter of genius, they didn't get a single character in the right role. The story wanders around until it gets lost and then the actors and the director kick it around for the remainder of the seven reels. Ned Sparks tried to make unfunny dialogue sound funny. Sidney Fox, Mary Boland, Polly Moran and Sterling Holloway also ran. Skip it.

D: A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST (Monogram)

The picture is lost, too! All the censors should see this little dittie—it would serve them right. It's just too, too "clean and wholesome" and so painfully dull and lethargic that we could hardly sit through it. Marian Marsh looks even better than usual and Ralph Morgan tries his best, but the tempo of the piece is too slow to allow for any opportunity to build the interest very high. Maybe this is what the reformers want us to see but, I, for one, couldn't take it and I don't think the average fan is going to go for it either.

B: WE LIVE AGAIN (Sam Goldwyn)

Co-starring Anna Sten and Fredric March in a talkie version of the successful silent picture, "Resurrection." Sten is really beautiful and especially in the later sequences shows a dramatic intensity that is astonishing. There's much more than beauty and sex appeal to this girl. March, of course, contributes his usual sincere performance. While the photography is excellent, the picture, in general, suffers from the fact that the story is too familiar. Then there is the failure to produce an authentic atmosphere, an unforgivable failure in a production as lavish as this. However, it will give you an opportunity to see Anna Sten once more and judge for yourself. When is Goldwyn going to let the girl wear some smart and glamorous clothes in a picture? She's lovely enough to be a favorite, given the proper setting.

C: WEDNESDAY'S CHILD (RKO-Radio)

The story concerns the trials and tribulations of a youngster when his parents divorce. Karen Morley and Edward Arnold have the difficult and unsympathetic task of playing the papa and mama to the bewildered little Frankie Thomas and they do as well as possible. Arnold's characterization is something you don't want to miss. The young boy uses too much of his stage technique and suffers by comparison with another lad in the cast, David Durand. Altogether, it's a bit slow and uninteresting.

C: LOVE TIME (Fox)

About Franz Schubert. While Nils Asther tries his level best to raise the character to one consistent level and keep it there, the picture jumps around to such an extent that he doesn't have a chance. Pat Paterson, as the gal who loves him even after she finds out she's a Princess, is interesting but the story holds her back, too. The surrounding cast is well chosen and capably directed, with Henry Kolker, H. B. Walthall, Lucien Littlefield and James Burke doing nice work. The resulting picture, though, is not as good as its component parts and we hesitate to recommend it with more than a polite "Well, maybe." It won't bore you, exactly, but you'll never rave.

B: STUDENT TOUR (M-G-M)

With Durante and Butterworth conducting. Yes, and believe you me, it wouldn't be worth much without those two comedy experts, either. The picture is about a summer cruise with a professor, Charlie Butterworth, on board to get the backward lads and lassies in trim for exams. The romantic interest is well carried by Maxine Doyle and Phil Regan, who put over their songs beautifully. "I See the Moon Over Your Shoulder" is probably the best one. The comedy situations are not of the belly-laugh type but the fact that you do have that kind of a laugh once or twice is a pat on the back for Butterworth and Durante.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page* 64)

are said correctly, don't ever let me catch you using them incorrectly.

Drama. The first "a" should be the same as in father.

Water. The "a" is pronounced as "or." It is never pronounced with a short "a."

Absolutely. Give that "u" its full, long value. Never say "absolootly."

Generally. Each syllable is pronounced. Don't slight the "er" and say "genrally."

Genuine. Short "i," as in "it." Never "genu-eye-ne."

Abdomen. The second syllable is accented like this: ab-*do'*-men. It is never *ab'*domen. Other words which follow this rule are ac*u*men, hor*i*zon, dic*ta*tor, spec*ta*tor.

Caramel. Pronounce each syllable distinctly, accent on the first syllable, and first "a" short. Never "carmel."

Khaki. The "a" as in "ah."

Aunt. The "au" sound is like "ah."

Abhor. Long "o," accent on second syllable.

Absent. This word brings up a rule you must remember. When the same word serves duty as noun, adjective or verb, accent the noun and adjective on the first syllable. The verb on the last. For instance: "My brother is *ab*sent." But (when the word is a verb) "He ab*sent*ed himself from class."

Theatre. Accent on first syllable: *the*atre. Never, never "the-ay-ter!"

Acts. Sound both the "c" and the "t." "Akts." Not "ax."

Asked. Be sure to get the "k" sound into this one.

Adventure. Like education. Keep the "t" a true sound. Don't say "advenshure."

Advertisement. This can be pronounced either way: Ad*ver*tisement (with a short "i") or adver*tise*ment (with a long "i"). The first way is preferred.

Mischievous. Accent on first syllable: *mis*chievous. It is never pronounced any other way. So watch out.

Pantomime. Be sure the last "m" is an "m," and not an "n."

Mock. Short "o." Never "mawk."

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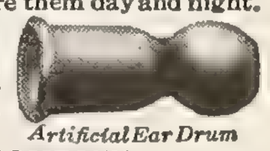
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Nape. Long "a." It is *never* the "nap" of the neck.

Office. The "o" as in orange. Never let me catch you saying "awffice."

Length. Be sure to give the "g" its due. It is never "lenth."

America. If you say "Amurica," I'll scream.

Economic. This may have either the long or short "e."

June. As in blue, give the "u" what it should have. Never "Joon."

Jewel. Pronounce both syllables. Never "jool."

Interest. Each syllable is pronounced. In-ter-est. It is not "intrest." Also inter-est-ing. The accent is on the first syllable.

Docile. The "o" may be either short or long.

Idea. Accent on second syllable.

Humor and humble. The "h" in both of these may be either pronounced or silent.

Chic. "Sheek." Not "chick."

Either and neither, take your choice—"eether" or "eyether."

THERE! That's a pretty hard lesson, but a very important one and I hope you'll profit by it. But remember that if there are any words which I've failed to include here that trouble you, please write me. I'm only too glad to tell you the correct pronunciation of any word as well as to answer any question concerning dramatic art that you care to ask me. And now before this lesson is finished I want to give you some advice that Claudette Colbert gave me to give you.

You all know what a grand actress she is and I think it was terribly sweet of her to send you dramatic students this message. Here it is:

"I am an exponent of natural acting. I think that most people try either to imitate some other actor or to dramatize themselves the minute they are on the stage or screen. They try to be different from what they are in real life.

"There are probably little mannerisms of your own which people like. You know, in your own heart, when you are pleasing others. Retain these little mannerisms, if it is at all possible, when you're enacting a role. This, of course, does not apply to character parts, but very seldom do young people play character roles.

"Do not clip your words when you speak. Read your lines before a mirror, studying yourself carefully to see that you are not exaggerating the part or obviously 'acting.' Do this over and over until you are satisfied that you are interpreting the lines in exactly the way you would in everyday life.

"The mirror, incidentally, will really surprise you, if you actually study your face in it. You will no doubt find many little mannerisms of which you are totally unconscious. Some of them will be pleasing and others you will want to correct, once you realize that people see you on the stage or screen as you see yourself in the mirror.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, try to exaggerate any of these mannerisms. If you find them becoming unnatural discard them entirely. There is nothing quite so obvious as an acquired trick of the hands or face and nothing so tiresome to see repeated over and over again in an actor or actress.

"Try to remember, when and if you are selected to play a role, that there is something about you that is different and pleasing, or you wouldn't have been chosen. Don't try to change the personality that has given you the chance.

"When I went on the stage I made up my mind that whether I succeeded or not I would always be natural."

I know you all will remember and appreciate Claudette's fine advice.

Now, I'm going to suggest something: Why not organize a dramatic society?

A group of young people in Sudbury, Ontario, Canada, have just formed the Young People's Dramatic Association and are having a swell time producing dramas and operettas. The president and director of dramatics, Michael Menexis, tells us that MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School is their dramatic teacher and that in this department they find the best instruction. From just such organizations will the great actors of the future come. Why don't you form a group in your home town? MODERN SCREEN will tell you how to go about it and will give you personal guidance.

Don't forget—this department belongs to you. Write to me—MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City—and ask me anything you need to know about dramatic art. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, no letters answered without that. Also tell me what you want me to discuss next month. All this month watch your diction, make a promise to yourself that you are going to speak correctly from now on. You must have a lovely, cultured voice to succeed.



Leslie Howard is back in his native England again and is busy at work, of course. Here he is with Merle Oberon in a scene from "The Scarlet Pimpernel," a London Films-United Artists production.

Biography of a Bachelor Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

everyone. Anyway, we'll skip it. The point is I'm the editor of a magazine called 'Every Week.' I want you to write your biography to run serially for us."

Miss Forsyth was truly amazed.

"Don't misunderstand me. The reason I'd like you to do this is simply because of the celebrity of your subjects and your—'friendships' with them."

Instead anger was followed by amusement insofar as Marion was concerned.

"The money is pretty good," reminded Kurt, "an advance of two thousand."

"Wait a minute," she considered. And then, "No, I'll let you know."

NOBODY, it seems, wanted his portrait done, nor Nobody's wife either, so things became slightly worse than bad for Marion Forsyth. So bad, in fact, that the landlord decided he could no longer afford her as a non-paying tenant. And so, the moving men were taking furniture from her apartment while Kurt waited and Leander Nolan entered.

Leander was part of Marion's past, a very definite part, alas, for his present peace of mind and his senatorial aspirations. He had known her a long time ago —too unwisely and too well.

"Beg pardon," he essayed to Kurt, noting the state of the room, "are you a sheriff's deputy?"

"No," returned the young man, "just an innocent bystander here to offer the lady a job."

"Oh, I haven't seen little Marion in many years," reminisced Leander. "We were very close then."

Richard, scenting material for the biography, became at once interested. "You must have been in at the beginning of her career," he ventured.

And then Marion appeared, beautifully gowned, drenched with orchids and looking not at all like a young woman being dispossessed.

"Mr. Kurt," she said cheerily, and, turning to Leander, "who may this be?"

Nolan, with no little embarrassment, explained his position in her past life and, Miss Forsyth, undaunted, exclaimed, "Why, of course, Bunny darling. I should have known you anywhere."

Leander, it seemed, had business to discuss too, and so Kurt agreed to withdraw to the kitchen. Bunny, who had his unselfish moments, pulled out his wallet. He deplored the fact that Marion was to lose her apartment and offered financial aid, which, of course, she refused.

"Bunny," she said, "let's not waste time talking about money. Let's talk about you. You look grand—like a senator or something."

And it was then that Leander, feigning a modesty he far from felt, replied, "In a few months I may be a senator."

And so, Leander took his departure and Kurt proceeded to wax strongly against men of his type being put in power.

Meanwhile the moving men continued to lift the furniture, piece by piece, from the apartment, which jerked Richard suddenly back to the business at hand.

"So," he said, "you've decided to do the biography, to sell out those precious memories? Well, here's your first check. We'll announce the first installment next month."

It was then that Marion truly became scared. The time was at hand to do a little first-class revealing and, even though she had only to put down the facts, they made a primrose path in themselves. And the men who had tread that path with her were important, had plenty to lose by a Past suddenly rearing its hectic head. But Richard departed, self-satisfied and triumphant, as Marion took a sheet of paper and a pencil and wrote, "I am born," on the first line and, "I meet Richard Kurt" on the last. Then she said to herself, "Now, all I have to do is fill in.

"Oh, Bunny," kidded Marion, "then maybe I can paint you, toga, ferrule, tribune of the people." It was all very funny to her, and funnier still because the man opposite took it all so very seriously. Life was a problem to him and he worried more about the possibility of solving it than anything else. And now, there was patently something else on his mind. And presently, with a little coaxing, he sprung it.

"I'm engaged," he said rather pompously, "to Slade Kinnicott, daughter of Orrin Kinnicott, the big publisher.

"Ah-ha," said Marion, "not the man with the chest-expansion, not the gentleman who publishes 'The Body Beautiful,' not the man with the biceps?"

Of course Mr. Nolan was annoyed, very much annoyed. He felt he was being poked fun at and anything he couldn't stand was lightness where heaviness would do as well. He became curt and hesitantly remarked that Marion had been on his conscience all these years, that he should have done right by her in a matrimonial way, perhaps, but now of course it was too late for all that. He would, however, like to commission her to paint the portrait. It was one method of keeping the wolf from the door and, as Marion, impulsive, kissed the dignified man, Richard Kurt appeared.

"Looks like that big one-time romance is starting to sizzle again," he proffered, which of course, made no hit with him who got kissed. A certain enmity between the men at once came into being and that enmity was to endure.

There was nothing of the hypocrite about Orrin Kinnicott. No, indeed. Mr. Kinnicott practiced what he preached and preached what he published. So, if he advised a waiting world to dine on nuts and raisins and exercise on an electric horse, he was the first to do the same.

Mr. Kinnicott did everything thoroughly and his present job was to make his future son-in-law a senator. He was lunching on oats and contemplating Leander's glory when Mr. Nolan, very much harassed, appeared with a copy of the magazine announcing Marion's biography.

"Darn good stunt," enthused the innocent Orrin. And then suddenly the light broke. "Are you in this?" he demanded. And poor Leander was afraid he was. "Well," continued the irate physical culturist, "there's nothing to do but see the woman and talk her out of this. You better go to it." And Leander departed.

Meanwhile, Marion was entertaining Feydak, who played the piano and Kurt who was busy editing her biography. Feydak had news. They wanted him in Hollywood to write music for pictures. It was his chance to make money and to ask Marion once more to marry him.

"Feydie," she said, "you are sweet. But you know, I believe I'm in love. I think this time I know it's so. I cannot live without the man."

And so Leander found them.

"Marion," he cried, as he entered, "you can't do this to me! This could make a rift between me and Kinnicott and inter-

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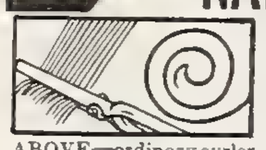
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fere, not only with my candidacy for the senate, but with my marriage."

"Dickie," called Marion to Kurt, who was in the next room blue-penciling the biography. "Bunny claims my story is going to ruin him with the voters of Tennessee."

"Tell that old windbag—"

And then it was on. Nolan and Kurt told each other what was what and in no uncertain terms. One promised that the biography would not be run and the other promised it would. And Leander finally departed feeling that pretty much was lost. It was then that Marion attempted to call the whole thing off.

"Dickie," she pleaded, "why should we do this? I've always hated women who aired their private lives. Let's not."

"Let's not?" stormed Kurt. "Why, do you know that old bird Kinnicott sent for me and offered me a job if I'd call this off? Tried to bribe me! Nothing can stop this, absolutely nothing! Even if I have to kidnap you. Say, there's an idea. Us for a cabin in the woods until this yarn is finished! How about it?"

And Marion, who was at that point more in love than she ever dreamed she could be, weakly consented.

A few days later, the selected cabin in the mountains boasted little more privacy than the Grand Central Station. Everybody invaded it; that is, everybody to whom the suppression of the offending biography was important.

Kinnicott and Nolan arrived by motor, but not before Miss Slade Kinnicott, bride to be, had appeared on the scene. She had come to see the woman who had played so important a part in her fiancé's past. She was anxious to get a first-hand glimpse of Leander's early "love life." Leander had always been cool and unapproachable to her, but then that, she figured, was before he got ambition. And so, under the guise of wanting her portrait done, she had come to the cabin, only to find it vacant, save for the maid, until her irate father and downtrodden sweetheart arrived.

Mr. Kinnicott was angry at her being there and Leander was annoyed to the point of exasperation.

Then Kurt appeared on the scene. Which of course was a signal for the three men to get together in a good, old-fashioned row. Nolan threatened to sue for libel if the biography were published, and Kurt suggested he go right ahead. So when Marion arrived things were in a fine mess.

Miss Kinnicott explained their mission and Richard threw in the line about the libel, so that in case Marion had planned to be cordial, she would change her mind.

But that young woman was gracious under all circumstances, which was cause for great exasperation with Richard. Indeed, she invited Orrin out into the summer house to talk things over, and there it was she learned, to her amusement, that the great physical culturist was interested in her. Indeed he even suggested a dinner date.

He told her about Slade, what a flighty kid she was and how, if she married Leander, she would become stabilized. If the biography were published, the marriage would never take place and Slade would probably go ahead with her useless career of drinking highballs and staying up nights.

It made Marion suddenly feel responsible, responsible for the well-being and happiness of several people and she saw more clearly how futile the publishing of the story would be and how little it would actually mean to her. And so she promised Orrin Kinnicott she would do what she could to stop it.

They returned to the cabin, where she assured the inquisitive Slade that she no longer was in love with Leander. Hadn't been for years. And then, as the group were about to leave, Leander called her aside. He wanted her to do what she thought was right about the biography, but, first of all, he wanted to marry her.

Marion was touched beyond words at this proposal as she sent him away.

It was then time to face Kurt, which moment she steeled herself against, for she knew it would be no simple matter to explain her promise to this vindictive young man.

"I've promised not to finish the story," she told him simply.

"You've what? Well, my dear young lady, you will finish it. I'll hold you to our contract if it's the last thing I do!"

And then Marion suddenly saw red, she who had always been able to see the amusing side of a situation.

"Well, here it is!" she cried. "You can have it to do what you like with. All the rights are yours. I'm through. I'm going to California, to Hollywood to see Feydie. I'm tired of vindictiveness and get-evenness. I've had enough!"

And Marion Forsyth left the cabin and New York. She went to Hollywood, as threatened or promised, and there Feydie waited. He was about to lease a home if she would marry him. But Marion's thoughts were of Richard and so, one day when he phoned from New York to tell her he was coming west to do a series of articles, she was beside herself with joy.

"And Dickie," she said, "how about the biography?"

"I've torn it up, dear, because I love you. I'm not vindictive any more. I'm not vengeful. I'll show you. Why, I'm coming out to Hollywood to rip those morons inside out. I'll be seein' you, darling."

And Marion laughed and was happy.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 17*)

romance. However, the well-known clam was never tighter shut when it comes to giving out information than this same Maurice. Our guess is that he'll never get into trouble through talking.

Chevalier is the Tom Meighan of the talkies. Personality put him there and has kept him there. Acting, not so good; age, not so young; charm, plenty potent. How is that for rating? Fair? We think so.

Phillips Holmes, too, is across the sea. He breezed into town for a day en route to England, where he will make a picture called "Ten Minute Alibi." He spent the best part of his twenty-four hours here talking to the gents who deal in the passport business and so, recreation and shopping were strictly taboo.

Holmes is one of the busiest of the younger featured players. He's attractive, better than capable and possesses a goodly share of intelligence, and so undoubtedly will continue to do all right for himself.

We asked him about his—ahem—"love life" and he declared there just wasn't any. It seems Florence Rice, the famous Grantland's daughter, is a good friend, a very good friend indeed but, as Ethel Barrymore once said, "That's all there is, there isn't any more."

This younger generation is getting cagier and cagier. Probably the columnists have made them so.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 6*)

sordid things of life and the misery and sorrow which invariably accompany them.

This crusade, or whatever you want to call it, is threatening the greatest educational structure since the dawn of time. Are we going to sit quietly by and let the puritanical minority gleefully destroy such a source of recreation? Are we going to aid them in this destructive campaign, or as democratic and free thinking people, politely tell them to mind their business.

If the people think some of the pictures are too smutty, why not ask the Federal Government to appoint a national board of censors? I'm sure this would be a much better solution than appointing a few hermits who, because of their religious training, abominate all things of the flesh.—P. B. Buchans, Newfoundland.

(*The fight is on and it is an interesting battle, to say the least. But don't be too alarmed, my dears, we have a feeling that this "censorship crusade" won't last much longer.*)

Goggles for Mr. Pogany

Mr. Pogany should consult an oculist. Nils Asther is the handsomest man on the screen.—L. Anderson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

An Up and Coming Starlet

I saw Jean Parker in a picture for the first time and I have never been impressed by an actress before as I was by her. She simply swept me off my feet. She is so young and so sweet that she makes you glad you're alive. And she's so pretty, too.

Let's have a story about her soon.—L. D. Bulloch, La Grange, Ga.

(*You'll find oodles of stunning pictures of this gal Jean and some interesting comments from her on how she goes about gathering a new wardrobe, on page 56.*)

Mae West and a Sixteen-Year-Old

Re: Mrs. W. Franklin's letter in the August "Between You and Me" column.

I, too, am sixteen, have an average intelligence, and have not missed one of Mae West's pictures. As far as I can observe it has done nothing to spoil my naïveté. After all, at sixteen one's character is fairly well molded, or should be. If Mrs. Franklin feels that Mae West's pictures will harm her daughter, it seems to me that she realizes that she hasn't been able to teach her daughter to discriminate between right and wrong. She is really rebelling against her inability to train her child, and not against Mae West.

The reason I enjoy Mae is because she is refreshing after the "weak" women so often portrayed by the Janet Gaynors and the "strong, silent" women as portrayed by the Garbos. Here's to Mae and her further success on the screen!—Catharine Jones, Lincoln, Nebraska.

(*And three cheers for you, Kate, for taking such an intelligent viewpoint.*)

Gone but Not Forgotten

You'll never know how much the Russ Columbo fans appreciated that perfectly grand picture of him that you had in your October issue. Russ was not only a fine singer, he was an actor with everything it takes to be a great star. I saw "Broadway Thru A Keyhole" three times. It was a fine picture and Russ put over the finest piece of acting I've ever seen.

I'd like to shake Sally Blane's hand long and hard for being at the hospital when Russ died, even though he didn't know it.

You're gone, Russ, and it hurts to realize we won't be seeing you, except when we gaze long and tearfully at the photos you've sent us.—E. D., Scarsdale, N. Y.

(*Don't fail to read "Son of Tragedy" in this issue.*)

Someone to Reckon With

I've just given up in despair. For a long, long time, I've been looking for a picture starring Robert Barrat. Why is he given only minor roles when he has such talent? His acting is real and down-to-earth. There's nothing "put on" about him. I think it is a shame for such wonderful talent to be wasted in minor roles when he is capable of doing something bigger. His name isn't even listed in the studio addresses of players. Please place him on top where he belongs.—Ova Hunt, Huntsville, Ala.

(*If you saw him in "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" as the wild Communist you must have howled, as we did. He is a fine actor, perhaps the studios will wake up and give him larger roles.*)

Mystery De Luxe

"The Thin Man" is without doubt the most sensational mystery picture of the year. Gay, humorous, yet deeply intriguing, it keeps you laughing and guessing to the rather unexpected end. The entire cast was aptly chosen, but the honors go unquestionably to William Powell and Myrna Loy. They are a splendid stellar team and I hope we shall see them together again.—M. L. Zebroe, Pasadena, Calif.

(*Right you are, my lady.*)

Such Popularity!

The only thing I find wrong with MODERN SCREEN is its evident lack of interest in Ralph Bellamy. I have been watching him for some time now and if MODERN SCREEN can't see the steady rise in popularity of this charming gentleman then one of us is blind—and I don't think it's me.

So come on, the rest of you Bellamy fans and let's give him a great big hand. And MODERN SCREEN, will you give us an interview, with a full-page photo of him? Is the order too big, or can you take it? —Mrs. John Hill, Loyall, Kentucky.

(*No, 'tisn't a-tall. We promise you a grand Bellamy story, with pictures galore, very, very soon. Watch for it.*)

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Good News

(Continued from page 72)

DICK ARLEN seems to hate actors with temperament. The other dawning, after Dick and the rest of the crowd had listened for hours to a newly imported actress tell about her troubles and her inability to "feel" her role on the cold sound stages, Dick said: "It seems to me that making pictures is a question of remembering lines and making faces. If I remember the lines, I forget to make the faces, and if I make faces I always forget the lines. If I ever do the two together I'll be a sensashun."

OH, MISS SULLAVAN!

SOCIETY note: Margaret Sullavan arrived at a grand party the other evening chewing gum for all she was worth. When dinner was served, La Sullavan couldn't find a spot to park the leftover gum and finally sneaked it into a flower pot that happened to be situated directly behind her chair.

Get out the incense and crystal ball, girls. A local Hollywood soothsayer has succeeded in predicting almost every Hollywood birth, death, accident and any other calamity you can think of.

Yesterday, three hours after predicting that a certain writer would have an accident and that great trouble would follow, one of the better known scenario writers in Hollywood found himself tangled up in his wrecked automobile and a hundred-dollar bail bond staring him in the face.

It kind of scares the moom pitcher actors to know the "worst" in advance, but they are standing in line already.

SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

JOEL McCREA turned down a chance to make a picture in England and, just as Hollywood began to wonder, it was announced that Joel will play the lead opposite Dietrich in "Carnival in Spain". . . . The extras sure do get a break in "The President Vanishes." The director placed a call for 2000 of them. . . . Jeanette MacDonald left here to spend a month in New York right after the preview of "The Merry Widow." . . . The new continental cafe, Trocadero, has $8,000 worth of kitchen equipment alone. . . . Phillips Holmes embarked for London on the same boat that brought Maureen O'Sullivan back from Ireland (without Johnny Farrow!) . . . James Cagney changed the title to read: "The Sea Hates the Captain" after the boom on his new boat swung around and cracked him on the skull. . . . Charlie Laughton is almost ready to leave the hospital after his operation. . . . Will Hays' own church in Sullivan, Indiana has asked him to defend his work to clean up the films (!) . . .They now tell us that Colin Clive is a relative of the famous Lord Clive of India. This information has leaked out since Mr. Clive has been cast with Ronnie Colman in "Clive Of India". . . . Wonder what's happened to Lee Tracy, his last two pictures have been awful. . . . Billie Burke may have to pay the estate of her late husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, for the title "Ziegfeld Follies" before she can use it.

Bill Howard, one of Hollywood's ace directors, will make his first appearance in pictures in his latest, "Evelyn Prentice," but not even his best friends will recognize him. The story calls for one scene in which X-rays of the spine are shown and Director Howard has offered his personal services in this regard.

Watch for this scene closely. It may be the hit of the picture.

SPENCER TRACY spent about a week (and plenty of shekels) buying out most of the Beverly Hills' flower shops and keeping the telegraph operators working overtime trying to impress Virginia Bruce (ex-Mrs. John Gilbert) with his ardent affection.

No sale!

After the seventh course of a dinner which Carl Brisson gave recently, Bill Fields was heard to say, "No more food for me." But one hour later he was still eating!

Mr. Brisson, it seems, serves his food in the same manner he serves his personality—in big doses. It was said by a close observer (one of the survivors) that 30 courses were served.

If Mr. Brisson has succeeded in catching up with Hollywood slang, we presume he ushered his guests to the door with: "It serves you right!"

THOSE close to Carole Lombard say no one will ever know how deeply she suffered over Russ Columbo's death. But how different were her actions from the hysterical theatricalism with which Pola Negri mourned Valentino! In fact, another girl, a former friend of poor Russ, occupied most of the newspaper space, while Carole was confined to her home with a doctor and a nurse in attendance.

The minute she was able to travel, Carole fled from Hollywood to try and forget. She left for New York accompanied by her mother. William Powell was at the station to see her off.

Several days after her departure, a close friend received a letter from the unhappy girl. She wrote: "I don't know why I came away. I can't run away from myself."

They also say it was Carole who was responsible for the fact that Russ did not cancel his twenty-five-thousand-dollar insurance policy as he planned to about a week before his tragic death. Because of a very large income tax, Russ found himself strapped for ready cash and the policy would have been cancelled if Carole hadn't advised him to borrow the money to meet it. The policy will pay $50,000 to Columbo's mother.

It's really sumpin'! We're talking about that new Joan Crawford limousine—snowy white inside and out.

The upholstery in the Crawford creation is of white satin!

No sooner had Joan Crawford copped the automobile spotlight with her "all white, satin upholstered" car, than Joe E. Brown pushed his new gas buggy out onto the Boulevard and the natives gasped at its brilliance: baby blue, it is!

When these two jobs hit the Boulevard at the same time and meet Carl Brisson's cream colored import (the one with the trap door in the roof), it makes for a gala event.

NEWSREEL

FRANCHOT TONE has been traded to Warners for the lead opposite Del Rio in "Caliente," while M-G-M gets George Brent in the deal. Which would you rather have? . . . Johnny Weissmuller and Joel McCrea have a new system for catching fish: they take three or four lines in their mouths and swim from a barge to the shore. . . . It cost one of your famous actor friends over 50 G's to get back in the good graces of the studio after he had held up production ten days with a walkout. . . . Mary Lou is calling on Lanny Ross in Hollywood this month and all their radio fans will get a look-see. . . . Ramon Novarro will help dedicate the $25,000,000 theatre in Mexico City this week, a boyhood ambition fulfilled. . . . Bette Davis wants everyone to know that she isn't jealous of her little sister Barbara and that she will really help the newcomer get a good break in films. . . . 'Tis reported that Greta Garbo has taken up tap dancing (quite a tap, sez you?).

Bette Davis is plenty burned up about the printed story that she "took" her husband shopping and bought him a twenty-eight-dollar suit of clothes. If she ever finds out who started the story, the unlucky person had better look out. Bette has battle in her eye.

This money business is a very sore point with the Harmon O. Nelsons. "Ham" has a job in a local orchestra that pays him well and he is perfectly capable of paying for his own twenty-eight-dollar suits . . . if he ever bought one at that price.

DO you know the deep dark secret in the past life of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr?

He was once a student in the Hollywood School For Girls! The horrible news leaked out last week when a former principal of the school gave out an interview about famous movie stars who had attended the school. It seems that Doug had been admitted during a brief spell when the academy for girls had decided to lift the sex ban and permit boys, too.

LITERARY NOTES

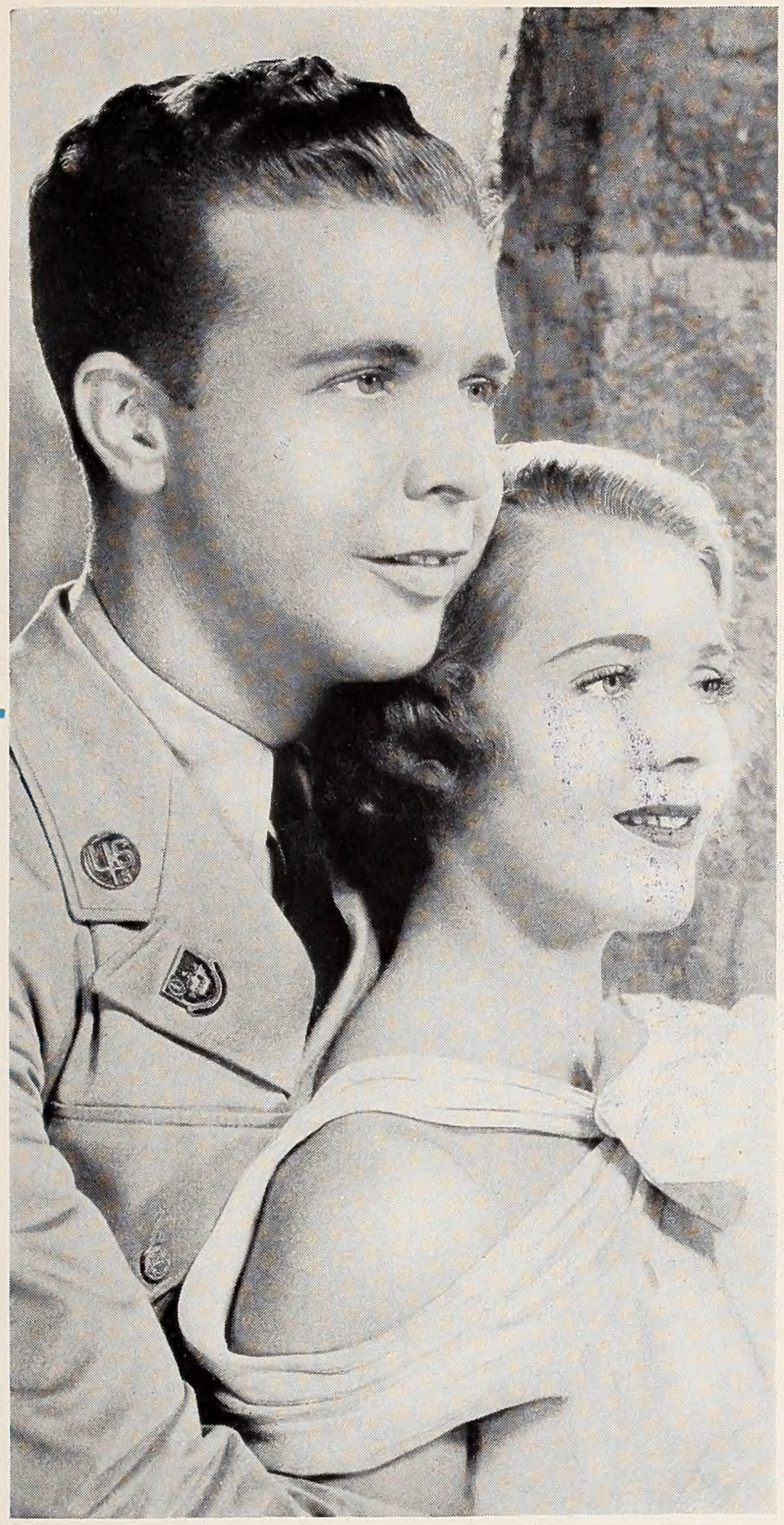
Jean Harlow isn't the only stellar lady who has gone literary, of late. Mary Astor has just completed the final chapter of her first novel. By the time you read this Jean's story will probably be running serially in a national magazine. Mary is expecting to bring her's out in book form.

Genevieve Tobin has turned author, too. Whether Genevieve felt the need for better stories, more money, or a release for her pent-up genius, we are unable to figure out. At any rate, she has given birth to a little epic entitled, "Give Up," and will star in it for Warner Bros.

OTTO KRUGER will think twice before he parks his car at the theatre again. Last night, after the show, Otto returned to the lot where he had left his car to find it gone. After some questioning, he learned that he had picked a "Used Car Lot" for his parking and that his car had been sold about an hour before he returned.

After running all over town, Kruger got his car back, but the "buyer" was certainly hopping mad. He had made a "good buy."

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COURT MARTIALED FOR *Love*

To young lovers, Hawaii is a land of flowers drenched in perfume, of steel guitars played softly in rhythm to Tropical seas, of moonlight and romance. To the gay army set at the Post there, it is a land of fun, of long drives through languorous country drowsing under a hot sun, of bridge played on verandahs cooled by breezes from the Pacific.

But to young Dick Dorcy it was a land of work and plenty of it. He had not thought it would be like that when he enlisted. "Join the army and see the world" . . . that was what the army posters had said, but so far there had not been so much to see. At least, not until the general's daughter arrived.

Her face was lovelier than any of the flowers tangled together in the leis swinging in pace to her happy feet, Dick couldn't help looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, couldn't help knowing he was head over heels in love with this beautiful creature . . . but she was the general's daughter, and he was only a private.

How Dick Dorcy woos and finally wins Kit is one of the most exciting love stories ever told. You'll thrill to it from beginning to end.

Read this love story complete in the December issue now on sale. Then see it in Warner Brothers film production, "Flirtation Walk."

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SCREEN ROMANCES

The Love Story Magazine of the Screen on sale at all newsstands

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